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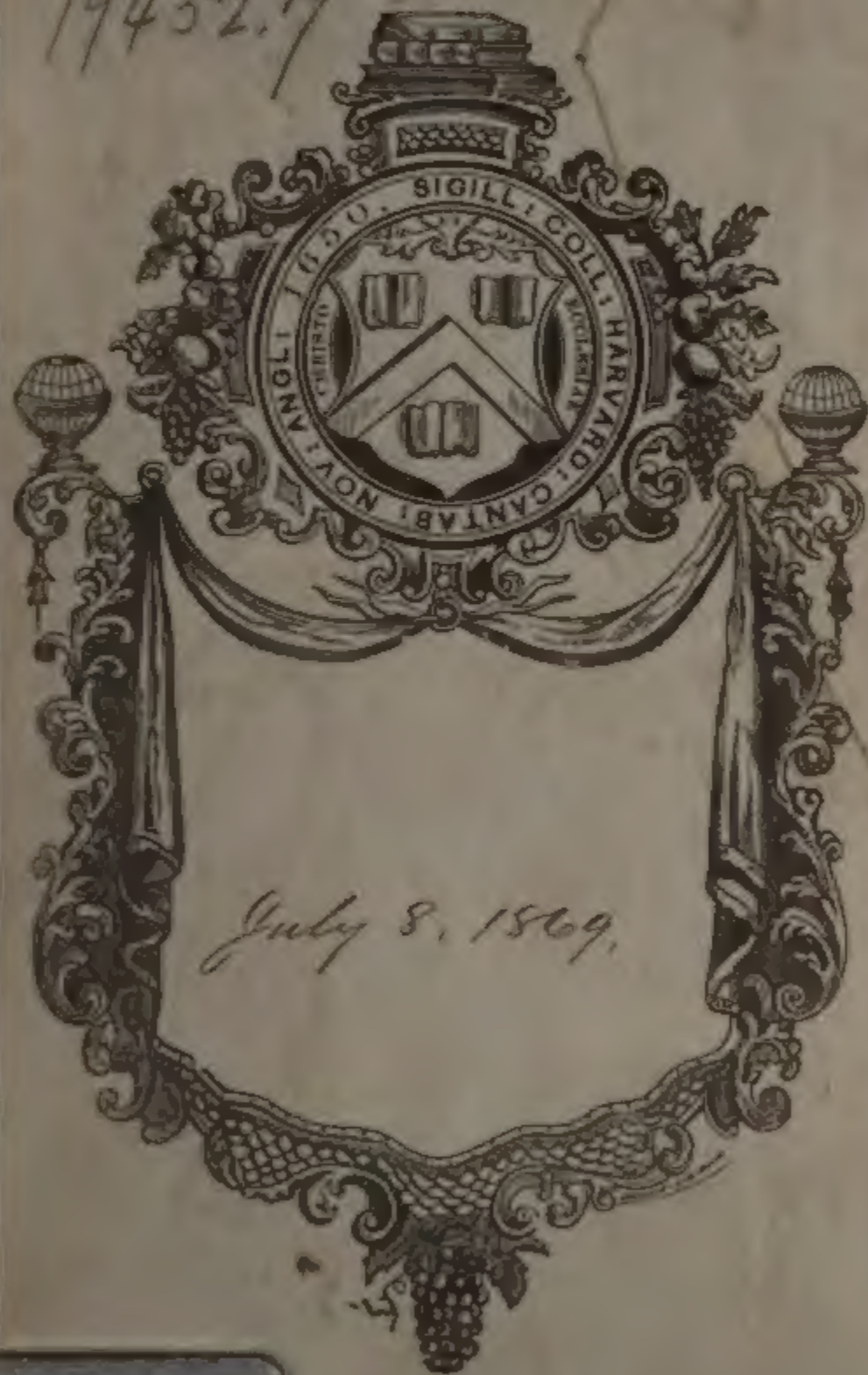
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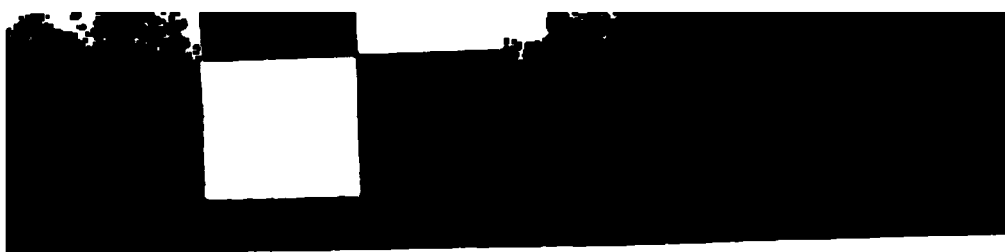
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The Globe Edition

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BARONET

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MEMOIR

BY

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

LATE FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE OXFORD



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THE
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OF
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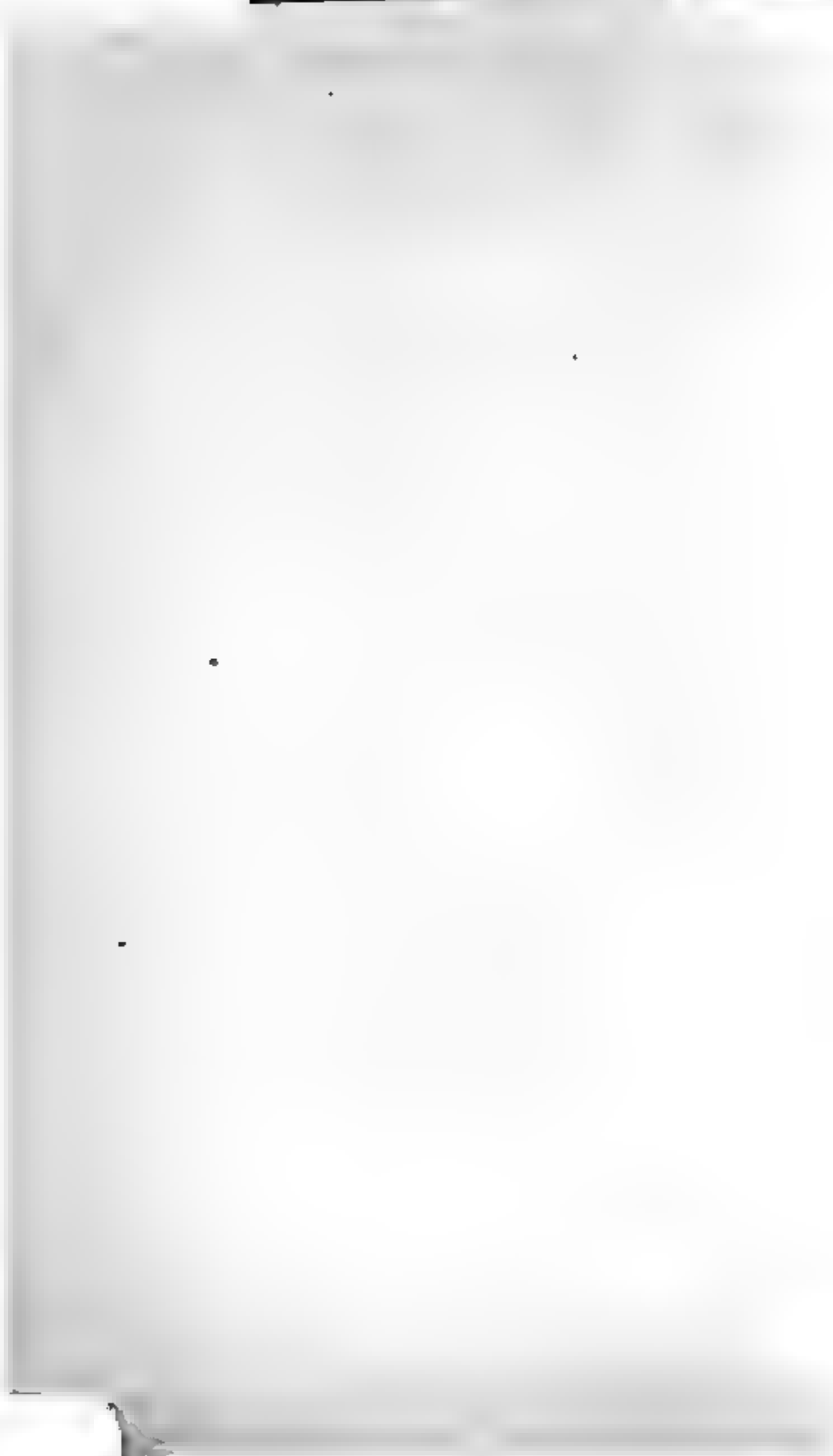
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THE first of our living Statesmen is not only remarkable for the largeness of his political views and his consummate mastery of details, but for the generous confidence with which he regards the working classes of his fellow-countrymen, and for his untiring energy in promoting their welfare. He is also known as a lover of the beautiful and the noble in literature, especially as exhibited in the poetry of the heroic ages. A popular edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poems has therefore a double right to the sanction of his name. The writer of the following Memoir avails himself of the privilege which has been accorded him, and with sentiments of the deepest admiration and respect, dedicates this book to Mr. Gladstone.

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Those about Scott may have been already impressed, like Mrs. Cockburn, by his mental energy and determination to "know everything." But in the biography he adopts another tone, which reappears in his later letters. He is conscious that industry had not come to him without a struggle. About his brothers he remarks, that he had "the same determined indolence that may befall all." No description could, at first sight, appear less applicable to him; but there be one constant attribute of real genius, it is vast capacity for and perseverance in labour. Genius often makes us feel that it is almost synonymous with patience, as Buffon and Reynolds called it. And it would be difficult to find a man of genius whose recorded works, never more than a portion of the whole work, —are more extensive and varied than Scott's. He had, in the first degree, another charming quality, often, though not so essentially an attribute of intellectual excellence—Modesty. Hence, throughout his life he undervalued himself, and thought little of his own energy. Yet we cannot doubt that this "determined indolence," like the irritability of temper which he so subdued and suspected its existence, was a real element in his nature. At school (1778) Scott's zeal for study is inferior to the ardour of Shelley; he takes the slightest interest in what is not only the most perfect, but the most essential "romantic" of literatures,—that of Greece; even in Latin going only far enough to set the highest value upon the modern verse of Buchanan, and after him Lucan and Claudian. He was satisfied with a working knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Perhaps the family failing expended its energy in confining his studies to the circle marked out by strong creative impulse: history, manners, romances, and poetry of mediæval and modern Europe. Looking back now at the result, the Poems and the Novels, one is inclined to say that Scott in all this followed the imperious promptings of nature. This, however, was not his own judgment. He regretted nothing more bitterly than his want of severe classical training. "I forgot the very letters of the Greek alphabet," he writes in the Autobiography of 1808, "a loss never to be repaired, considering what language is, and who they were who employed it in their compositions." Again, "I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had to the fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a firm foundation." Within the range noticed, however, his "appetite for books" was ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable; few ever read so much, and adds, "or to so little purpose." Spenser, Tasso's "Jerusalem" in the Italian, "above all, Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry," are specified, although throughout his life Scott exhibited a reluctance to employ his mind on subjects requiring hard thought, and was disposed to defer any serious study upon which he was engaged to the last, yet in the main we may regard his "determined indolence" as absorbed into the meditative atmosphere (if we use the word) of the poetical nature: as the undersoil whence so many masterpieces have sprung.

imaginative writing were destined to grow. There is a strong general likeness at this point between Scott and the greatest of his contemporaries in poetry : and the words in which Wordsworth described himself would have borne an equal application to his friend :—

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood.

My life," Scott himself says, in one of the most remarkable passages of his diary (Dec. 27, 1825), "though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, has been a sort of dream, spent in

Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

have worn a wishing-cap, the power of which has been to divert present griefs by a touch of the wand of imagination, and gild over the future by prospects more brilliant than can be realized." Scott's character was essentially formed and finished in early youth, and these words may be considered the key to his whole career and character. Worldly wisdom, love of social rank, passion for lands and goods ; these are the motives by which it has been often assumed that he was guided. Mr. Carlyle even appears in his remarkable Essay to regard Scott as unentitled to the claim of greatness, because he did not throw his strength into grasping at the problems of modern life or the eternal difficulties of human thought,—and regards him as an eminently genial and healthy man of the world, whose writings are rather pieces of skilful and rapid manufacture for the day, than likely to prove "heirlooms for ever." But so "antithetically mixed" was his nature, that at the same time he was in the spirit hidden away with poetry and the past, and moving among romantic worlds of his own creation. Viewed from one side, Scott, as printer and lawyer, with "a thread of the attorney in him," as "laird" and man of society, appears in unromantic contrast to most of his "brothers in mortal verse:" viewed from another, it may be doubted whether any of his contemporaries lived the life of the poet so completely. A strong capacity for such work as his nature secretly preferred, and towards which he was unconsciously finding his way, marks the boyhood of Scott. This found its main exercise at first in a love for inventing and relating marvellous tales which amounted to real passion. "Whole holidays were spent in this pastime, which continued for two or three years, and had, I believe, no small effect in directing the turn of my imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in poetry and prose." "He used to interest us," writes a lady who was then his playmate, "by bringing us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had lying alone. . . . Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen. . . . Recollecting these descriptions," of which we cannot but

regret that she preserved no memorial, "radiant as they were, I have often thought since, that there must have been a bias in his mind to superstition—the marvellous seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offspring of his imagination, that the expression of his face, habitually that of genuine benevolence mingled with a shrewd innocent humour, changed greatly while he was speaking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed by his own recital." Scott, as he was throughout life, is again before us in little delineation: the kindness, the superstition, the shrewdness: and one sees "*Waverley*" and "*Lammermoor*" in their infancy.

Meanwhile that other element of poetry which is only second in Scott's work to the picture of human life, the natural landscape, began to assert its influence over him. Actors were thronging fast within the theatre of his imagination; first sketches of the background and scenery for the drama were now supplied. From a visit to Kelso, "the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland," Scott traced his earliest consciousness of the magic of Nature. Wordsworth's passion was for

the Visions of the hills
And Souls of lonely places.

The passion of Scott differed from this through the leading place which his memories held in his heart. "The romantic feelings which I have described predominating in my mind gradually rested upon and associated themselves with the grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents and traditional legends connected with many of them gave to my admiration an intensity of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too full for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe." Scott's transfer from the Edinburgh High School to the College (1783-1786), probably gave him the first freedom to indulge this interest within bounds which, though narrow in themselves, were of inexhaustible value to his sympathetic imagination. Without "travelling over half the globe" he could create a realm of his own, sufficient for himself and for his readers, astonishing to look at the map, and observe within how small a radius from Edinburgh the hundred little places he which he has made familiar names through the whole civilized world. We have noticed that Scott's father, (with him in youth,) is painted in "*Redgauntlet*." Nothing was ever better contrasted with romance than these two characters; and one sees that the real *Alan Fairford* was already beginning at college those adventurous ways which may have made old Winter to the Signet feel that the wild moss-trooping blood of Harrowden was once more at work within the veins of his gallant boy. A wise confidence

Walter free. He wandered for days together over the historical sites of the neighbourhood, and when at home, in lieu of devotion to the prosaic mystery of the Scottish law, was able to please his fancy by founding that collection of wayside songs and historical relics which filled so large a space in the innocence and happiness of his after-years, and was not less a necessary of life to him than the cabinet of rocks and minerals is to the geologist.

The mode in which Scott observed Nature is strictly parallel to his representation of human life. As he rarely enters into the depths of character, preferring to exhibit it through action, and painting rather the great general features of an action than dwelling on the details for their own sake, so he mainly deals with the landscape; two or three admirable pictures excepted. Compare his descriptions with those by Wordsworth, Keats, or Shelley, and the difference in regard to the point noted will be felt at once. Scott was aware of this. "I was unable," says the Autobiography, "with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, to comprehend how the one bore upon the other. . . . I have never, indeed, been capable of doing this with precision or nicety." A curious testimony is borne to the truth of this remark by Scott's failure (like Goethe's) to master even the rudiments of landscape drawing. "Even the humble ambition, which I long cherished, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect of eye or of hand was totally ineffectual." But this absence of power over landscape forms was compensated for by a singularly fine perception of colour, examples of which have been given by Mr. Ruskin in the interesting criticisms on Scott contained in his "Modern Painters." Scott's almost total want of ear for music was a calamity which he shared with a large number of great poets; the strong sense of the melody in words and the harmonies of rhythm appearing to leave no space in their organization for inarticulate music.

—Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ;

if true at all, is true only of the poet.

Beside the irresistible impulse which directed Scott's reading to "romantic" and poetical literature, to story-telling, and to country wanderings, he was seriously impeded by illness from pursuing his college studies. And by the time the Academic course was concluded, the passion which governed his youth, and perhaps secretly coloured the complexion of his future life, had already fallen upon him. Little has been told of this early love : force of feeling, and force to repress the signs of feeling, are two of the principal elements in Scott's character ; he undergoes evil with a pathetic simplicity ; he suffers in silence. From what, however, we can learn, it is natural to read in the "love that never found his earthly close" the true source of that peculiar shade of pensive melancholy which runs like a silver thread through almost *everything he wrote*, is heard as a "far-off Aeolian note" in all

poetry, and breaks out at last during his later years of misfortune with strength in his "Journal." This strong passion kept him safe from "the anxious days," and threw over his whole life the halo of a singular party. Meantime the result was probably to reconcile him to work for his livelihood, and ever for following his father's profession—alien from Scott's nature as a country office must have been. He was bound apprentice for four years (1786-90) to an acquaintance with Scottish law, which he used with effect in some of his writings; but the chief fruit of this apprenticeship; for we can hardly reckon as a half introduction to business habits on which he afterwards relied with a security. It was not, however, as a "Writer to the Signet" that Scott entered the law (1792); having been turned towards the more liberal career of Advocate by the influence of the gently born intellectual society with which he became familiar. Burns, of whom he has left a striking description, he only met with most or all of the remaining eminent Scotchmen of the time he was at the Clerk of Eldin, Corrihouse, Jeffrey, and before long the dearest of his early friends, William Erskine, are prominent amongst many other names, for men lived then after the most social fashion in Edinburgh (that excellent feature in life is lost when capital cities grow large), and clubs and conviviality of all kinds were associated. This was a brilliant stage in Scott's career; perhaps the most happily happy: love, fearful yet warm with hope, open, numerous, and friendships; the first introduction to the literature most congenial to him, that of Germany; last, not least, the first sight of the Scottish Highlands and regions, the romantic manners of which were to be so brightly painted in his writings, by one of the curious contrasts which are frequent in his life, he went on a legal visit to evict certain Maclarens; as he was afterwards to carry a gig, Mr. Carlyle's symbol of modern "respectability," into the Liddesdale.

This district, under the name of which the best of the Scottish scenery are apparently included, lay within view of Scott's future home, and was the nursing ground of his genius. Great as he is in describing scenes from history, great in his pictures of the Highlands, great in delineating life in Edinburgh or Perth or Glasgow, he seems to move with the largest and freest when his tale or song is of the Border. For several successive years (1791-94) he appears to have made excursions thither, (partially under the excuse of professional business,) when he explored the wild recesses, and observed the manners of a race who had not yet been civilized into uniformity; drinking in enjoyment every pore, "feeling his life," as Wordsworth says of the child, "in every vein," and as the friend who guided him through the land truly observed, *making a life of the time*. This friend, Mr. Shortreed, was of no small value to Scott, for he began to show one attribute of genius,—that of attracting others to himself, and *with him*. The old ballads, in collecting which he was assisted by

formed the basis of the first book in which Scott displayed his originality ; and we soon after find that he gained similar aid from Dr. Elliott, Messrs. Skene, Ritson, Leyden, and finally from Mr. Train, who provided some of the most effective materials for the Novels, and plays an important though hidden part through Scott's life.

This was the time when the shock of the French Revolution recoiled with the greatest force upon the country. England had joined that monarchical alliance which aimed at compelling France to restore the order of things lately swept away, which had succeeded only in uniting France as one man against her invaders, and which now, in turn, feared revenging invasion from the armies of the Republic. It is well known how powerfully and diversely the stirring politics of the time affected thinking men in these islands. The movement which was inspiration to Wordsworth, was reaction to Scott. It converted the poetical Jacobitism which was part of his imaginative inheritance from older days into a fervent Toryism. This ardour impelled him now (1797) to take the lead in forming a body of Volunteer Cavalry, for which the political creed then dominant in Scotland afforded him ready followers. Something also of Scott's traditional interest in matters relating to war blended with his patriotic energy ; and even the wish to prove, despite of nature, that lameness was no hindrance to physical activity, had its part in the rather excessive zeal with which for some years he threw himself into this mimic and (happily) bloodless campaigning. With similar fervency he entered into the politics of the day. But politics, like poetry, must be studied as an art with the best powers of the mind, if a man is to reach valid conclusions, or show himself a practical statesman ; and as Scott, throughout his career, hardly gave to political questions more than the leisure moments of a powerful mind, there is no reason for wonder if this be not the most satisfactory feature in his life, nor one which needs detain the biographer. Scott's insight failed him here ; and, as with his study of the law, the only valuable fruit of the years devoted to cavalry drill was a certain accuracy,—contested of course by professional critics,—in his descriptions of warfare. It may be suspected that he and Gibbon pleased themselves with finding, in the vividness of their narratives of battle, some tangible result from months wasted in camp. Genius, however, returns always to its natural track, and abandons imperfect interests. But Scott was as yet totally unaware of his proper vocation. Already indeed love had drawn from him a few lines of exquisitely tender sadness : he had translated the ballad " Lenore " from the German of Bürger, and may have been at work upon Goethe's early drama " Goetz ; " yet he almost prided himself upon contempt of literature as a man's work in life. How singular is this utter self-unconsciousness ! Here was the man who was to turn the minds of a whole nation to the picturesque and romantic side of poetry. He was to restore an ideal loyalty to the later Stuarts. He was to make the *Middle Ages live once more*. But, engrossed as he was at this time by foreign

revolutions, no one in Edinburgh could have known less than the young poet of the change, itself hardly less than a revolution, which he was to work in the thoughts and sentiments of his fellow-creatures.

II

We now approach the second step in Scott's life. In the course of a long dream of youthful love was over. Little has been told, perhaps divulged, of the reasons for the final decision; the lines above alluded to ("To a Violet" in the following collection,) cannot be regarded as strict facts, and Scott's stern habit of repression where he felt most, hid from us not only what he was compelled to bear, but how he bore it. His "dark hour" during a solitary ride in Perthshire; the wise sympathy of (afterwards Countess of Purgstall) was some little aid; but the waywardly, and the evidence appears strong, that, like all passion suffering deference to ideas of manliness or philosophy, this worked in him with fever. However these things may have been, next year he married (1794) a pretty Miss Claupeiter, (daughter to a French lady, one of the emigrants,) whom he met and wooed at the little watering-place, (at Cumberland;)—a village which he afterwards described in his only novel of temporary life, the tragic "St Ronan's Well." A very brief acquaintance sealed their engagement; it is probable that the congruity of sentiment between them was comparatively slight; and at the distance of "sixty years" and more, it may be allowable to add that although attended by equal happiness, faithful attachment on his wife's part, and much that gave to life, this marriage does not appear to have fully satisfied the poet's nature.

We are here referring to that more hidden and more sensitive side of which is the fate, —not altogether the happier fate, —of the poet to which makes the difference between him and other men; and to trace which, as but truly as we may, is the essential object of the biographer. But it is that Scott would have been conscious of anything incomplete in this chapter of his story. Not only did he find the substantial blessings of home in his marriage, incidentally led him to the serenity, inferior to that alone, of his own work and life. He now (1798) took a house in Castle Street, and a cottage at Lasswade, within the north-eastern end of Edinburgh. There for his attendance at the bar, where he "swept the boards of the Outer Court" waiting for trials which rarely came, and enjoying to the full the social vivacities and frank goodfellowship of his town friends. Meanwhile, he gradually withdrawn to Lasswade, where he could live in the past

and history; where the old Scottish memories to which Burns himself was more attached with more devoted passion, were around him; where, also, began his friendship with the chief house of his clan. To the three peers who bore the title of Buccleuch between this time and his death, especially to Charles, fourth duke, Scott was attracted by the whole force of his nature: not only respecting them with feudal devotion as heads of his blood and family, but loving them as men who sympathised deeply with him in their views of life, religion, politics, relations between rich and poor, home-pursuits, and affections; and who systematically used their wealth and power for the happiness of their friends and dependants. There are no pages in Scott's life more pleasing than those which paint his intimacy with this truly noble family group; here he carried out with the greatest success his poetical identification between the old world and the new; and to him, in turn, the family name owes a distinction beyond that of Montmorency, Dalberg, or Howar. Under these and other combining influences Scott now added to the ancient *Borders Ballads*, which he was collecting, his own original poems,—some, written for *Lewin's Tales of Wonder*, based on German sentiment; others founded upon the native songs, to which he gave a wider plan with consummate taste. He printed (1799) his translation from Goethe's play, and becoming acquainted with Ellis, Ritson, Heber, and others of that excellent band of scholars by whom our knowledge of the Middle Ages was placed upon a sure footing, turned resolutely to the study of mediaeval imaginative literature, which (1802) issued in the "*Borders Minstrelsy*."

This book marks the great crisis in Scott's life. Henceforth, even if unconsciously to himself, his real work is literature. The publication was not only the first that made his name known, but led Scott into what proved the most serious business transaction of his life. Many years before he had made friends with James Ballantyne, a young man of whose ability and disposition he thought highly. Ballantyne printed the "*Minstrelsy*;" at Scott's advice he established a house in Edinburgh; and by 1805 the two became partners in trade. Before long, taking a younger brother, John, into the concern, they added a publishing house to the printing; and Scott's fortune and fall were in due time the result. This partnership is on all accounts the least agreeable chapter in Scott's life; it is only of interest now as illustrating his character. The essence of that character has been defined as an attempt at a practical, not less than at an imaginative compromise between the past and present,—between prose (one might almost say) and poetry; ideas realized and realities idealized. The trade-partnership fatally partook in this perilous and delicate compromise. Beside the final loss of wealth and health, Scott's memory has been hence exposed to some misinterpretation. In face of the result, and the clear proofs how it came to pass, he has received almost equal honours for his practical sense and for his greatness in romantic literature. Two men, in fact, are painted in the one Scott of the "*Biography*."

the able man of the world in his office, and the poet in his study: giving, with equal mastery and ease, an hour to verse and an hour to business, and appearing to his friends as much as the Scottish gentleman of property. Now, such a compound being as this could hardly have existed. It is against nature: and, if the estimate here given be correct, there is no nature which it is less like than Scott's. Where the practical character truly exists, it always predominates; it cannot put off the poet like a dress, and assume the lawyer or the laird; it "moveth altogether, if it move at all." This point must be insisted on, because it is vital to understanding the man and his work. The very speciality of Scott is, not that he presented the ideal gentleman just described, who wrote poetry and novels as pastime, and entered into business like a shrewd Scotchman who knew the worth of money, but that he valued wealth in order to embody in visible form his inner world of romance, and lived more completely within the circle of his creations than any of his contemporaries. This poetical temperament has its perils, and might have driven a less healthy nature into injurious isolation and eccentricity. But, as a man of eminently sane mind and genial disposition, and fortified by the training of his early years, Scott had not to go out of the world, as it were, in order to "idealize realities." The common duties of life glowed into romance for him; his friends, Lowland and Highland, were dear not only in themselves, but as representatives of the two historical races of the land; his estate, when he bought one, was rather an enclosure of ancient associations, a park of poetry, if the phrase may be allowed, decorated with "a romance in stone and lime," than what the Lords of Harden and Bowhill would have looked on as landed property.

The picture here drawn, although different from the estimate often taken of Scott, rests upon the evidence of his writings, and of the copious materials contained in the Biography, and not only answers to what we read of his sentiments and mode of thought, conscious or unconscious, but can alone explain how he came to be the author of the poems and the novels. Mr. Lockhart describes him as the finished man of the world. Mr. Carlyle, again, seems to speak of him as, in the main, a manufacturer of hasty books for the purpose of making money and a landed estate to rival neighbouring country-gentlemen. Both views appear to be unintentionally unjust to Scott, and discordant with his recorded character; and both fail equally to explain how such imaginative writing as his in prose and verse had any room to come into being. Some great artists, we read, have enjoyed the possession of wealth. Others have been gratified by social position. But is what art has the love of money, or the love of rank, ever been the root of masterpieces? Who has moved the world with these levers? You cannot grow poetry without the poetical soul. If at first sight this be less visible in Scott than in men like Byron or Shelley, may not the reason be, not that the nature of the poet was absent, but that it was more closely and curiously combined with the man or

common life than in others? The writer, at least, desires to submit this view as the possible solution of a difficult problem.

Walter Scott, it will probably be agreed, ranks among the great of our race both as a writer and as a man; but in his portrait, as in every true portrait, there are shadows. Some weakness is blended intimately with his strength; as we have noticed, he cannot escape "the weak side of his gifts." His wish was certainly to conceal his inner or poetical mind from the world. Perhaps he sometimes concealed it from himself. One fallacy hence arising (to return now to his commercial affairs), was an overestimate of his practical powers. "From beginning to end, he piqued himself on being a man of business." Against this it is probably enough to set the fact, that the books of his house were never fairly balanced till they were in the hands of his creditors. That the Ballantyne brothers had, each in his way, equally vague ideas on the matter, was known perfectly to Scott, who by 1812 found himself involved in his first difficulties. Then the vast success of the Novels only more floated the house: but although the partnership was enlarged by the admission of a really able commercial man, Constable the publisher, the reckless spirit which his adventurous nature brought with him, combined with the peculiar money-difficulties of 1825, only hastened the concluding bankruptcy of 1826. Thirty-two years of business, unsound from the outset, have supplied materials for a long dispute, with whom the fault justly rested. But enough has been here stated to explain the general case; we need not go further into a matter of which, with even more than usual truth, one might say that both sides were honestly wrong, and all, partners in a catastrophe for which all were responsible. The so-called *mercantile business and plain commonsense*, as we daily see, were not one atom more trustworthy than those epithets than the romantic Poet. But,—what had the "Ariosto of the North" to do in concerns like this?

A probable element in the ultimate failure of the House of Ballantyne and Company was the fact that the partner with capital sedulously concealed himself from the public. The news that Scott was one of the firm startled the world more than the news that he was the sole author of the "Waverley Novels." It is obvious in how many ways this concealment must have hampered business. One reason of it was a certain pleasure in mystery, inherent in Scott's nature, and displayed also when "Triermain" and "Harold" were published. The wish was, that both of these poems should be taken for the work of his friend Erskine. In case of the Novels, however, the desire to escape the nuisance of commonplaceness and praise and face-flattery was a further inducement. It was not so wise a motive that co-operated to prompt the commercial *incognito*. It might have been expected that he would have been led to avoid this by natural shrewdness, and "the threat of the attorney in him." But the peculiarity of Scott is that something dreamlike and imaginative, together with something practical and prosaic, united in all the more important phases of his life; past and present, romance and reality.

meet in him at once; he is in the world and not in it, as it were, at the time; he is almost too unselfconscious. The favourable side of this strangely balanced nature has been already indicated, it gave us in his Poems and Novels together the most brilliant and the most diversified "spectacle of human life" which we have had since Shakespeare; it gave Scott himself many years of an individual happiness. On the other hand, we have the failure, after long and struggles, of his material prosperity, and closely connected with this, the narrow and even unjust view which he always took, or rather, took always in public literature and his own share in it. He could not fully work out his ideal of life, however we interpret it; his career has many curious inconsistencies. There is nothing which Mr. Lockhart notes more pointedly than Scott's aversion from what is called "literature as a profession." He endorses with approval, as Scott's view, the words of a friend, who wrote in 1789 to encourage him in persevering at the bar, "I rather think men of business have produced as good poetry in their by-hours as the professed regulars," an assertion of which (it need hardly be added) the writer does not furnish any proof. To the same effect it is again in 1815 "that Scott never considered any amount of literary distinction as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher department of practical life. To have done things worthy to be written, was in his eyes a dignity to which no man made any approach, who had only written things worth to be read," and the steam-engine, safety lamp, and campaigns of the Duke of Wellington are presently named as examples.

There can be no doubt that the biographer has here truly reported, not merely what he admired Scott for thinking, but Scott's own conscious idea regarding his life. And if this had been the whole truth, there can equally be no doubt that we should never have had a "Marmion" or a "Bride of Lammermoor." Indeed, except as the opinion of so distinguished a man as Scott, it would hardly deserve examination. For what human being would seriously pretend to compare a "song" with other things so generically different as a battle, a scientific invention, a commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel and "The Advancement of Learning," or deeds which have been of most value to England? How is the one less a "deed" than the other? Scott's profound modesty as to his own genius was undoubtedly a motive in his estimate of literature; but even this could not have blinded so sensible a man to its untenability, had he not been swayed by something of that instinctive longing for an old world life in the present, which lay at the root of his character. We have here one of his practical anachronisms. He puts himself in the place of a Minstrel of the "Lay" at Newark, he leans to the time when hands were more honoured, at least more powerful, than brains, he wavers in the delicate compromise which was to have united the spirit of Scott of Harden and Scott of Abbotsford. A similar sentiment governs his aversion from "literature as a

fession." Much might be said for and against this feeling ; yet it is hardly more true of Goldsmith, Southey, or Thackeray, that they made letters their profession than of Walter Scott. Few men whose work can be properly classed as literature have written so much or so continuously ; none, probably, have earned more by their writings. What he actually was as a man of business, meanwhile, is recorded in his life. What he was as a lawyer has been described by himself. " My profession and I " (by 1800) " came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Ann Page, *There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it by further acquaintance.*" In fact, at the point where we left the narrative, Scott, already enriched by his marriage, was about to obtain the Sheriff-deputeship of Selkirkshire ; and soon after (1806) he left the bar for a Clerkship of Session ; offices which together gave him a good income, and had the additional advantage of duties that, except a certain amount of attendance and of rapid and accurate penmanship, were almost nominal. The criticism to which these pleasant places seem to have exposed Scott from those who did not share in his political devotion to the house of Dundas, then paramount in Scotland, was unfair ; but one cannot say that he is entitled to more than the praise of prudence for obtaining ease and leisure by this ancient and easy method :

Deus nobis haec otia fecit !

And, in fact, before the salary from the clerkship, held at first in reversion, fell in, the sale of Scott's works was already beginning, both directly in itself and indirectly through his partnership with the Ballantynes, to surpass, as it before long reduced to comparative insignificance, any sources of revenue,—except those which he thus derived from the " profession of literature."

Enough, however, has been said on Scott's practical, though morally blameless inconsistency in this section of his career. Important as the matter of income was for many years to his healthy enjoyment of existence, and at last in giving a direction to his writing, its real importance lies in that to which we gladly turn—that he was thus enabled to live the life for which he had been planned by Nature. Is not what is most desirable for man contained in this, when " Nature's holy plan " happens to be such as she marked out for Scott ? There are several types of a noble life, some of which may be loftier or more striking than his ; yet we do not see how he could have done his peculiar work otherwise. One of the masterpieces in the highest human knowledge,—the science of man's nature.—defined the perfection of life as " the serene exercise of thought " (we must thus paraphrase his own word *Theoria*), " in a state of independence, and leisure, and security as far as man may attain it, together with a complete measure of his days ; for nothing incomplete can enter into blessedness. Such a life," he however added, " would be in itself above the height of humanity." Perhaps Wordsworth

approached this ideal nearer than any distinguished man of Scott's generation; it is easy to see the features in which Scott fell short; yet on the whole, if the estimate here taken be just, he also was not far from the lofty standard of Aristotle.

We return to trace Scott's career; fortunate, if we have truly and distinctly traced what manner of man he was, for it is only if we feel this, that Mr. Hart's detailed narrative of his life, the interest of which cannot be transferred in abridgment, gains its fullest charm and significance. Some contemporary poets now became friends of Scott; he had only seen Burns as a boy, and curious that, closely as their lines met in some points, Burns has left no significant influence on Scott's writings. A greater effect was produced by his intercourse with Wordsworth, whose elevation and simplicity of mind impressed Scott with a sense of his predominance, not the less striking because it was not consciously avowed. The same tacit recognition is traceable in Byron; one seems to find it among all Wordsworth's contemporaries in verse, they know that he is the head of the family. "Differing from him in very many points of taste," writes in 1820, "I do not know a man more to be venerated for uprightness of heart, loftiness of genius." Wordsworth, in turn, has recorded his estimate of Scott's as a poet in some memorable verses, his feeling for the man in an early letter: "Your sincere friend, for such I will call myself, though slow to use a word of solemn meaning to any one" (ll. 167)—Scott had for some years been Shetlandish, and that he might live within the district he now (1804) moved to Annetiel, a single house within the old Etnick Forest, upon the banks of the Tyne, not much above its junction with Yarrow. "The river itself is separated from the high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest verdure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is not only fertile, and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose." "Not inferior in picturesque beauty to the banks of Clyde," says Scott himself, "but so sequestered, so simple, and so solitary, that it seems just to have beauty enough to delight its inhabitants." And again, as a crowning recommendation he describes Annetiel to his friend the distinguished antiquary, Mr. Gifford: "In the very centre of the ancient Reged," otherwise known as the Scoto-British realm of Strathclyde. These passages are extracted, because the general descriptions apply also to the scenery of Abbotsford, except that the landscape is there wider, and more fertile, and because they indicate one dominant motive in Scott's mind. The presence of ancient national associations was precisely the point which determined his choice of property: the *genius loci* which, with an overpowering influence, bound his life to the Border, and led him there from Italy to die.

By this time, through study, the collection of traditions, experience of men of all ranks, solitary thought and imaginative vision, almost all the materials which Scott was to work were ready. When the first fruits of this long preparation appeared in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*" (1805), its success was not less sur-

to the author than to the public. Begun as a ballad on a large scale to please Lady Dalkeith, gradually moulded into a metrical romance, or "Waverley Novel" in verse, and interspersed with those allusive transitional pieces which no other English poet has managed so gracefully, binding past and present together in one. Scott had here unconsciously put his ideal of life into form, and fairly "found himself." "Marmion," the most powerful of the poems, followed in 1808; when also Scott published an elaborate edition of Dryden. Some similar work in the way of skilful editing or compiling he almost always had on hand; he did as much thus for students as if he had not, at the same time, been the Scott who, in Wordsworth's phrase, was "the whole world's darling." "Labour," he said himself, "is absolutely the charter by which we hold existence." Great regularity, with perfect order and neatness in the arrangements of his library, assisted him in accomplishing so much. Rising at six, he "broke the neck of the day's work" before breakfast: soon after noon, he was on his horse; outdoor employment and conversation completed the day; but though study was not resumed, the eye and the mind of such a man were never idle. He knew when he had finished his work, put his best into it, and had done: was in good-humour with all his tasks, and thought little of them when finished. So curiously had the "determined indolence" of his nature been conquered by the imperious force of creative imagination. During the next year or two we find him planning the "Quarterly Review;" active in encouraging Mr. H. Siddons and a younger theatrical friend, Mr. D. Terry, on the stage; active also in his interest in the war against Napoleon, and (less felicitously) engaged in local politics; then, publishing the "Lady of the Lake." "Don Roderick," unsuccessful in its attempt to blend the past history of Spain with the interests of the Peninsular War, followed (1811); "Triermain," and "Rokeby," the scene of which is laid within the lands of the most valued friend of Scott's middle life, Mr. Morritt, in 1813: the "Lord of the Isles" (1815) and "Harold" (1817) complete the list of Poems.

Some general remarks on Scott's style as a writer have been reserved for the notice of his Novels. These have naturally overshadowed his fame as a poet; they are more singularly and strikingly original—more unique in literature; and the form of the prose story, admitting readily of narrative details, and allowing the author to explain remote allusions as he advances, was more capable of giving free play to Scott's tastes and materials, than poetry, however irregular in its structure. Hence he did not make himself quite so much at home in his Poems. Perhaps they depend a little too much on archaeology; the ancient manners, dresses, and customs painted occasionally compete in interest with the delineation of human character; those marvellous scenes from common life which are true in all ages, or those sketches of contemporary manners, which Scott has employed with such skill and power to counterpoise the antiquarian element in the Novels, could hardly find place in verse. *He has indeed given us something of this kind in the beauties*

Introductions to the "Lay" and "Marmion," and, less successfully, though here with much grace, in "Triermain," but they are not wrought up whole, they do not form an integral portion of the poem. On the other hand, the metrical descriptions of scenery, if not more picturesque and vivid than those of the romances, tell more forcibly; they also relieve the narrative, allowing the writer's own thoughts and interests to touch our hearts: an expedient used by Scott with singular skill. The "Edinburgh" of "Marmion" is a special example, but others are scattered through the less familiarly known poems, and it is hoped, will in this edition find a fresh circle of readers, who are little likely to regret the study.

Scott's incompleteness of style, which is more injurious to poetry than to his "careless glance and reckless rhyme," have been alleged by a great writer of our time as one reason why he is now less popular as a poet than he was in his day, when from two to three thousand copies of his metrical romances were sold. Beside these faults, which are visible almost everywhere, the charge that he wants depth and penetrative insight, has been often brought. He does not "grapple with the mystery of existence," it is said; he does not try to solve the problems of human life. Scott, could he have foreseen this criticism, would probably not have been very careful to answer it. He might have allowed its correctness, and said the man might have this work to do, but his was another. High and enduring pleasure, however conveyed, is the end of poetry. "Othello" gives this by its profound play of tragic passion. "Paradise Lost" gives it by its religious sublimity. "The Harold" by its meditative picturesqueness; the "Lay" by its brilliant delineation of ancient life and manners. These are but scanty samples of the vast range of power. In that house are many mansions. All poets may be seers and teachers; but some teach directly, others by a less ostensible and larger process. Scott never lays out the workings of his mind, like Goethe or Shelley; he does not draw out the beauties of the landscape, like Wordsworth; rather, after the fashion of Homer and the writers of the ages before criticism, he presents a scene, and leaves it to work its own effect on the reader. His most perfect and lovely poems, the short songs, occur scattered through the metrical or the prose narratives, are excellent instances. He is the most unselfconscious of our modern poets; perhaps, of all our poets. The difference in this respect between him and his friends Byron and Wordsworth is a difference of centuries. If they give us the inner spirit of modern life, or of modern enter into our perplexities, or probe our deeper passions, Scott has a dramatic faculty not less delightful and precious. He hence attained eminent success in the attainment of the rarest and most difficult aims of Poetry,—sustained vigour, clearness of interest in narration. If we reckon up the poets of the world, we may be sure to find how very few (dramatists not included) have accomplished this, and we hence led to estimate Scott's rank in his art more justly. One looks through the English poetry of the first half of the century in vain, unless it be the

there indicated in Keats, for such a power of vividly throwing himself into other as that of Scott. His contemporaries, Crabbe excepted, paint emotions. He paints men when strongly moved. They draw the moral; but he can invent the fable. It would be rash to try to strike a balance between men, each so great in his own way; the picture of one could not be painted with the other's palette. All are first-rate in their kind; and every reader can choose the style which gives him the highest, healthiest, and most lasting pleasure.

It is, however, only by considering Scott in relation to his own age and the circumstances in which he formed himself, that we can reach a full estimate of him as a poet. This mode of viewing a man, it is true, has been sometimes pressed too far. Genius, in one sense the child of its century, in another is its father. Circumstances explain much: but they do not account for it. The individuality of the poet will always be the central point in him; there is an element in the soul insoluble to the most scientific analysis of a man's surroundings. But much light is undoubtedly gained by examining them. Scott received early, as we have seen, his direction in literature. Coming at the close of an age of criticism, he inaugurated an age of revival and of creation. It has been already noticed that there was something of reaction in this. Love of the ballads of Scotland, of mediæval legends, of German romantic poetry, had unconsciously impressed his style upon him before 1800. Already his passion was to describe wild and adventurous characters, to delineate the natural landscape, to seek the persons of his drama in feudal times or in the common life around him. The weighty satire of Dryden or Johnson, the cultivated world of Pope, the classical finish of Gray, although admired for their own merits, had no share in his heart of hearts. The friend of Dr. Blacklock, the child of the Edinburgh of Hume and Adam Smith, he was a "born romantic" without knowing it. Beyond any one he is the discoverer or creator of the "modern style." How much is implied in this! . . . It is true that by 1800 two other great leaders had already begun their career. Coleridge's fragment of "Christabel" was known to Scott, and influenced him in the "Lays." Wordsworth had published some of the most charming of his lyrics. But these men had as yet produced little effect, and the new faith nowhere found fewer believers than in Edinburgh; where, partly through the reluctance of the ordinary mind to accept originality, in part through the intense conservatism of literature, poets who now rank among the glories of England were treated as heretics with idle condemnation. It was some time before Scott could raise himself above this atmosphere, and say of the leading critic of the time, "Our very ideas of what is poetry differ so widely, that we rarely talk upon the same subjects. There is something in Mr. Jeffrey's mode of reasoning that leads me greatly to doubt whether he really has any feeling of poetical genius." Few people are now likely to dispute this estimate; and no one did more to discredit the narrow criticism prevalent sixty years since than Scott. If Lord Macaulay

opinion be correct, that Byron's poetry served to introduce and to popularise Wordsworth's, Scott's eye more decidedly cleared the way for "Childe Harold and the "Rosalind." Indeed, much in Byron is modelled upon the older poet to whom he always looked up with a respectful affection which makes one of his brightest spots in his own chequered story. "Of all men Scott is the most the most honorable, the most amiable."

With the proceeds of "Rokeby" Scott made himself master of a cottage called Clarty Hill, but soon characteristically renamed Abbotsford, close Tweed, about midway between Melrose, Ashiestiel, and Selkirk. Basically unimprovable is most of the land hereabout: Scott did so for it by planting, the favourite outdoor employment of his middle life; an English eye the trees have a poor, sad, nay (what from his work one expects), even a formal and unpicturesque air; the wider views over the are rather desolate than impressive; there is neither the sweet "pastoral" of Yarrow, nor the verdant and rich lines of Melrose. But to the imagination of the poet the region displayed scenes more lovely than Sorrento, more rich than Monte Rosa. There was the Roman way to the ford by the house "Catrall" which had bounded

Reged wide
And fair Strath-Clyde;

the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, famous in fairy tradition; the haunted Bell Busk, the field of the battle of Melrose, the last great clan fight of the Borders,—Melrose visible eastward, the Eddon Hills cleft into their picturesque serration by Michael Scott, south; Tweed flowing below the house and audibly with its silver rattle. Some ambition to found a line of "Scotts of Abbotsford," fate not to be fulfilled; even some fancy less worthy of a great man to be himself a lord of acres, may have influenced him when he laid out so much money and energy on the lands of Abbotsford, and on the endless architectural details of the house which he built there. Yet many phrases in his writings far more what we know of Scott's nature through life, afford convincing that the possessions he really and veritably sought for were these memories past—these relics of that ancient Scotland for which he felt, "like a lover child," with a rare and noble passion. Abbotsford, with its Gothic architecture tasteful and poetically imagined, its, to our more trained eyes, imperfect interior appointments of armor and stained glass and carved oak its library of premedieval lore, poetry and history, its museum of little things consecrated by remembrances, to Scott was a place where actual life was beautified by the of his imagination, a Waverley romance realized in stone, a castle of his dreams, and held, also, as it proved, like those he sang of, rather by traditional or fairy tenure than by matter-of-fact possession. The gray *Abbotsford*, with its sombre plantations, is not more enriched and glorified

Turner's lovely drawing, than the lordship of these barren acres was to Scott the predominating poet within him.

In 1814 Scott was one of a cheerful company who coasted round Scotland a yacht engaged upon lighthouse business, touching at the Hebrides, Orkney, Western Isles, and north of Ireland. A pleasant journal records the incidents of this trip, saddened at the close by the death of a dear friend, the Duchess of Buccleuch. It is a curious point of likeness between Scott and Goethe that both being poets eminently interested in seeing men, and cities, and with nature, and both also personally independent, yet the journeys of both were remarkably limited. Goethe never saw London, Paris, or Vienna. Except a hasty trip in 1810, Scott made but this one visit to the North and West of Scotland, and hardly knew more of England than lay between Berwick and London. The world must have lost much by this; but it is possible that the poets were guided by a true instinct, and feared lest the amount and vividness of the impressions which would have poured in upon them might be overpowering to the free exercise of their genius.

With an exultation natural to him, Scott now witnessed the first fall of Napoleon. He also completed his valuable edition of Swift's works. But the year is more remarkable to his biographer through that event which marks the beginning of the third epoch in Scott's life,—the publication of "Waverley."

III

During the period here closed, powerful rivals in poetry had risen to divide the popularity of Scott. Byron had carried the manner of his tales into more passionate scenes of life. Crabbe had enlarged that gallery of human character which, if wanting in beauty, in originality and number stands alone amongst the poems of the time. The allegiance of those lovers of the immortal spirit of poetry who give the law to the next generation had been secured by Wordsworth. The brilliant dawn of Shelley was breaking on a yet unconscious world. Our modern school had passed the circle within which Scott had once been the chief magician. He felt this; and, never strictly a believer in his own powers, had already set himself to put into the prose form which suited it best some of the vast material which he had gathered; beginning with the last great romantic event in Scottish history, "Waverley," commenced in 1805 (when the second title "Sixty Years Since"), taken up in 1810, was completed now, and published in July 1814. The last two volumes were written within three weeks of that summer of excitement, a fact of which Mr. Lockhart tells a very striking anecdote (iv: 172,3). From motives already touched on, Scott carefully concealed the authorship; and although long before his name was announced (1827) lit

doubt remained in the minds of intelligent men, this first novel wanted the impulse of his already acquired fame: yet the blow went home, the success was immediate and the writer had once more "found himself" in literature.

A few more dates will mark, in a general way, the course of the writer's genius in this field. "Guy Mannering" appeared in 1815; "The Antiquary" and "Old Mortality" next year; "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," 1818; "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Ivanhoe," 1819; "Kenilworth" and "The Pirate," 1821; "St. Ronan's Well," 1823; the "Fair Maid of Perth," 1828. These may be considered the typical works of the series; though there is hardly one which does not display the wonderful versatility of their author. Take even the feeblest of the "Waverley Novels," when shall we see the like again, in this style of romance?—Goethe was accustomed to speak of Scott as the "greatest writer of his time," as unique and unequalled. When asked to put his views on paper, he replied with the remark which he made also upon Shakespeare, Scott's art was so high, that it was hard to attempt giving a formal opinion on it. But a few words may be added on the relation borne by the Novels to the author's character. Putting aside those written in depressed spirits and failing health, the inequality of merit in the remainder appears almost exactly proportioned, not to their date, but to the degree in which they are founded on Scottish life during the century preceding 1771. In this leading characteristic they are the absolute reproduction of the writer's own habitual thoughts and interests. Once more, we find in them a practical compromise between past and present. We have had no writer whose own country was more completely his inspiration. But he is inspired by the "ain countree" he had seen, or heard of from those who were old during his youth. As he recedes from Scotland and from "sixty years since," his strength progressively declines. What we see as the series advances, are not so much signs that he had exhausted himself, as symptoms that he had exhausted the great situations of the century before his own birth; and "St. Ronan's Well" remains the solitary proof that, had events encouraged Scott to throw himself frankly into contemporary life, he might (in the writer's judgment) have been first of the English novelists here, as he indisputably is in the romance of the past.

It has been observed that one of the curious contrasts which make up that complex creature, Walter Scott, is the strong attraction which drew him, as a Lowlander the born natural antagonist of the Gael, to the Highland people. Looking back on the Celtic clans as we happily may, as a thing of the far past, softened by distance, coloured by the finest tints of poetry, and with that background of noble scenery which has afforded to many of us such pure and lofty pleasure, we cannot conceive without a painful effort that within a few years of Scott's own birth the Highlander had been to the Lowlander much what the Hindoo,—the Afghani or Mahratta at least,—is at present to the Englishman. All that we admire in the Gael had been to the Scot proper the source of contempt and of repugnance. Such a feeling is one of the worst instincts of human nature; it is an unmistakeable part of

the brute animal within us ; more than any other cause, the hatred of race to race has hampered the progress of man. There is also no feeling which is more persistent and obstinate. But it has been entirely conquered in case of the Saxon and the Gael. Now this vast and salutary change in national opinion is directly due to Scott. Something of the kind might possibly have come with time ; but he, in fact, was the man whose lot was to accomplish it. This may be regarded, on the whole, as his greatest achievement. He united the sympathies of two hostile races by the sheer force of genius. He healed the bitterness of centuries. Scott did much in idealizing, as poetry should, the common life of his contemporaries. He equalized much in rendering the past history, and the history of other countries in which Scotchmen played a conspicuous part, real to us. But it is hardly a figure of speech to say, that he created the Celtic Highlands in the eyes of the whole civilized world.

If this be not first-rate power, it may be asked where we are to find it. The admirable spirit and picturesqueness of Scott's poems and novels carry us along with them so rapidly, whilst at the same time the weaknesses and inequalities of his work are so borne upon the surface, that we do not always feel how unique they are in literature. Scott is often inaccurate in historical painting, and puts modern feeling into the past. He was not called upon, as we have noticed, to represent mental struggles, but the element of original thought is deficient in his creations. "Scott's," says an able critic, "is a healthy and genial world of reflection, but it wants the charm of delicate exactitude ; we miss the consecrating power : " (*National Review*, April, 1858). He is altogether inferior to Miss Austen in describing the finer elements of the womanly nature ; we rarely know how the heroine feels ; the author paints love powerfully in its effects and dominating influence ; he does not lead us to "the inmost enchanted fountain" of the heart. In creating types of actual human life Scott is perhaps surpassed by Crabbe ; he does not analyse character, or delineate it in its depths, but exhibits the man rather by speech and action ; he is "extensive" rather than "intensive" ; he has more of Chaucer in him than of Goethe ; yet, if we look at the variety and richness of his gallery, at his command over pathos and terror, the laughter and the tears, at the many large interests beside those of romance which he realizes to us, at the way in which he paints the whole life of men, not the humours or passions alone, at his unfailing wholesomeness and freshness, like the sea and air and great elementary forces of Nature, it may be pronounced a just estimate which,—without trying to measure the space which separates the stars,—places Scott second in our creative or imaginative literature to Shakespeare. "All is great in the Waverley Novels," said Goethe in 1831, "material effect, characters, execution." Astronomers tell us that there are no fixed points in the heavens, and that earth and sun momentarily shift their bearings. An analogous displacement may be preparing for the loftiest glories of the human

intellect; Homer may become dim, and Shakespeare too distant. Perhaps the same fate is destined for Scott. But it would be idle to speculate on this, or to try to predict the time when men will no longer be impressed by the vividness of "Waverley," or the pathos of "Lammermoor."

The leading idea of this sketch of Scott's character is, that, under the disguise of worldly sense and shrewdness, the poetical nature predominated in his life. In regard to his conduct and career, this point has perhaps been sufficiently illustrated. Looking at him now as an imaginative writer; from many causes, amongst which modesty and pride played an equal part, he has told us little of his own mind. Compared with Byron's (see the correspondence between them,—iii: 394), Scott's letters are superficial; until misfortune unveiled him to himself, there are no "Confessions" in his journal. Then we find, what discerning friends had long noticed, that the strong man had carried with him through life the sensitiveness of his childhood. One, to whose papers in *Fraser's Magazine* (1835-6) this sketch is indebted for some observations not found elsewhere, remarks that Scott was often subject to fits of abstraction, when he would be so completely absorbed in his coming fancies, that he became unconscious where he was, or what he was writing. Scott's stern repression and strong wish to do before the world only what the world does, render these points at once more hard to trace, and more significant. The emotion of such a character is deep in proportion to the resistance which it meets from the other elements. The fervour which melted Scott would have consumed a less powerful nature. When among scenes of wild Nature he was so rapt and excited that his friends felt it the wisest and kindest thing "to leave him to himself" (iv: 181). This was in the height of his vigour and assumed stoicism. Later on, some time before decline had seized him, he writes, "The beauty of the evening, sighing of the summer breeze, bring the tears into my eyes not unpleasantly:" and again, "I spent the day wandering from place to place in the woods, idly stirred by the succession of a thousand vague thoughts and fears, the gay strangely mingled with those of dismal melancholy; tears which seemed ready to flow unbidden, and smiles which approached to those of insanity." And then he adds, "I scribbled some verses, or rather, composed them in my memory." If the one eminent English critic who has expressed a formal judgment upon Scott as a writer, had not insisted chiefly upon the rapidity of his writings, treating them as superficial and transient in interest, it would have been unnecessary to dwell upon this point; it really is no more than that imagination is never displayed but by a man of imaginative mind; that poetry can be written only by a poet. But even the charge of overhaste appears to be pressed by Mr. Carlyle too far. Scott's idea of poetical style must be allowed, errs upon the side of spontaneous impulse; he would rather be unfinished than overfinished, preferred vigour to refinement, and aimed at the quality he admired in Dryden, "perpetual animation and elasticity of thought;" did he make the most of his admirable materials; atoned for the random and the reck-

esqueness and movement. But there is nothing to be atoned for in perfect 'incompleteness cannot enter into it;' the rival forces, as in Nature, each other. In a word, Scott's was the Gothic mind throughout, not the he wants that indefinable air of distinction which even the lesser ancient have; no writer of such power has furnished fewer quotations; "he first sufficient words which came uppermost;" he does not bring his consummate expression, such as incorporates itself within the memory; and the phrase, matter and spirit, rarely seem to form one indivisible. It is in this quarter that he is perhaps most in danger from the hand of To say that such was Scott's nature, and that he did best to follow it, in his genius or in his life, would be to assume that he was in- of the peculiar attribute of genius, its capacity for improvement. Yet not conclude that his writing cost him little; it should be remembered hardly touched original work till he was of mature age, and had collected es; he is like the musician who plays the most difficult piece at sight, as rd and the result of years of practice. "What infinite diligence in the dry studies; what truth of detail in the execution," said Goethe. The ith which Scott actually composed, in fact, consumed him; the fire of destroyed the conductor. When we read that "Guy Mannering" was d within six weeks, we may say, "These things were his paralysis." came to Scott "in his sleep." "I will avoid," he says, in one of the rs where he speaks out, "any occupation so laborious and agitating, as ust be to be worth anything" (vi : 400).

ne of all Scott's writings which has the highest qualities of pathos and of he one which, on the whole, may be called his greatest and most poetical, he clearest example of what this essay aims most at proving, the dominant of the imaginative element in Scott. He dictated the "Bride of Lammer- while recovering from very severe illness (1819): but on regaining health, t was first put into his hands in a complete form, he did not recollect one cident, character, or conversation it contained." Of all that we know about is incident is the most remarkable, especially if we recall the conspicuous his temperament; it casts the deepest light upon his nature; it shows en he wrote most powerfully, he was so inspired and penetrated by ct that it flowed from him as if by a kind of rapture or possession; it e ready to say that, when least himself, he was most himself.

any pages might be given to the criticism of Scott as a writer. It is time should resume his life, and try to complete the picture of his character. d once or twice visited London in his earlier days, when he was known s an antiquarian; in 1815 he was received there "with all the honours." ey," everywhere *recognized as his*, put him at the head of our imaginative s a poet, he was second in popularity to Byron alone. Byron's boyish

attack upon him in the "English Bards" had been long forgotten; forgiveness had never needed from the exquisite sweetness of Scott's temper, who had laughed and praised the writer's power, and added only, "spleen and gall are disastrous materials to work with for any length of time." These two great men now met, each with equal esteem for the gifts of the other; and Scott sought Byron's friendship with that alacrity of warm admiration for force of mind and character which marks him through life, and is one of the surest signs of genius. Soon after came the final "Hundred Days" of Napoleon; Scott was among the first to visit the scenes of the campaign, and he found at Paris,—then a city representative of everything except France,—a renewal of his English popularity from the politicians and soldiers of the "allied armies." Some animated letters, and an Ode on Waterloo (not equal to the occasion), were the fruit of this journey. Now followed several years of a splendid, and, on the whole, a singularly well-enjoyed prosperity. "What series," says Mr. Carlyle, "followed out of *Waverley*, and how and with what result, is known to all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all." Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford (1820); on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men." That there was another and a more poetical side to the "wealth and worldly good" in Scott's mind has been already noticed; Abbotsford, with its relics and historical territory; its visitors from all lands, including many of the best of his contemporaries; its happy life among friends of equal age, and children fast growing up to be friends (two sons and two daughters), and healthy pleasures in forest and moor; and now at last, full enjoyment of the creative power, "the vision and the faculty divine,"—was a realized romance to Scott, the past living again in the present, common existence enriched and beautified by poetry. Mr. Lockhart here gives several pleasing and brilliant pictures of his father-in-law's life in town and country; a day at Abbotsford and a dinner at Ballantyne's are hardly inferior to scenes in the "Antiquary" or "Rob Roy" in vividness.

These descriptions would suffer by abridgment; in place of them, let us try and form some image of the man. The first impression seems to have been that of a stalwart Liddesdale farmer, shrewd and quiet; the figure of good height, the forehead lofty, though not to the exaggerated measure of the bust; complexion ruddy; features massive, and inclining to heaviness. When he spoke, this rather inanimate air kindled into brilliant life in his eye and mouth, equally capable of expressing humour or pathos, and produced a greater effect by the force of contrast. The mutability of his features is noted throughout his life, and must have tried beyond their powers the artists who attempted his portrait. Whether through the early fever and its lameness, or some excess in field-sports and genial living, or the corrosion of a mind that never left him at leisure to "do nothing," or through all causes combined, when little over fifty he had already the look of

"gallant old gentleman ;" and the sense of premature old age is written on every leaf of his later journals. "I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human existence ; I shall never see the threescore and ten." Yet Scott preserved the spirit of his youth, and to the last was characteristically unwilling to allow himself beaten, even in climbing a slope without assistance. In these external details one reads the man ; Scott, with his many contrasts and antitheses of disposition, was eminently made "all of a piece." This harmony of nature was not less shown in his conversation, which left the sense of quiet power and inexhaustible variety of anecdote, study of human character, and wealth of the well-stored memory, rather than of brilliancy. "He did not affect sayings ; the points and sententious turns, which are easily caught up, were not natural to him. The great charm of his table-talk was in the sweetness and *abandon* with which it flowed, always guided by good sense and taste ; the warm and unstudied eloquence with which he expressed rather sentiments than opinions ; and the liveliness and force with which he narrated and described." Abbotsford was a centre of life and society in its brightest, most enjoyable, and most cultivated form unique in England, and which unhappily has never found a rival. No house, except it were Voltaire's at Ferney, is reputed to have been equally thronged. Scott's hospitality and kindness were unlimited ; he had the open nature which is the most charming of all charms ; was wholly free from the folly of fastidiousness, *had* real dignity, and hence never "stood upon it ;" talked to all he met, and lived as friend with friend among his servants and followers. "Sir Walter speaks to every man," one of them said, "as if they were blood-relations." Let us complete the picture in his own words ; they give us the two contrasting sides of his character. "Few men have enjoyed society more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less, by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found any one, out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification. Still, however, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone to wishing for visitors."—Need it be added that he was fond of the company of youth, and delighted as a mother in his children's presence ? The letters to his eldest son's young wife are the most attractive and graceful in the series.

Our sketch, inevitably incomplete, must not be concluded without some note of Scott's taste and feeling towards literature. This, says Mr. Lockhart, "engrossed the greater part of his interest and reflection." Beside his original works, and the voluminous editions of Swift and Dryden, Scott edited or superintended as many reprints as would have made the fame of an ordinary antiquarian. His own taste evidently led him by preference to our older poets. With Shakespeare his novels show a close familiarity. Scott's admiration for Dryden is expressed in the Life prefixed to his edition : that which he felt for Johnson's two "Satires" was little inferior. He deplores, in mature life, his ignorance of the Greek literature ; of the Latin he *had no intimate knowledge ; nor does his early interest in Goethe, "my old master*

appear to have been followed by the appreciation of those works compared with which "Goetz" was but crude and feeble. Dante, who represents rather the Roman than the Gothic mediaevalism, he did not admire; finding him "obscure and difficult," and remaining even seemingly ignorant till the year of his death that his own ancestor, Michael Scott, had found a place far down in Hell, where he is lodged by Dante in company of Amphiaraus, Teiresias, and other reputed sorcerers. In obedience not only to his own taste, but to a traditional fame now greatly faded, Scott was in the habit of reading through the "Orlando" of Ariosto yearly. The judgments preserved on modern English poetry are few and uncritical. In an undated conversation he spoke of himself and of Campbell as much inferior to Burns; and ranked Miss Joanna Baillie far above each. He even couples her with Shakespeare in one of the "Introductions" to Marmion. But Scott's impressions fluctuated. Thus he knew no man (1820) "more to be venerated" than Wordsworth for "loftiness of genius:" again, he "always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and half a century before me:" (1826):—an opinion founded on that predominance of the impulsive character in them, which was the inspiration of his own poetry. On the other hand, Scott more than once expresses deep admiration for Miss Austen; the most unlike himself in style, if second only to him in genius, among all the novelists of the time. "This young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with."

After "Ivanhoe," published 1819, the sale of Scott's novels in some degree declined: a fact of which his partners in commerce never informed him. To this reticence, ultimately as unwise for themselves as for him, the negligences which grew upon Scott as a writer may be partly due. But to all eyes he increased in fame and wealth; was caressed and courted as kings have seldom been, but without any taint to the simplicity and beauty of his nature; and reached perhaps the height of his visible popularity with his fellow-creatures on his triumphal progress through Ireland in 1825.—This was a year dark with panic and commercial ruin; Scott's firm, which had been always insecure and carelessly conducted, soon felt the shock. The poet, perhaps the least unbusinesslike member of the house, must have gradually withdrawn from active superintendence; and the clearest knowledge he ever obtained of his own affairs was when his bankruptcy, early in 1826, had been declared. The trying circumstances of the time stood for much in this failure, and Scott might have accepted it without discredit: but the shock roused all the determination in one of the most determined of men, and he resolved to pay the debt in full, and save by his own single-handed exertions what might be saved of his beloved Abbotsford for his family. "Scott's heart clung to the place he had created. *There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.*" His creditors consented; and the "Life of Napoleon," with the last volumes of the "Waverley" series, were among the results of this decision.

Hitherto something had been left to complete Scott's character. He had still to prove his complete fidelity to his vocation in literature. He had to give the more arduous proof that he could bear evil fortune in exchange for unusual good. We cannot choose the date of our own trials. Scott's came upon him, not as with most men of genius, at their first experience of life, during the strength of youth, but after years of romantic success, and when the approaches of mortal disease had already enfeebled the powers of endurance. In the eye of the world, —perhaps in the eye of the philosopher,—it might have been the wiser part to let things take their course, submit, and decline a struggle of no doubtful issue to his own health and life. But, if these pages present a true picture, all this was simply impossible to Scott. It would have been to break with what lay deepest and broadest in him,—the nature of the poet. Accepting then his decision as that which alone he could adopt, the record of these later years, as told by Mr. Lockhart, and illustrated by Scott's journal, gives to his character the completeness of poetic unity. It is the fifth act in the drama of his life; it displays how the hero met the catastrophe, and overcame it, and rested at last from his labours. The words of an aged uncle, who did not live to see the evil day, were never more completely borne out than now: "God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good." It must have been with no little effort that he reappeared in the capital of which he had for many years been beyond comparison the most distinguished inhabitant. "I went to the Court for the first time to-day," Jan. 24, 1826, "and, like the man with the lame nose, thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Most were, undoubtedly, and all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected." Though deeply moved by the sympathy shown with him, he did not hold up his head until some pamphlets which he published upon a Scottish commercial question had succeeded. Then he writes, "People will not dare talk of me as an object of pity; —no more *poor-manning*." But adversity now came in no measured proportions; the cup was filled, and ran over. Poverty was not the only or the worst evil of the year. His son was absent in the army, the second for his education; the care of a sickly and much-loved grandchild detained the eldest daughter; and Scott, leaving his wife beyond hope at Abbotsford, was compelled to set himself to solitary labour with a narrow lodging at Edinburgh. Soon a few pages in his journal, fearful of the pathetic struggle which they betray, tell us of the irremediable loss. Throughout the whole Scott maintains that noble and submissive courage with which, years before the time of calamity, he had looked forward to the uncertain future; whatever pain or misfortune might be in store, "I am already a sufficient debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it."

This resignation bore its fruits: and a kind of after-summer of mild and peaceful radiance,—cheered by the fidelity of friends and the love of children, relieved of bodily infirmities and painful task-work of Scott's old age. At this time occurred

an interchange of interesting letters between him and Goethe. Scott gave a characteristic sketch of his own position: "My eldest son has a troop of Hussars, my youngest has just been made Bachelor of Arts at Oxford. God having pleased to deprive me of their mother, my youngest daughter keeps my household in order, my eldest being married," to Mr Lockhart, "and having a family of my own. Such are the domestic circumstances of the person you so kindly enquire after: for the rest, I have enough to live on in the way I like, notwithstanding some very heavy losses: and I have a stately antique chateau (modern antique) which any friend of Baron von Goethe will be at all times most welcome to with an entrance hall filled with armour, which might have become Jaxthausen the castle in Goethe's *Goetz*, "itself, and a gigantic bloodhound to guard the entrance."

After a visit to London, where he was received by the best men of the time with affectionate respect, and a short excursion to Paris, he completed the "Life of Napoleon" in 1827. A crowd of other volumes followed this massive work, amongst which the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" (1830), written under the pressure of imminent illness, are only sufficient to give an idea how curious a subject, for which he had made large preparations, would have been treated by Scott in his better days. There was much in him of Michael Scott the magician, much also of Reginald Scott, the courageous advocate of reason and humanity in a superstitious age. Half shrewdness, half or more than half blindness—the poise of his mind between the romantic and the critical, eminently fitted to write impressively on witchcraft and ghostly legends. Perhaps no single writer is managed with more supreme skill in the "Novels." Let us add that, besides these labours, his warm liberality of heart led him to give others freely that assistance with his pen which his purse could no longer supply. Already he had cleared a vast load of debt, when Nature, on whom, between physical and mental exertion, he had pressed hard since youth, avenged herself by serious strokes of paralysis in 1830 and 1831. "Such a shaking hands with Death," he said, "is formidable." Scott resigned his legal office, but it was in vain that those about him tried to enforce the quiet of mind which was essential to *Euthanasia*, if not to *Life*. No longer master of the creative imagination, the power which had long obeyed his bidding now compelled him as a slave; and do what his friends could to relieve him, more than one of the novels was produced within these months of decay. At length he was persuaded to try the southern climate. A final gleam of the Scott of his younger years broke forth for one moment when Wordsworth came (Sept. 1831) to bid him farewell. For the last time the two great poets who, while following the different paths which led both to masterworks, appreciated each other with the deep sympathy of genius, together traversed the vale of Yarrow. This was commemorated by Wordsworth in one of the finest occasional poems in English language. A serene beauty characterizes the *Yarrow Revisited*. Perhaps W

looked on the scene with less saddened eyes than Scott ; perhaps both good and gifted men were raised above the inevitable and transient ills by the sight of nature, and the warmth of friendship ; by the conscience for them more than for most, was without reproof ; by the peace which had understanding.

—No public and no private care
 The freeborn mind enthralling,
 We made a day of happy hours,
 Our happy days recalling.
 And if, as Yarrow through the woods
 And down the meadow ranging,
 Did meet us with unalter'd face
 Though we were changed and changing ;
 If *then* some natural shadows spread
 Our inward prospect over,
 The soul's deep valley was not slow
 Its brightness to recover.

ral vessel, with a sense of propriety rarely shown, was provided for Scott, sailed in October for the Mediterranean. Malta, Naples, and Rome, marked successive steps downward of his mind and body. Despite many manly and efforts to see and enjoy, these scenes, which would once have moved him deeply, now passed with slighter remark ; almost all that struck him were connected with mediaeval and Scottish history. The Knights of Malta, the old relics at La Cava, the bandits of Calabria, the Orsini castle of Bracciano, the dinal of York's villa, the tomb of the last Stuarts in St. Peter's,—they read summary of the life which was well-nigh over ; they resume many of his interests. But they came too late.

—Nature's loveliest looks,
 Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,
 Fail'd to reanimate and but feebly cheer'd
 The whole world's Darling.

news of Goethe's death had been lately brought. Scott's impatience re- : "He at least died at home !" he exclaimed ; "Let us to Abbotsford." ig across Europe, but overtaken again by the disease as he went, he reached as if only to die (June, 1832). Much public sympathy was roused by the nce ; the Royal family made daily enquiries ; "Do you know if this is the here he is lying?" was the question of labourers collected in it ;—but of all xt was unconscious ; barely rousing himself for a moment from stupor riends and children approached him. Then the one passion which had l all others compelled its way, and he was borne back to draw his last breath tsford. *Scott lay as if insensible in the carriage ; "but as we descended*

the vale of Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—*Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Torwoodlee*. As we rounded the hill, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight."

For a few days, home, Abbotsford, Scotland, wrought on Scott so powerfully that they seemed capable of a cure which would have been hardly less than miraculous. "I have seen much," he kept saying, as they wheeled him through the rooms, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more." At last he begged to be replaced in his study. "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." But the pen dropped from his fingers. "He sank back, silent, tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again." They thought he then slept. "When he was awaking, Laidlaw," one of the many friends who were like brothers to him, "said to me, *Sir Walter has had a little repose. No, Willie, said he, no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.*"

After this it was a gradual descent to the rest which remained for him. Of all the many gifts that had formed the character of Walter Scott, but one was not recognizable through the gathering mist of death; that inexhaustible affectionateness and thought for others which had been the grace of his life. The intensity of love in him had throughout equalled the intensity of imagination; the most unselfconscious of our poets, he was perhaps also, so far as we can judge, the most unselfish. Scott, with his marked manliness of temperament, possessed in equal measure the best of the qualities which are often called feminine. "For the least chill on the affection of any one dear to him, he had the sensitiveness of a maiden." Warmth of heart and frankness of love were the very centre of his nature, and to the centre, life, struggling hard, had now retreated. At the final moment when the sudden lightening of death came upon him, and he took an affecting farewell of Mr. Lockhart, it was proposed to fetch his daughters. "Shall I send Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "do not disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all." These were his last words. On the 21st of September, 1832, the end arrived with the gentleness of sleep, in the presence of all his children. "It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

Scott was laid by his wife within a family grave among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, in the centre of the obscure Border province where he was most at home, and which his genius has made a region more familiar than the places that they have themselves seen, to children born in America and Australia. As, looking

omer and Shakespeare, one thinks of them surrounded by the beings to y have given a mysterious life, so Scott also lies among the real though world of his own creation. This, and the memory of his great-heartedness, has left us. Travellers from all lands still throng to visit the scenery of ourhood, the hillsides he planted, the garden he laid out, the house filled relics sanctified in his eyes by the love of poetry and of Scotland. To ouse he fought and suffered. But it was never tenanted by his family; there like the castle of a dream; as if ready for the master's return, meanwhile and uncheered by life. His children have been long to their rest; the lands which he bought at the price of genius have another race; and one young girl, the child of his daughter's daughter, rves alone the blood of Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

F. T. PALGRAVE

1866



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THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet ; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lani.*

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITH,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Poem now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allowed a greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a regular Poem, which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied in the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," not only as the first disclosure of the poet's powers, but as that, among all his works, which perhaps most closely identified with his personal career and character. Even Scott had not himself told us, it would not be difficult to trace the various influences under which he composed this poem. His grandmother, in whose youth the Border raids were still matters of comparatively recent tradition, used to amuse him with many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other Moss-trooping heroes. This prepared his mind for the deep impression which was made on it, when he was about twelve years old, by Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." It was under a large platanus-tree in his aunt's garden at Kelso that he first read them, forgetting even the dinner-hour in his enjoyment of this new treasure. "To read and to remember was in this instance," he says, "the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm."

In the compilation of his own Border Minstrelsy he followed the impulse thus derived; and when, after having for some years dabbled in poetry, he aspired to distinguish himself by something higher than mere translations or occasional verses, his partiality for the Border legends governed his choice of a subject as well as the style of treatment. He hesitated for a while as to the particular story he should illustrate, but all those he thought of belonged to the same class. At one time he contemplated "a Border ballad, in the comic manner," founded on his ancestor's (Sir William Scott, of Harden) marriage with ugly Meg Murray, and the alternative of being hanged by his father-in-law. But finally he decided on "a romance of Border chivalry, in a light-horseman sort of stanza." Having, at the request of the Countess of Dalkeith, undertaken a ballad about the adventure of a brownie or goblin, called Gilpin Horner, he was discouraged in the attempt by the apparent coldness with which his two friends, Erskine and Cranstoun, listened to the first stanzas, and abandoned the idea till tempted to resume it by learning that, on second thoughts, his critics had formed a more favourable opinion of the effort. He applied himself to the work as an amusement during his enforced leisure, when disabled by the kick of a horse at yeoman drill on Portobello Sands. As soon as he got into the vein, he dashed it off at the rate of about a canto a week. The goblin page sank into a mere minor feature as the poem grew upon his hands. The metre was borrowed from Coleridge's "Lady Christabel." The beautiful freedom and variety of this metre Scott appreciated all the more, because it enabled him to introduce much of the style and phraseology of the old minstrels. The ballad measure in quatrains, which

at first naturally suggested itself, was set aside as too hackneyed and wearisome for a composition of any length. Against the measured short line, or octo-syllabic verse, there was the objection of the "fatal facility," to use Scott's own phrase with which it was written, the temptation it offered to mere verbiage, and its monotonous and namby-pamby effect. Shakespeare had laughed at it as the "butter-woman's rate to market," and the "very false gallop of verses," and Scott felt that his muse demanded a more stirring and varied measure. "Christabel" was not published till 1816; but a year or two before Scott began the "Lay" he had heard Sir John Stoddart recite some parts of it, which made a deep impression on his mind. He saw that Coleridge had remedied all the defects of the octo-syllabic measure, by freeing it from its rigid formality, and dividing it by time instead of syllables; by the beat of four, as Leigh Hunt remarks, into which you might get as many syllables as you could, instead of allotting eight syllables to the poor time, whatever it might have to say, varying it further with alternate rhymes and stanzas, with rests and omissions, precisely analogous to those in music. The old bard himself was an afterthought. He was introduced as a sort of "pitch-pipe" to indicate the tone and character of the composition.

In the poem the reader will find a romantic picture of the Borderers, in the best aspect of their character. Their name, like that of the kindred rovers of the sea, is "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes." Scott has brought out the solitary virtue—dauntless bravery—into the foreground, and has thrown the crimes into the shade. Here we may offer some prosaic observations on their real character. At first national feuds lent a justification to the Border raids. It was in the spirit of patriotism that the men on each side of the Cheviots harried one another's homes, and drove off one another's cattle. The instinct of hostility survived long after the two countries were at peace, and was quickened by the love of plunder. At the period of the following tale they had degenerated into mere robbers, whom the rulers on both sides of the Border alike denounced. The best that can be said for them is that they had inherited the traditions of rapine which they sought to perpetuate; that what philosophers now call the doctrine of "continuity" was responsible for much of their wild temper; and that the savage habits which had been transmitted through generations were not readily uprooted:—

"There never was a time on the March partes,
Saw the Douglas and the Percy met,
But yit was marvell yit the redde blude rounne not
As the rane does in the street."

Nursed with such a lullaby, it seemed to these wild Borderers only a law of nature that Scots and English should prey upon each other, and this ferocious spirit soon expanded into an impartial appetite for plunder, and general antagonism to society. And so it came about that a Scott learned to have as little compunction in "lighting to bed" a Kerr as a Græme. They had their own domestic raids and blood-feuds or disputes, as over the Border. It was, in truth, a restless, cruel, wild-beast kind of existence, that called forth all the worst passions, and could have been bearable only through a brutish insensibility and indifference to danger. They carried their life in their hands, and none could tell whether to a week's end he could call his kine his own. "They are like the Job," says Fuller, quaintly, "not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day." It was with some surprise, in the midst of vexation, that Watt Tinlinn reflected that his little lonely tower had not been

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burned for a year and more ; and the old song tells the common experience for which every borderer had to be prepared :—

“ Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me o’ four-and-twenty guide ousen and kye ;
My weel-riden gelding, and a white grey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs on ilka side.
Fy, lads ! shout a’ a’ a’ a’ a’
My gear’s a’ gane.”

Religion, of course, in any true sense of the term, was hardly to be looked for in such a class. “They come to church,” says Fuller, “as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the calendar.” Yet they were not without their superstitions ; and, however wanting in real piety, could patter an Ave Maria and finger their beads as they rode to a plundering foray. Their sense of honour could hardly have been very strong, and was certainly exceptional. But they had at least, a sense of the sacredness of hospitality, and the protection which a host owes to his guest. Even the author of the “Worthies” owns that “indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish Janizary ; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters. “They are,” he adds, “a nest of hornets ; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. . . . Yet these Moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, cast in their lots among themselves and all have one purse.” So that, in spite of their domestic differences, there was a sort of union amongst them. The term Moss-troopers is evidently derived from the mosses among which they lived, and the companies in which they went about harrying. It was owing mainly to the vigorous measures of Belted Will, Earl of Carlisle, that the raiders were put down. The last public mention of Moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.

The region in which the scene of the poem is laid was as familiar and dear to Scott as the legends with which it is associated. His first consciousness of existence dated, as he himself has told us, from Sandy Knowe. In early manhood a “raid” into Liddesdale was the favourite object of a vacation ramble. At Ashiestiel he spent the first happy years of wedlock : in Abbotsford he sought to realize one of the great ambitions of his life ; and Dryburgh inclines his remains. The Border Union Railway now traverses the district from Carlisle to Hawick, and modern cultivation has somewhat softened and enriched the aspect of the landscape. The old peels and Border strongholds have been gradually crumbling away. Hawick, Selkirk, and Galashiels have risen into populous and flourishing towns, the seats of an important industry. Agriculture, though still chiefly pastoral, has encroached on many a hill-side, bogs have been drained, and coal-fields opened up. The mockery of the line—

“ Rich was the soil had purple heath been grain,”

has lost most of its force, and the farmers of Liddesdale can now give a better account of their lands than the gentleman of Charlieshope—“There’s mair bare than sheep on my farm ; and for the moor-fowl and the grey-fowl, they lie a thick as doos in a docket.” But in Scott’s time the country was much the same as in the days of the Moss-troopers. The people had outlived the old Border traditions of raids and robberies, yet in the seclusion of their valleys they preserved many of the rough reckless manners of their ancestors. Scott has painted them, in “Guy Mannering,” much as they lived under his own eye.

The wildness of the region, even at the end of the last century, may be seen from the incidents of one of the poet's rambles. His gig was the first carriage that had ever been seen in Liddesdale. There was no inn or house of any kind in the whole valley, which was accessible only by the succession of tremendous moorasses. "In the course of our grand tour, the risks of stamping and breaking our necks, we encountered the hardships of sleeping upon peat stacks, and eating mutton slain by no other but her, an deprived of life by the judgment of God, as a coroner's inquest express themselves." Scott used to boast of being sheriff of the "carmichael seau," and that he had strolled through the wild gorges of Liddesdale "and so long that he might say he had a home in every farmhouse."

The scenery of the Scottish borderland can lay claim to little grandeur; hills are too rare to be beautiful, and too low to be very impressive. The wide tracts of heath and moss, the grey swells of moor rising into brown, rounded hills, with here and there a stately cliff of sterner aspect, and the green patches of the water-courses, are not without their charm, in spite of the general bare and characterless landscape, which is at first apt to disappoint the visitor. Southey, *Wassington Irving*, spoke of this disappointment to his host at *Forth*. "So, it dummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave. 'It pertains to me,' he said at length; 'but to my eye, these grey hills and all the Border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very naked the hill, it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it. When I have for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like a cultivated garden-land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; I do not see the heather at least once a year. I think I should die if last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump-ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was so much.' But Southey was quite sensible to the sort of melancholy awe by which even the more savage parts of the country is shown of a more grand and sublime, but it is poets and novelists in a passage in one of his letters. Speaking the view from the top of *Ardenmore*, he says: 'I assure you I have really experienced a sort of fearful loneliness when looking at the towering ridges of desolate barrenness which is all the eye takes in from the top of such a mountain, the patches of cultivation being but a few in the little green only appearing to make one feel how feeble and inefficient man has become in the genesis of the soil. It is in such a scene that the unknown gitted author of 'Albion' places the suppersister which consists in the noise of a clasp, the haying of the meadows, the throbbing sobs of the dead wild halloos of the huntsmen, and the

"Hoof cluck beating on the hollow hut"

I have often repeated his verses with some sensations of awe in this place; for as his own existence was concerned, he did much by his plantations to make the soil fertile, and his precept and example also helped to make fast the soil among his neighbours.

Of Scott's power of writing there is, no doubt, more abundant striking evidence in his later poems, but the descriptions of natural scenery in "The Lay" are of only very old date, but of strange and peculiar perceptions of nature rather than from what has been pointed out in the very suggestive critic Mr. Ruskin in his "Modern Painters." Analysing the description of *Edin* in "The Lay," he shows that there is hardly any form, only smoke and colour before. "The smoke," he says, "the old huts at *Edin* seen through the

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the somewhat vague words, 'ridgy, massy, close, and high,' the whole being at more obscured by modern mystery in its most tangible form of smoke. But the colours are all definite—note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky red sable (pure black), amethyst (pure purple), green and gold—in a noble choir throughout." Elsewhere Mr. Raskin says, "In consequence of his unselfishness and humility, Scott's enjoyment of Nature is incomparably greater than any other poet I know. All the rest carry their cares to her, and begin maundering her ears about their own affairs. But with Scott the love is entirely humble and unselfish. 'I, Scott, am nothing, and less than nothing: but these crags and heaths, and clouds, how great are they, how lovely, how for ever to be beloved, only for their own silent thoughtless sake!'"

Without attempting any detailed topographical illustration of the poem, it may be worth while to notice some of the spots of chief interest which are referred to. Newark Castle, where the old minstrel is supposed to chant his tale before the duchess, stands in ruins in its "birchen bower" on the right bank of the Yarrow—a large square tower, dismantled and unroofed, with crumbling out wall and turrets. It was built by James II. for a hunting seat, afterwards belonged to the outlaw Murray, and has long been a possession, as it still is, of the house of Buccleuch. Newark Castle, where the imaginary minstrel poured forth his song, is included within the grounds of Bowhill, the favourite seat of another fair duchess, at whose request, when Countess of Dalkeith, Scott commenced the poem which developed into the Lay. He accordingly, says Lockhart, "shadowed out his own beautiful friend in the person of her lord's ancestor, the last of the original stock of that great house; himself, the favoured inmate of Bowhill, introduced certainly to the familiarity of that circle by his devotion to the poetry of his past age, in that of an aged minstrel seeking shelter at the gate of Newark. This is the point of many arch allusions in the poem. There is also a person of interest in the closing lines, which refer, it is believed, to the day-dream of Ashestiel—the purchase of a modest mountain farm in that neighbourhood—"a hundred acres, two spare bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which will on a pine have a couch-bed"—a dream which afterwards grew into the ambitious scheme of Abbotsford. Lockhart deems it, in one point of view, the greatest misfortune of Scott's life that the original vision was not realized, but "the success of the poem itself 'changed the spirit of his dream.'" Ashestiel, where the Lay was partly written, lies at the foot of Minchmoor, on the right bank of the Tweed.

Branksome Tower still overlooks the Langholm Road, on the left bank of the Tyne, between two and three miles above Hawick. Various alterations have gradually reduced the dimensions of the building, and one square tower of massive thickness is the only part of the original structure which now remains. In the rest of the edifice the castellated style has been abandoned, and the old stronghold presents with the exception of the towers referred to, the appearance of a handsome modern mansion. The extent of the old castle can still, however, be traced by some vestiges of its foundation. Its situation on a steep bank, surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, naturally added to its strength. The present hunting seat of the Duke of Buccleuch in this quarter is at Langholm Lodge. Branksome is celebrated in a song of Alan Ramsay's—

"As I cam' in by Teviot side,"

as well as in the Lay. About half a mile nearer Hawick, on the other bank of the river from Branksome, is the peel of Goldielands, in tolerably good preservation.

Harden Castle, another relic of the same period, and the cradle of the poet's ministry, stands not far off on the bank of Borthwick Water, which here joins

the Teviot. It takes its name from the number of hares which used to frequent the place (Harden—the ravine of hares), and is a deep, dark, narrow glen, threaded by a little mountain streamlet. The castle is perched on the top of the steep bank and Leyden (Scott's friend), in one of his poems, thus describes the situation:—

“Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shogged with thorn,
Where springs in scattered tufts the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.”

The family of Harden is a cadet branch of the house of Buccleuch, and the heraldic allusion in the poem is to the fact that the Scotts of Harden bear the arms upon the field, while the Scotts of Buccleuch exhibit them on the bend dexter, which they adopted when the estate of Murdiestone came by marriage. One of the most famous of the Scotts of Harden was one Walter, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary. He was a great freebooter, and used to bring spoil to the castle on the cliff. His wife was Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow (one of the Scotts of Dryhope), and it is of her the well-known story is told of the production of a pair of clean spurs at dinner-time, in a covered dish, as a hint of the want of provisions, and of the way to get them. Notwithstanding his marauding life Walter seems to have prospered. He had a large estate, which was divided among his five sons. A number of the most popular of the Border songs are attributed by tradition to an infant whom he carried off in a raid, and whom his kind-hearted wife cherished as one of her own children. As illustrating the temper of this rough old chief, Sir Walter tells a characteristic anecdote, one of the notes of the Minstrelsy. “Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to drive out Harden's cow. ‘Harden's cow!’ echoed the affronted chief; ‘is it come to that pass? By my faith, they shall soon say Harden's kye’ (cows). According to the law he sounded his bugle, set out with his followers, and next day returned with a *bow of kye and a lassen'd* (brindled) *bull*. On his return with this gallant prize he passed a very large haystack. It occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but, as no means of transporting it were obvious, he was fain to take leave of it with the apostrophe now become proverbial, ‘By my saul, had ye but four feet, ye should not stand lang there!’ In short, as Froissart says of a similar class of feudal robbers, nothing came amiss to them that was not *too heavy or too hot*.” It was Alexander Wat's eldest son, Sir William Scott, who was saved from being hanged for participation in a foray on the lands of Sir Gibson Murray, of Elibank, by the captor's prudent wife suggesting that it was a pity to sacrifice a young man of good estate when they might marry him to one of their three daughters. The proposal to which it did not, under the circumstances, require much argument, reconciled young Harden. Beardie (so called from the long beard he wore in mourning for the execution of Charles I.), the poet's great-grandfather, was the grandson of Sir William Scott.

Hawick spreads itself on both sides of the Slitterick, a tributary of the Teviot, into which it falls just below the town. Having survived repeated burnings during the heat of Border warfare, part of the Tower-inn represents, it is said, the only building which was not consumed in the great blaze of 1544. Hawick is now at the head of the “tweed” manufactories of Scotland. It has a rapidly growing population, already over 8,000, and is continually being enriched with new mills. Minto Castle, the seat of the Earl of Minto—open daily, except on Sunday—perched on a height, between Hawick and Selkirk, commands a

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view, and is noted for its magnificent library. Minto Crag, close at hand, are a romantic series of cliffs rising suddenly above the Vale of Teviot. A small platform on a projecting crag is known as Barnhill's Bed, from a famous outlaw and robber who lived in a strong tower beneath the rocks, of which there are some vestiges, as well as of another old peel on the summit of the heights. Of Melrose a sufficient account is given in the poem and notes. Ruskin is very angry with Scott, because of his reverencing it as he did, "he yet casts one of its piscinas, puts a modern steel grate into it, and makes it his fire-place." Founded in 1136, by David I. (whose liberality in endowing churches wrung from his successor the moan that he was "a sore saint for the crown"), the abbey was finished ten years later and was peopled with monks from Yorkshire, who, although of the reformed order, called Cistercians—the first of the class seen north of the Tweed—appeared soon to have degenerated into the traditional monkish sensuality, if we may trust the jeering verse—

"The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted,
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale,
As long 's their neighbours' lasted."

The abbey was destroyed by the English in 1322, rebuilt by Robert Bruce, cruelly defaced at the Reformation, but still remains one of the noblest and most interesting specimens of Gothic sculpture and architecture in Scotland. The stone of which it is built, though exposed to the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. The Abbey is the theme of a poem by Arthur Hallam, who dwells especially on its resistance to decay, and covets a similar tardy waning, till looking on the serene, thoughtful figure of the bard of Abbotsford, he

—"Knew that aweless intellect
Hath power upon the ways of fate,
And works through time and space uncheck'd.
That minstrel of old chivalry,
In the cold grave must come to lie,
But his transmitted thoughts have part
In the collective mind, and never shall depart."

Although Abbotsford has a greater attachment for the traveller than any other spot in the district—not even, perhaps, excepting Melrose itself—it is apt to be a disappointment. It is a very indifferent building in an architectural point of view, defective in taste and poor in effect. It wants elevation, and, above all, repose; the eye is vexed by the composed medley of style, and by the restless pretentious effort to cram a vast deal into a limited space. Most of the pictures help to encourage an exaggerated idea of the imposing aspect of the mansion, and when the stranger sees the reality it falls far short of his expectations. For its own sake it would not be worth the while of turning out of one's road to look at it. To the associations connected with it alone, is due the interest of the place. It should be visited in the spirit of a pilgrimage, and to those who know the sad, romantic story of its creation and consequences, there is a touching interest in every relic and every chamber. How the dreams about the cottage expanded into the ambition of a castle is well known, as well as its disastrous end; the crushing load of debt, the desperate struggle to redeem it, the over-strained and shattered mind. Between the Clarty Hole when Scott first furnished it—"the naked moor, a few turnip fields painfully reclaimed from it, a Scotch cottage and farm-yard, and some Scotch firs"—and the richly wooded domain, with its turreted chateau, into which it was gradually converted, there was a wide contrast. Whatever may be thought of the house, the surrounding plantations were a noble work, and justify the poet

enthusiasm for the work. A public road divides the mansion and *p'casau* the main body of the park and wood. The house stands near the edge of a wooded bank, sloping down towards the Tweed. A pious pride has been in preserving the whole building as it was in Scott's time. The arms and weapons of all kinds are all in their old array; the same pictures hang on the walls; the books are ranged in the order familiar to the master's hand; and the lounging-coat, the hat, walking-shoes, and staff are ready in their places. Passing through a porch, you enter the hall, which, with its stained glass, of armour, blazonry of Border heroes, "who keepit the marchys of Scotland the auld time for the kinge," and lozenge pavement of black and white marble, is the finest part of the house. A narrow, low-arched room, running quite the length of the building, and filled with more armour and other curiosities, leads to a drawing-room on one side, and the dining-room on the other. The latter is a handsome chamber, with a low, richly-carved roof of dark oak, spacious windows, and numerous valuable and interesting pictures, such as the Mary Queen of Scots in a charger, painted by Amias Cawood the day after her decapitation; portraits of old "Beardie," Lucy Walters, the Duchess of Buccleuch to whom the Minstrel is supposed to chant his Lay, &c. The drawing-room is panelled with cedar, and fitted with antique ebony furniture, quaint, richly carved cabinets and precious china ware. In a pleasant breakfast-room, overlooking the river, there are some good pictures by Turner, Thomson of Duddingston, and others. The library is the largest room of the house. Some 70,000 vols. are on its shelves. From this opens Sir Walter's private study—a snug little chamber with no furniture, except a small writing-table, a plain arm-chair, covered with black leather, and another smaller chair—clearly indicating it as a place for solitary company. There are a few books on each side of the fire-place, and a supplemental library in a gallery which runs round three sides of the room. In a closet are preserved, under a glass case, the clothes Sir Walter wore just before his death—a broad-skirted green coat, with large buttons, plaid trousers, heavy broad-brimmed hat, and stout walking-stick. The relics set one thinking of the old man's last days in the house of which he was so proud, the kindly placid old man wheeled about, with all the dogs round him, in a chair, up and down the hall and library, saying, "Ah, I've seen much, but nothing like my ain house—good-bye, one turn more." Much of the decoration of the house is of ancient design borrowed from Melrose, some from Dumfermline, Linlithgow, and Roslin. Portions of various old edifices are worked into the building. Within the walls is the scene of the last great clan battle of the Borders, that fought in 1526 between the Earls of Angus and Home, backed the former by the Kerrs, and the latter by the Buccleuchs. Mr. Hope Scott, Q.C. who married Scott's granddaughter, has inherited the property.

The success of the Lay was beyond the most sanguine expectations of even the most enthusiastic admirers. In the preface of 1830, he himself estimated the sale at upwards of 30,000 copies; but Lockhart tells us that this was an over-estimate, and that in twenty-five years no fewer than 44,000 copies had been disposed of—an event with few parallels in the history of British poetry. The first edition, a magnificent quarto, of which 750 copies were printed, was soon exhausted; eleven octavo editions, a small quarto, and a foolscap edition followed in rapid succession.

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INTRODUCTION.

As long, the wind was

was infirm and old ;
cheek, and tresses grey,
we known a better day ;
sole remaining joy,
by an orphan boy.

And the Bards was he,
Border chivalry ;

And their date was fled,
kith and kin all were dead ;
persecuted and oppress'd
with them, and at rest.
Travelling palfrey borne,
light as lark at morn ;
loved and caress'd,
in hall, a welcome guest,
lord and lady gay,
dictated lay :

And were changed, old manners

And the Stuarts' throne ;
the iron time

And harmless art a crime.
Harper, scorn'd and poor,
bread from door to door,
to please a peasant's ear,
who had loved to hear.

And where Newark's stately

And Yarrow's birchen bower:
gazed with wishful eye—
resting-place was nigh :

And the last step at last,
And the portal arch he pass'd,
And the rous grate and massy bar

And back the tide of war,
And the iron door
And the *solate and poor.*

The Duchess * mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody
tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, † dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, ‡ rest him, God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though
weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,

* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

† Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.

‡ Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

His trembling hand had lost the case,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had play'd it to King Charles the
good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try

The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smil'd,
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome
tower.*
And the Ladye had gone to her secret
bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word
and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse
all;
Knight, and page, and household
squire,
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

* See "NOTES TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL" in the Appendix.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome
Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bow
from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, dutious, on them all:
They were all knights of me
true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not their harness bright
Neither by day, nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carv'd at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through
the helmet barr'd.

V.

s, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
e beck of the warders ten;
eds, both fleet and wight,
dled in stable day and night,
th frontlet of steel, I trow,
Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;
I more fed free in stall:—
he custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

ese steeds stand ready dight?
h these warriors, arm'd, by
ht?—
h, to hear the blood-hound
ing:
h, to hear the war-horn bray-
:
George's red cross streaming,
midnight beacon gleaming:
h, against Southern force and
le,
roop, or Howard, or Percy's
vers,
n Branksome's lordly towers,
ekworth, or Naworth, or merry
disle.

VII.

e custom of Branksome Hall.—
t valiant knight is here;
e chieftain of them all,
d hangs rusting on the wall,
le his broken spear.
long shall tell,
ord Walter fell!
startled burghers fled, afar,
ries of the Border war;
the streets of high Dunedin*
ances gleam, and falchions
dden,
ard the slogan's† deadly yell—
he Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

y the discord heal,
nch the death-feud's enmity?
istian lore, can patriot zeal,
ve of blessed charity?

ugh.
ar-cry or gathering word of a Border

No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions
slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent:
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—
“And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!”
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
And wept in wild despair,
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent their mingled tide:
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,

Of Bethune's line of Picardie :
He learned the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea,
Men said, he changed his mortal frame,
By feat of magic mystery ;
For when, in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall !

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side ?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks ?
Is it the echo from the rocks ?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets
round ?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl ;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night ;
But the night was still and clear !

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well !
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

— "Brother,
On my hills the moonbeams play,
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pes
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing
To aereal minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath-tops
Trip it delf and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble foot
Up, and list their music sweet !

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream ;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-lorn
Mourns beneath the moon's pale
Tell me, thou, who view'st the ste
When shall cease these feudal jars
What shall be the maiden's fate ?
Who shall be the maiden's mate ?

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth
In utter darkness, round the pole
The Northern Bear lowers black
grim ;
Orion's studded belt is dim ;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each plane
Ill may I read their high decrees
But no kind influence deign they
On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's
Till pride be quell'd, and love be

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still ;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near ;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high
pride :—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foreman's

XIX.

lye sought the lofty hall,
e many a bold retainer lay,
th jocund din, among them all,
on pursued his infant play.
d moss-trooper, the boy
uncheon of a spear bestrode,
nd the hall right merrily,
nic foray rode.

arded knights, in arms grown
d,
in his frolic gambols bore,
eir hearts, of rugged mould,
stubborn as the steel they wore.
grey warriors prophesied,
he brave boy, in future war,
ame the Unicorn's pride,
the Crescent and the Star.

XX.

lye forgot her purpose high,
noment, and no more;
ment gazed with a mother's eye,
e paused at the arched door:
rom amid the armed train,
l'd to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

moss-trooping Scott was he,
couch'd Border lance by knee;
h Solway sands, through Tarras
moss,
ld, he knew the paths to cross;
turns, by desperate bounds,
uffed Percy's best blood-hounds;
e or Liddel, fords were none,
would ride them, one by one;
o him was time or tide,
ber's snow, or July's pride;
o him was tide or time,
ess midnight, or matin prime:
of heart, and stout of hand,
drove prey from Cumberland;
mes outlawed had he been,
ngland's King, and Scotland's
Queen.

XXII.

William of Deloraine, good at need,
t thee on the wightest steed;

Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the Father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is
bright;
And the Cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty
dead.

XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep,
Stav not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born!"—

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey
steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say,
"Again will I be here:
And safer by none may thy errand be
done.
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never a one,
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sae he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,*
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He pass'd the Peel† of Goldiland,
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring
strand;
Dimly he view'd the Meat-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round;
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;

* *Barbican*, the defence of an outer gate of a feudal castle.

† *Peel*, a Border tower.

And soon he spur'd his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen
mark —

"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark" —
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight re-
joind,

And left the friendly tower behind.

He turn'd him now from Teviotside,

And, guided by the tinkling rill,

Northward the dark ascent did ride,

And gained the moor at Horsliehall;

Broad on the left before him lay,

For many a mile, the Roman way.*

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,

As in one it breath'd his panting steed;

Drew saddle girth and corslet band,

And loos'd the sheath his sword,

On Minstercrag the moribund's glint,

Where Burdeth hew'd his bed of flint;

Was flung his outlaw's limbs to rest,

Where falcons hang their giddy nest,

Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye

For many a league his prey could spy,

Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,

The terror of the robber's horn;

Cliffs, which, for many a later year,

The wailing Dirge-reed shall hear,

When some sad swain shall teach the
grave,

Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.

Unchalleng'd, thence pass'd Deloraine,
To ancient Redell's fair domain,

Where Ail, from mountains freed,

Down from the lakes and raving come;

Each wave was crest'd with tawny foam,

Like the mane of a chestnut steed.

In vain the torrent, deep or broad,

Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,

And the water rose o'er the saddlebow;

Above the foaming tide, I ween,

Scarce half the charger's neck was seen,

* An ancient Roman road, crossing through
part of Roxburghshire

For he was barded* from counter
And the rider was armed com-
mail,

Never heavier man and horse

Stem'd a midnight torrent's fo-

The warrior's very plume, I say,

Was duggled by the dashing sp-

Yet, through good heart, and

Ladye's grace,

At length he gained the landing

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-m-

And sternly shook his plumed

As glanced his eye o'er Halidon

For on his soul the slaughter

Of that unhallow'd morn arose,

When first the Scott and Carr we

When royal James beheld the fir-

Prize to the victor of the day.

When Home and Douglas, in the

Bore down Buccleuch's retiring

Till gallant Cressford's heart ble-

Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,

And soon the hated leath was

And far beneath, in lustre wan,

Old Melros' rose, and fair Twe-

Like some tall rock with lichen

Seem'd dimly huge, the dark A-

When Hawick he pass'd, had

rung,

Now midnight lauds† were in

sung

The sound, upon the fitful gale,

In solemn wise did rise and fall,

Like that wild harp, whose mag-

Is waken'd by the warisal me-

But when Melrose he reach'd

silence all;

He meetly stabled his steed in

And sought the convent's lonely

HERE paused the harp; and with
The Master's fire and courage

* *Barded*, or *barbed*, — applied to
account of its defensive armor.

† An ancient seat of the Kerrs of
Newcastle.

‡ *Lauds*, the midnight service of the
Church.

and low, he bow'd,
amid on the crowd,
seek, in every eye,
his minstrelsy ;
of present praise,
spoke of former days,
age, and wand'ring long,
and harp some wrong,
and her daughters fair,
the lady there,
tho, in due degree,
so his melody ;
true, his voice was clear,
they longed the rest to hear,
thus, the Aged Man,
it, again began.

TO SECOND.

I.

at view fair Melrose aright,
the pale moonlight ;
beams of lightsome day,
but, the ruins grey.
Broken arches are black in

ted oriel glimmers white ;
light's uncertain shower
: ruined central tower ;
and buttress, alternately,
of ebon and ivory ;
lges the imagery,
s that teach thee to live
;
Tweed is heard to rave,
it to hoot o'er the dead
rave,
go alone the while—
David's ruin'd pile ;
burning, soothly swear,
be so sad and fair !

II.

Deloraine make there :
: of the scene so fair ;
nilt, on the wicket strong,
oud, and struck full long.
ried to the gate—
so loud, and knocks so
-
ome I," the warrior cried ;
ie wicket open'd wide :

For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle
stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls'
repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
The porter bent his humble head ;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod ;
The arched clouster, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,*
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee
by me ;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd ;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and
wide ;
"And darest thou, Warrior ! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would
hide ?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of
thorn ;
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have
worn ;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be
known.
Would'st thou, every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance
drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me !"—
* *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet.

VI.

"Penance, father, will I none ;
Prayer know I hardly one ;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.
Other prayer can I none ;
So speed me my errand, and let me be
gone."—

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Church-
man old,
And again he sighed heavily ;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy,
And he thought on the days that were
long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his
courage was high :—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of
the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night ;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as
fair.

The Monk gazed long on the lovely
moon,
Then into the night he looked forth ;
And red and bright the streamers
light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons
start ;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so
bright,
That spirits were riding the northern
light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall ;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small :

The key-stone, that lock'd each rib
aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille
The corbells * were carved grotesque
grim ;
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts
trim,
With base and with capital flourish
around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands
had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riv
Shook to the cold night-wind of heav
Around the screened altar's pale ;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne !
And thine, dark Knight of Lidd
dale !
O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition, lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely sto
By foliated tracery combined ;
Thou would'st have thought some fair
hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier war
In many a freakish knot, had twine
Then framed a spell, when the w
was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths
stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet, and man
saint,
Whose image on the glass was dy
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's prid
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane
And threw on the pavement a blo
stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble sto
(A Scottish monarch slept below ;

* *Corbells*, the projections from which
arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic fac
mask.

the Monk, in solemn tone :—
 always a man of woe ;
 countries I have trod,
 beneath the Cross of God :
 to my eyes thine arms

in clang sounds strange to

XIII.

climes it was my lot
 wondrous Michael Scott ;
 of such dreaded fame,
 Salamanca's cave,
 magic wand to wave,
 could ring in Notre Dame !
 kill he taught to me ;
 , I could say to thee
 t cleft Eildon hills in three,
 l the Tweed with a curb of

them were a deadly sin ;
 ng but thought them my
 within,
 nance must be done.

XIV.

ael lay on his dying bed,
 e was awakened :
 him of his sinful deed,
 me a sign to come with

when the morning rose,
 his bed ere evening close.
 y not again be said,
 to me, on death-bed laid ;
 end this Abbaye's massy

heaps above his grave.

XV.

ury his Mighty Book,
 ortal might therein look :
 tell where it was hid,
 rief of Branksome's need :
 t need was past and o'er,
 ame to restore.
 on St. Michael's night,
 l toll'd one, and the moon
 ght,
 chamber among the dead,
 oor of the chancel was
 red,

That his patron's cross might over him
 wave,
 And scare the fiends from the Wizard's
 grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
 When Michael in the tomb I laid !
 Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
 The banners waved without a blast,"—
 —Still spoke the Monk, when the bell
 toll'd one !—

I tell you, that a braver man
 Than William of Deloraine, good at
 need,
 Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed ;
 Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,
 And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior ! now the Cross of Red
 Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;
 Within it burns a wondrous light,
 To chase the spirits that love the night.
 That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
 Until the eternal doom shall be."—
 Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-
 stone,
 Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
 He pointed to a secret nook ;
 An iron bar the Warrior took ;
 And the Monk made a sign with his
 wither'd hand,
 The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone
 bent ;
 With bar of iron heaved amain,
 Till the toil-drops fell from his brows,
 like rain.

It was by dint of passing strength,
 That he moved the massy stone at length.
 I would you had been there, to see
 How the light broke forth so gloriously,
 Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
 And through the galleries far aloof !
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
 And, issuing from the tomb,
 Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,

Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's
mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old ;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric
bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :
His left hand held his Book of Might ;
A silver cross was in his right ;
The lamp was placed beside his
knee :
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face :
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe ;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd ;
His breath came thick, his head swam
round,
When this strange scene of death he
saw.
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud :
With eyes averted prayed he ;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer
had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
" Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
For those, thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning
stone !"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound :
He thought, as he took it, the dead man
frown'd ;

But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's
sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom :
For the moon had gone down, and the
stars were few ;
And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they
pass'd,
They heard strange noises on the blast,
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chance
wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

" Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
" And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St.
John,
Forgive our souls for the deed we have
done !"
The Monk return'd him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance
sped ;
When the convent met at the noontide
bell—
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was
dead !
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he
pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the
morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find :
He was glad when he pass'd the tomb-
stones grey,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;
For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
Felt like a load upon his breast ;

s joints, with nerves of iron
win'd,
like the aspen leaves in wind.
It was he when the dawn of day,
to brighten Cheviot grey ;
d to see the cheerful light,
said Ave Mary, as well as he
night.

XXV.

It had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
sun had brighten'd the Carter's
side ;
on beneath the rising day
d Branksome towers and Teviot's
side.
Old birds told their warbling tale,
waken'd every flower that blows ;
spread forth the violet pale,
spread her breast the mountain
rose.
Fairer than the rose so red,
paler than the violet pale,
ly left her sleepless bed,
fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Yes fair Margaret so early awake,
don her kirtle so hastilie ;
e silken knots, which in hurry
she would make,
tremble her slender fingers to tie ;
as she stop, and look often around,
e glides down the secret stair ;
y does she pat the shaggy blood-
hound,
e rouses him up from his lair ;
ough she passes the postern alone,
s not the watchman's bugle
blown ?

XXVII.

My steps in doubt and dread,
e watchful mother hear her tread ;
ulye caresses the rough blood-
hound,
s voice should waken the castle
ound ;
tchman's bugle is not blown,
was her foster-father's son ;

*mountain on the Border of England,
burgh.*

And she glides through the greenwood
at dawn of light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true
knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are
set.

A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall ;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall :
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce
hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest ;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might
compare !

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy ;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow :
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale ;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove ;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love ;
And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid :—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should
be.

XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !
My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;
Its lightness would my age reprove :
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold :
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
 The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
 And held his crested helm and spear :
 That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
 If the tales were true that of him ran
 Through all the Border, far and near.
 'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting
 rode
 Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely
 trode.
 He heard a voice cry, "Lost ! lost !
 lost !"
 And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
 A leap, of thirty feet and three,
 Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
 Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
 And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
 Lord Cranstoun was some whit dis-
 may'd ;
 'Tis said that five good miles he rode,
 To rid him of his company ;
 But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf
 ran four,
 And the Dwarf was first at the castle
 door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :
 This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid :
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,
 Nor mingled with the menial flock :
 And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
 And often mutter'd "Lost ! lost ! lost !"
 He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he :
 And he of his service was full fain ;
 For once he had been ta'en or slain,
 An it had not been for his ministry.
 All between Home and Hermitage,
 Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
 And took with him this elvish Page,
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes :
 For there, beside our Lady's lake,
 An offering he had sworn to make,
 And he would pay his vows.
 But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd
 a band

Of the best that would ride at
 command :

The trysting-place was Newark L
 Wat of Harden came thither amain,
 And thither came John of Thirlestan
 And thither came William of Delorain

They were three hundred spears :
 three.

Through Douglas-burn, up Yarn
 stream,

Their horses prance, their lances gle
 They came to St Mary's lake ere da
 But the chapel was void, and the Ba
 away.

They burn'd the chapel for very rage
 And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Gob
 Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good gre
 wood,

As under the aged oak he stood,
 The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
 As if a distant noise he hears.
 The Dwarf waves his long lean arm
 high,

And signs to the lovers to part and f
 No time was then to vow or sigh.
 Fair Margaret through the hazel-gro
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove :
 The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein
 Vaulted the Knight on his steed ama
 And, pondering deep that mornin
 scene,

Rode eastward through the hawtho
 green.

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen
 tale.

The Minstrel's voice began to fail :
 Full slyly smiled the observant page,
 And gave the wither'd hand of age
 A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
 He raised the silver cup on high,
 And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
 And all who cheer'd a son of song.
 The attending maidens smiled to see
 How long, how deep, how zealously,

* Wood-pigeon.

The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd;
And he, embolden'd by the draught,
Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his
soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love!—
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn
green.

But the Page shouted wild and shrill,
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with
clay;

His armour red with many a stain:
He seem'd in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the live-long night;
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,

He mark'd the crane on the Baron's
crest;*
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and
high,
That marked the foemen's feudal
hate;
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very coursers seem'd to know
That each was other's mortal foe,
And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd
his spear,
And spur'd his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the
gale:
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's
mail:
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

* The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to
their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone
in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto
Thou shalt want ere I want.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,
 And saw his foeman on the ground
 Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
 He bade his page to stanch the wound,
 And there beside the warrior stay,
 And tend him in his doubtful state,
 And lead him to Branksome castle-gate :
 His noble mind was inly moved
 For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
 "This shalt thou do without delay :
 No longer here myself may stay ;
 Unless the swifter I speed away,
 Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;
 The Goblin-Page behind abode ;
 His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
 Though small his pleasure to do good.
 As the corslet off he took,
 The dwarf espied the Mighty Book !
 Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
 Like a hook-bosom'd priest should ride :
 He thought not to search or stanch the
 wound,
 Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
 Resisted long the elfin grasp :
 For when the first he had undone,
 It closed as he the next begun.
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,
 Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
 Till he smear'd the cover o'er
 With the Borderer's curdled gore ;
 A moment then the volume spread,
 And one short spell therein he read,
 It had much of glamour * might,
 Could make a ladye seem a knight ;
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall ;
 A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheeling † seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem
 youth—
 All was delusion, nought was truth.

X.

He had not read another spell,
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,

* *Magical delusion.* † *A shepherd's hut.*

So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain
 Beside the wounded Deloraine.
 From the ground he rose dismay'd,
 And shook his huge and matted head
 One word he mutter'd, and no more,
 "Man of age, thou smitest sore !"—
 No more the Elfin Page durst try
 Into the wondrous Book to pry ;
 The clasps, though smear'd with Chris-
 tian gore,
 Shut faster than they were before.
 He hid it underneath his cloak.—
 Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
 I cannot tell, so mot I thrive ;
 It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd
 To do his master's high behest :
 He lifted up the living corse,
 And laid it on the weary horse ;
 He led him into Branksome Hall,
 Before the beards of the warders all ;
 And each did after swear and say,
 There only pass'd a wain of hay.
 He took him to Lord David's tower,
 Even to the Ladye's secret bower ;
 And, but that stronger spells were spread
 And the door might not be opened,
 He had laid him on her very bed.
 Whate'er he did of gramarye,*
 Was always done maliciously ;
 He flung the warrior on the ground,
 And the blood well'd freshly from the
 wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
 He spied the fair young child at sport
 He thought to train him to the wood ;
 For, at a word, be it understood,
 He was always for ill, and never for
 good.
 Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
 Led him forth to the woods to play ;
 On the drawbridge the warders stout
 Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
 Until they came to a woodland brook

* *Magic.*

ing stream dissolved the spell,
is own elvish shape he took.

have had his pleasure vilde,
rippled the joints of the noble
ild ;

his fingers long and lean,
ngled him in fiendish spleen :
wful mother he had in dread,
his power was limited ;
t scowl'd on the startled child,
ed through the forest wild ;
lland brook he bounding cross'd,
h'd, and shouted, "Lost ! lost !
st !"—

XIV.

amaz'd at the wondrous change,
ighten'd as a child might be,
ild yell and visage strange,
e dark words of gramarye,
l, amidst the forest bower,
sted like a lily flower ;
hen at length, with trembling
ce,
ought to find where Branksome
,
r'd to see that grisly face,
e from some thicket on his way.
rting oft, he journey'd on,
er in the wood is gone,—
he more he sought his way,
er still he went astray,—
heard the mountains round
he baying of a hound.

XV.

! and hark ! the deep-mouth'd
rk
nigher still, and nigher :
the path a dark blood-hound,
y muzzle track'd the ground,
s red eye shot fire.
he wilder'd child saw he,
ut him right furiouslie.
ou would have seen with joy
ing of the gallant boy,
orthy of his noble sire,
heek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire !
the blood-hound manfully,
his little bat on high ;
he struck, the dog, afraid,
us *distance* hoarsely bay'd,

But still in act to spring ;
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-string ;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy !
Ho ! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy !"

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro ;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close.
Set off his sun-burn'd face :
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace ;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scanty to his knee ;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he ;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee :
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's
band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee ;
For when the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
"Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
"Edward, methinks we have a prize !
This boy's fair *face*, and courage free,
Show he is come of high degree."—

XIX.

"Yes ! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;

And, if thou dost not set me free,
 False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !
 For Walter of Harden shall come with
 speed,
 And William of Deloraine, good at need,
 And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed ;
 And, if thou dost not let me go,
 Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
 I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow !"—

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy !
 My mind was never set so high ;
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,
 And art the son of such a man,
 And ever comest to thy command,
 Our wardens had need to keep good
 order ;
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
 Thou'lt make them work upon the
 Border.
 Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;
 I think our work is well begun,
 When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
 In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
 For so the Dwarf his part did play ;
 And, in the shape of that young boy,
 He wrought the castle much annoy.
 The comrades of the young Buccleuch
 He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew ;
 Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
 He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
 And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
 He lighted the match of his bandelier,*
 And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.†
 It may be hardly thought or said,
 The mischief that the urchin made,
 Till many of the castle guess'd,
 That the young Baron was possess'd !

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
 The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd ;
 But she was deeply busied then
 To tend the wounded Deloraine.

* *Bandelier*, belt for carrying ammunition.
 † *Hackbuteer*, musketeer.

Much she wonder'd to find
 On the stone threshold
 along ;
 She thought some spirit o'
 Had done the bold n
 wrong,
 Because, despite her precept
 Perchance he in the Book ha
 But the broken lance in his b
 And it was earthly steel and

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from t
 And with a charm she s
 blood ;
 She bade the gash be cl
 bound :
 No longer by his couch st
 But she has ta'en the broker
 And wash'd it from the cl
 And salv'd the splinter o'
 William of Deloraine, in tra
 Whene'er she turned it
 round,
 Twisted as if she gall'd hi
 Then to her maidens sh
 That he should be who
 sound,
 Within the course of :
 day.
 Full long she toil'd ; for she
 Mishap to friend so stout an

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the even
 'Twas near the time of curfe
 The air was mild, the wind
 The stream was smooth, th
 balm ;
 E'en the rude watchman, on
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the love
 Far more fair Margaret loved
 The hour of silence and of r
 On the high turret sitting lo
 She waked at times the lute
 Touch'd a wild note, and all
 Thought of the bower of
 green.
 Her golden hair stream'd free
 Her fair cheek rested on her
 Her blue eyes sought the we
 For lovers love the western

XXV.

As the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
 rises slowly to her ken,
 spreading broad its wavering light,
 as its loose tresses on the night?
 Is red glare the western star?—
 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
 Could she draw her tighten'd
 breath,
 tell she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

Warder view'd it blazing strong,
 blew his war-note loud and long,
 at the high and haughty sound,
 as wood, and river, rung around.
 Blast alarm'd the festal hall,
 startled forth the warriors all;
 downward, in the castle yard,
 many a torch and cresset glared;
 helms and plumes, confusedly
 toss'd,
 in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
 appears in wild disorder shook,
 reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.

Seneschal, whose silver hair
 reddened by the torches' glare,
 in the midst, with gesture proud,
 issued forth his mandates loud:—
 Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
 three are kindling on Priestthaugh's-
 wire:

Ride out, ride out,
 the foe to scout!
 t, mount for Branksome, every
 man!

Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
 that ever are true and stout—
 need not send to Liddesdale;
 when they see the blazing bale,
 as and Armstrongs never fail.—

Alton, ride, for death and life!
 warn the Warder of the strife.
 g Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
 in, and clan, and friends, to raise."

XXVIII.

Margaret, from the turret head,
 far below, the coursers' tread,

While loud the harness rung,
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprung:
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
 And out! and out!

In hasty rout,
 The horsemen gallop'd forth;
 Dispersing to the south to scout,
 And east, and west, and north,
 To view their coming enemies,
 And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
 Awaked the need-fire's * slumbering
 brand,

And ruddy blush'd the heaven:
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret
 high,

Waved like a blood-flag on the sky
 All flaring and uneven;
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were
 seen;

Each with warlike tidings fraught;
 Each from each the signal caught;
 Each after each they glanced to sight,
 As stars arise upon the night.
 They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,†
 Haunted by the lonely earn;‡
 On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
 That all should bowne§ them for the
 Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
 The ceaseless sound of steel;
 The castle-bell, with backward clang,
 Sent forth the larum peal:
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower;

* *Need-fire*, beacon.

† *Tarn*, a mountain lake.

‡ *Earn*, a Scottish eagle.

§ *Bowne*, make ready.

Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watch-word from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil,
Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile;
Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage

Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
Some said that there were thousands
ten;

And others ween'd that it was nought
But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black mail;*
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back agen.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening
throng

Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer;
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
“Ay, once he had—but he was dead!”
Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear, that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,

* Protection money exacted by freebooters.

As if thy waves, since Time was
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed
Had only heard the shepherd's ree
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in cease-
flow,
Retains each grief, retains each cry
Its earliest course was doom'd to run
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears
Low as that tide has ebb'd with
It still reflects to Memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee
Why, when the volleying musket plied
Against the bloody Highland blade
Why was not I beside him laid?—
Enough—he died the death of fame
Enough—he died with conquering
Græme.

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
Full wide and far was terror spread
For pathless marsh, and mountain
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frighten'd flocks and herds
pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement
And maids and matrons dropp'd the
While ready warriors seiz'd the spears
From Branksome's towers, the war-
man's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd southern ravage was begun

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried
“Prepare ye all for blows and blood”
Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side
Comes wading through the flood
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knew
At his lone gate, and prove the lord
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer
But fled at morning; well they knew
In vain he never twang'd the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower
That drove him from his Liddel tower

my faith," the gate-ward said,
" 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."*

v.

Thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
The echoing barbian.
A small and shaggy nag,
Through a bog, from hag to hag,†
Sound like any Billhope stag.
His wife and children twain;
Lothed serf ‡ was aill their train;
A stoat, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
A brooch and bracelet proud,
Led to her friends among the crowd.
Of stature passing tall,
Sleely formed, and lean withal;
He'd morion on his brow;
A jack, as fence enow,
His broad shoulders loosely hung;
His axe behind was slung;
And, six Scottish ells in length,
His belted newly dyed with gore;
His staff and bow, of wondrous
Strength,
His hardy partner bore.

vi.

So the Ladye did Tinlinn show
Signs of the English foe:—
"Will Howard is marching here,
And Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
And the German hackbut-men,
Have long lain at Askerten:
I'll cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
Besieged my little lonely tower:
I'll receive their souls therefor!
It has not been burnt this year and more.
I'll stand and dwelling, blazing bright,
To guide me on my flight;
As I have chased the livelong night.
John of Akeshaw, and Fergus
Grame,
On my traces came,
Turn'd at Priestthaugh Scrogg,
At their horses in the bog,
Fergus with my lance outright—
I'll be long at high despite:
I'll see my cows last Fastern's night."

His broad commanded by the Warden in
The broken ground in a bog. † Bondsman.

vii.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's
strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen—
Meanwhile, full many a warlike
band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in
haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and
lea;
He that was last at the trysting-place
Was but lightly held of his gay
ladye.

viii.

From fair St Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky
height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
Array'd beneath a banner bright.
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,
To wreath his shield, since royal James,
Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave,
For faith 'mid feudal jars;
What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne;
Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

ix.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
With many a moss-trooper came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood
tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plunder'd England low;

His bold retainers' daily food,
And brought with danger, blows, and
blood

Marauding chieft' his sole delight
The moon got riel, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's
charms,

In youth, might tame his rage for arms,
And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
And still his blows the helmet press'd,
Albeit the blue helldicks below

Were white as Dian's spotless snow:

Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's hand,

A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scots of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the 'Fodshaw-
hill;

By the sword they won their land,

And by the sword they hold it still

Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,

How thy sons won fair Eskdale

Earl Morton was lord of that fertile land,

The Beattisons were his vassals there.

The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,

The vassals were warlike, and fierce,
and rale;

High of heart, and haughty of word,

Little they reck'd of a tame lege Lord

The Earl to fair Eskdale came

Homage and seignory to claim;

Of Gilbert the Gallard a heriot* he
sought,

Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vas-
sal ought."

"Heir to me's my bonny white steed,

Oft has he help'd me at times of need,

Lord as I feel thou art, thou be, I know,

I can run Bucks* no better than thou."

When on word gave fuel to fire,

Till's laugh'd and t' Feattison's ire,

But that the Earl the flight had taken,

The vassals there their lord had slain

So he play'd both whip and spur,

As he urg'd his steed through Eskdale
mur,

* The feudal superior, in certain cases, was en-
titled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of
Heriot, or Heretide.

And it fell down a weary
Just on the threshold of Br

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man,
Full fain avenged would he be
In haste to Branksome's Le
Saying, "Take these traitors
For a cast of hawks, and a p
Ad Eskdale I'll sell thee, a
head:

Beshrew thy heart, of the Be

If thou leavest out the a la

But spare Wootton's la

For he lent me his horse to e

A glad man then was I an

Down he flung him the gun

To Eskdale soon he spurr'd

And wot him five hundred
men.

He left his merry men in the
hul,

And bade them to bid them clo

And staid he wended to the

To meet with the Gallard
man

To Gilbert the Gallard thus

"Know thou me for thy lie
lead,

Deal not with me as with M

For Scots play best at the
game

Give me in price my heriot

Thy bonny white steed, or thy

If my horn I three times wh

Eskdale shall long have
mind."

XII.

Laugh'd the Beattison laugh

"Little care we for thy win

Ne'er shall it be the Gallard

To yield his steed to a laug

Wend thou to Branksome le

With rusty sword and m

He flew his angle's lead

That the deer started
cross,

He blew again so loud and

Through the grey incantat
did lances appear;

rang with such a din,
 wer'd from Pentoun-
 ame lightly in.
 a gallant shock,
 emptied, and lances
 ord the Galliard had
 field was laid.
 l the chieftain drew,
 alliard through and
 as' blood mix'd with
 gh men call it still.
 tter'd the Beattison
 eft but one landed
 from the mouth to
 or that bonny white
 II.
 ck, and Headshaw
 han I may name,
 gh to Hindhaugh-
 lie to Chester-glen.
 orse, and bow and
 ord was Bellenden.
 er Border sod
 ver rode.
 l the aids come in,
 art of pride arose :
 hful son attend,
 now his father's
 e his foes.
 o look on war ;
 a cross-bow stiff,
 r struck afar
 upon the cliff ;
 outhern breast,
 aven's nest :
 alt teach him his
 eld,
 s father's shield."

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
 He counterfeited childish fear,
 And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear,
 And moan'd and plain'd in manner
 wild.

The attendants to the Ladye told,
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
 That wont to be so free and bold.
 Then wrathful was the noble dame ;
 She blush'd blood-red for very shame :—
 "Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ;
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !—
 Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
 That coward should ere be son of
 mine !"—

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
 To guide the counterfeited lad.
 Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
 Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
 He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
 It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
 To drive him but a Scottish mile ;
 But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
 The elf, amid the running stream,
 His figure chang'd, like form in dream,
 And fled, and shouted, "Lost ! lost !
 lost !"

Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
 But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
 Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
 And pierced his shoulder through and
 through.

Although the imp might not be slain,
 And though the wound soon heal'd again,
 Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain ;
 And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
 Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
 That looks o'er Branksome's towers and
 wood ;
 And martial murmurs, from below,
 Proclaim'd the approaching southern
 foe.

Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
 Were Border pipes and bugles blown ;
 The coursers' neighing he could ken,
 A measured tread of marching men ;
 While broke at times the solemn hum,
 The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum ;
 And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
 Above the copse appear ;
 And, glistening through the hawthorns
 green,
 Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
 Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round ;
 Behind, in close array, and fast,
 The Kendal archers, all in green,
 Obedient to the bugle blast,
 Advancing from the wood were seen.
 To back and guard the archer band,
 Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand :
 A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
 With kirtles white, and crosses red,
 Array'd beneath the bapner tall,
 That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall ;
 And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
 Play'd, " Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells
 on the Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,
 The mercenaries, firm and slow,
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
 Who brought the band from distant
 Rhine,
 And sold their blood for foreign pay.
 The camp their home, their law the
 sword,
 They knew no country, own'd no lord :
 They were not arm'd like England's sons,
 But bore the levin-darting guns ;
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd
 o'er,
 And morsing-horns* and scarfs they
 wore ;
 Each better knee was bared, to aid
 The warriors in the escalade ;
 All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

* Powder-flasks.

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
 And louder still the minstrels blew,
 When, from beneath the greenwood tree
 Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;
 His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
 Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
 There many a youthful knight, full keen
 To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;
 With favour in his crest, or glove,
 Memorial of his ladye-love.
 So rode they forth in fair array,
 Till full their lengthen'd lines display ;
 Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
 And cried, " St. George, for merry Eng-
 land !"

XX.

Now every English eye, intent
 On Branksome's armed towers was bent
 So near they were, that they might know
 The straining harsh of each cross-bow
 On battlement and bartizan
 Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan
 Falcon and culver,* on each tower,
 Stood prompt their deadly hail to show
 And flashing armour frequent broke
 From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
 Where upon tower and turret head,
 The seething pitch and molten lead
 Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red.
 While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
 The wicket opes, and from the wall
 Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
 His white beard o'er his breast-pla-
 spread ;
 Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
 He ruled his eager courser's gait ;
 Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance
 And, high curvetting, slow advance :
 In sign of truce, his better hand
 Display'd a peel'd willow wand ;
 His squire, attending in the rear,
 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.†

* Ancient pieces of artillery.

† A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who would not, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded.

espied him riding out,
 and Lord Dacre stout
 front of their array,
 at this old knight should say.

XXII.

sh warden lords, of you
 the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 st the truce of Border tide,
 uise ye dare to ride,
 al bow, and Gilsland brand,
 a mercenary band,
 ounds of fair Scotland?
 reads you swith return;
 one poor straw you burn,
 owers so much molest
 e swallow from her nest,
 but we'll light a brand
 a your hearths in Cumber-
 .”—

XXIII.

man was Dacre's lord,
 Howard took the word:
 ase thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
 castle's outward wall,
 ant-at-arms shall show
 e came, and when we go.”—
 e sped, the noble Dame
 's outward circle came;
 around lean'd on his spear,
 ursuivant appear.

Howard's livery dress'd,
 gent deck'd his breast;
 y of blooming hue—
 meet a mother's view!
 heir of great Buccleuch
 meet the herald made,
 s master's will he said:—

XXIV.

gh Dame, my noble Lords,
 e fair to draw their swords;
 r may not tamely see,
 the Western Wardenry,
 ontemning kinsmen ride,
 nd spoil the Border-side;
 eems your rank and birth
 ur towers a flemens-firth.*
 rom thee William of Delo-
 ,
 y suffer march-treason pain.
asylum for outlaws.

It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
 He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
 Harried* the lands of Richard Musgrave,
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
 Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
 These restless riders may not tame,
 Either receive within thy towers
 Two hundred of my master's powers,
 Or straight they sound their warrison.†
 And storm and spoil thy garrison:
 And this fair boy, to London led,
 Shall good King Edward's page be
 bred.”

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
 And stretch'd his little arms on high;
 Implored for aid each well-known face,
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
 A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
 Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear;
 She gazed upon the leaders round,
 And dark and sad each warrior frown'd;
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast
 She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
 Unalter'd and collected stood,
 And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.

“ Say to your Lords of high emprise,
 Who war on women and on boys,
 That either William of Deloraine
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-
 treason stain,

Or else he will the combat take
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.
 No knight in Cumberland so good,
 But William may count with him kin
 and blood.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
 When English blood swell'd Ancram's
 ford;

And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
 And bare him ably in the flight,
 Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight.
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,
 God be his aid, and God be mine;
 Through me no friend shall meet his
 doom;

Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

* Plundered.

† Note of assault.

Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high ;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake* dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they
shall lie."

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to
claim—

Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew ;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,

"St Mary for the young Buccleuch!"
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was
blown ;—

But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless
said,

"What treason has your march betray'd?
What make you here, from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought,
That in the toils the lion's caught.

Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;†
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood ;

And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come ;

And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.

An exile from Northumberland,

In Liddesdale I've wander'd long;
But still my heart was with merry
England,

And cannot brook my country's
wrong ;

* *Lyke-wake*, the watching a corpse previous
to interment.

† *Weapon-schaw*, the military array of a
county.

And hard I've spurr'd all night to slay
The mustering of coming foe."—

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Dacre
cried ;

"For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers
play'd,

Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid
Level each harquebuss on row ;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "canst thou
hear,

Nor deem my words the words of feign
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousand
three,

Certes, were desperate policy.

Nay, take the terms the Ladye made
Ere conscious of the advancing aid :
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight ; and, if he gain,
He gains for us ; but if he's cross'd,
'Tis but a single warrior lost :

The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame.

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke ;
And yet his forward step he stay'd,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand ;
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain
The leaders of the Scottish band ;

lefied, in Musgrave's right,
 Deloraine to single fight ;
 Yet at their feet he laid,
 On the terms of fight he said :—
 He lists good Musgrave's sword
 To the knight of Deloraine,
 Faithful chieftain, Branksome's
 Lord,
 As hostage for his clan remain :
 A fine foil good Musgrave,
 His liberty shall have.
 When it falls, the English band,
 Among Scots, by Scots unarm'd,
 Full march, like men unarm'd,
 Straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

Thus of the near relief,
 When pleased each Scottish chief,
 As much the Ladye sage gain'd ;
 Though their hearts were brave and
 True,
 Of wood's recent sack they knew,
 Hardy was the Regent's aid ;
 They may guess the noble Dame
 Got the secret prescience own,
 From the art she might not name,
 When the coming help was known.
 As the compact, and agreed,
 Should be enclosed with speed,
 In the castle, on a lawn :
 On the morrow for the strife,
 With Scottish axe and knife,
 A birth hour from peep of dawn ;
 Deloraine, from sickness freed,
 A champion in his stead,
 For himself and chieftain stand,
 About Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

Right well, that, in their lay,
 By minstrels sing and say,
 What should be made on horse,
 On good steed, in full career,
 And to aid, when as the spear
 Shiver in the course :
 The jovial Harper, taught
 His youth, how it was fought,
 Which now I say ;
 Each ordinance and clause
 Of Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
 Of old Douglas' day.

He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
 Or call his song untrue :
 For this, when they the goblet plied,
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
 The Bard of Reull he slew.
 On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
 And tuneful hands were stain'd with
 blood ;
 Where still the thorn's white branches
 wave,
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
 That dragg'd my master to his tomb ;
 How Ousenam's maidens tore their
 hair,
 Went till their eyes were dead and dim,
 And wrung their hands for love of him,
 Who died at Jedwood Air ?
 He died !—his scholars, one by one,
 To the cold silent grave are gone ;
 And I, alas ! survive alone,
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
 And grieve that I shall hear no more
 The strains, with envy heard before ;
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
 My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused : the listening dames again
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
 With many a word of kindly cheer,—
 In pity half, and half sincere,—
 Marvell'd the Duchess how so well
 His legendary song could tell—
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
 Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
 Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;
 Of manners, long since changed and
 gone ;
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,
 And twined round some new minion's
 head
 The fading wreath for which they bled ;
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's
 verse
 Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased;
 For ne'er
 Was flattery lost on Poet's ear:
 A simple race! they waste their toil
 For the vain tribute of a smile;
 Even when in age their flame expires,
 Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled, then, well-pleased, the Aged
 Man,
 And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain — they do not err,
 Who say, that when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies.
 Woe say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
 For the departed Bard make moan,
 That mountains weep in crystal rill,
 That it weeps in tears of balmy distil;
 Through his loved groves that breezes

And oaks in deeper groan, reply;
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things man made can mourn;
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is wakened by the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Live in the poet's faithful song,
 And, with the poet's parting breath,
 Whose memory feels a second death,
 The Maid's pale shade, who waits her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,
 From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier —
 The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
 Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with

dead,
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle plain.
 The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,

Now, from the mountain's
 Sees, in the thanedom once
 His ashes undistinguished
 His place, his power, his
 His groans the lonely river
 His tears of rage impel the
 All mourn the Minstrel's
 Their name unknown, the
 sung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was
 The terms of truce were set
 When they could spy, from
 towers,

The advancing march of
 Thick clouds of dust afar
 And trampling steeds were
 Bright spears above the col-
 Glanced momentary to the
 And feudal banners fair dis-
 The bands that moved to
 aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy
 From the fair Middle Ma-
 The Bloody Heart blazed in
 An outcrag Douglas, dre-
 Vails not to tell what steed
 Where the Seven Spears
 borne

Their met in battle-order
 And Swinton led the lance
 That tamed of yore the spear
 Of Clarence's Plantagenet
 Nor list I say what hundred
 From the rich Merse and La-
 And Tweed's fair borders, to
 Beneath the crest of old Dun-
 And Hephurn's mingled
 Down the steep mountain
 And shouting still, "A
 Home!"

V.

Now squire and knight, from
 sent,
 On many a courteous mess-
 To every chief and lord they
 Meet thanks for prompt
 and;
 And told them, how a true

ow a day of fight was ta'en
 Musgrave and stout Deloraine,
 how the Ladye pray'd them
 far,
 ll would stay the fight to see,
 eign, in love and courtesy,
 aste of Branksome cheer.
 le they bade to feast each Scot,
 gland's noble Lords forgot.
 the hoary Seneschal
 th, in seemly terms to call
 llant foes to Branksome Hall.
 l Howard, than whom knight
 er dubb'd, more bold in fight ;
 n from war and armour free,
 ed for stately courtesy :
 y Dacre rather chose
 vilion to repose.

VI.

ble Dame, perchance you ask,
 hese two hostile armies met ?
 it were no easy task
 p the truce which here was set ;
 artial spirits, all on fire,
 only blood and mortal ire. —
 d inroads, mutual blows,
 and by nation, foes,
 met on Teviot's strand ;
 t and sate them mingled down,
 a threat, without a frown,
 thers meet in foreign land :
 ls, The spear that lately grasp'd,
 ie mailed gauntlet clasp'd,
 nterchanged in greeting dear ;
 ere raised, and faces shown,
 ny a friend, to friend made
 own,
 k of social cheer.
 ove the jolly bowl about ;
 lice and draughts some chased
 e day,
 e, with many a merry shout,
 evelry, and rout,
 d the foot-ball play.

VII.

t known, had bugles blown,
 i of war been seen,
 nds, so fair together ranged,
 nds, so frankly interchanged,
 yed *with gore the green* :
 y shout by Teviot-side

Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
 And in the groan of death ;
 And whingers,* now in friendship bare,
 The social meal to part and share,
 Had found a bloody sheath.
 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
 Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
 In the old Border-day :
 But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
 In peaceful merriment, sunk down
 The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithsome signs of wassel gay
 Decay'd not with the dying day :
 Soon through the latticed windows tall
 Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
 Divided square by shafts of stone,
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;
 Nor less the gilded rafters rang
 With merry harp and beakers' clang :
 And frequent, on the darkening plain,
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
 As bands, their stragglers to regain,
 Give the shrill watchword of their
 clan ;
 And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
 Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
 At length the various clamours died :
 And you might hear, from Branksome
 hill,
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;
 Save when the changing sentinel
 The challenge of his watch could tell ;
 And save, where, through the dark
 profound,
 The clanging axe and hammer's sound
 Rung from the nether lawn ;
 For many a busy hand toil'd there,
 Strong pales to shape, and beams to
 square,
 The lists' dread barriers to prepare
 Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;
 Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
 Full many a stifled sigh ;

* A sort of knife, or poniard.

For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay :
By times, from silken couch she rose ;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day :
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and
snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday ;
Now still as death ; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his
tread,—
A stately warrior pass'd below ;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile
towers,
With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay !
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small ; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page ;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage :
But O ! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
She started from her seat ;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round ;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found ;
And oft I've deem'd, perchance
thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;
And death to Cranstoun's gallant
Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven :
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, die,
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port * aroused each
clan ;
In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran :
Thick round the lists their lances stood
Like blasted pines in Ettrick Wood ;
To Branksome many a look they threw
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast,
About the knight each favour'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and twixt Thirlestaine
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent.

* A martial piece of music, adapted to bagpipes.

Not long the strife—for, lo !
The Knight of Deloraine,
That seem'd and free from pain,
His sheath'd from top to toe,
And craved the combat due.
Her charm successful knew,
The chiefs their claims with-

XVI.

In the lists they sought the plain,
The Lady's silken rein
The Howard hold ;
By her side he walk'd,
In courteous phrase, they
Of arms of old.
His garb—his Flemish ruff
His doublet, shaped of buff,
In slash'd and lined ;
His boot, and gold his spur,
Was all of Poland fur,
With silver twined ;
His blade, by Marchmen felt,
Broad and studded belt ;
In rude phrase, the Borderers
The Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

And Howard and the Dame,
Turret on her palfrey came,
Foot-cloth swept the ground :
Her wimple, and her veil,
Those locks a chaplet pale
Fast roses bound ;
Angus, by her side,
To cheer her tried ;
His aid, her hand in vain
To guide her broider'd rein.
She shudder'd at the sight
As met for mortal fight ;
Of terror, all unguess'd,
Ring in her gentle breast,
Their chairs of crimson placed,
And she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

In the field, the young Buccleuch,
A knight led forth to view ;
And the boy his present plight,
How long'd to see the fight.

Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride ;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field ;
While to each knight their care assign'd
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen, and Warden's
name,

That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life ;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke :—

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

“ Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely
born,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws ;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good
cause ! ”

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

“ Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his
coat :
And that, so help him God above !
He will on Musgrave's body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat. ”

LORD DACRE.

“ Forward, brave champions, to the fight !
Sound trumpets ! ”—

LORD HOME.

—“ God defend the right ! ”—
Then Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI.

It would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour'd down from many a
wound ;

For desperate was the strife, and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong,
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight !
For have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse
dashing,

And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain ;
He strives to rise — Brave Musgrave, no !
Thence never shalt thou rise again !
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp !
O, bootless aid !—haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sunner shall expire !
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to
heaven !

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped :—
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran :
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man ;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer ;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye ;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear ;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God !
Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's
o'er !

Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands ;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the
Of gratulating hands.
When lo ! strange cries of wild-
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish hands ;
And all, amid the throng'd army,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran :
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd around
As dizzy, and in pain,
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed
Vaulted each marshal from his steed
"And who art thou, they cried,
"Who hast this battle fought and won
His plumed helm was soon undone—
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side
For this fair prize I've fought
won,"—
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast ;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd a
greet,
Though low he kneel'd at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were said
What Douglas, Home, and Howa
said —

—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united pray'd
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot
Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,
"Not you, but Fate, has vanquish
me ;

the kindly stars may shower
 the and Branksome's tower,
 quell'd, and love is free."—
 Margaret by the hand,
 as, trembling, scarce might

to Cranstoun's lord gave

to thee and thine,
 to me and mine!
 if love our bond shall be;
 on betrothing day,
 noble lords shall stay,
 with their company."—

XXVII.

the listed plain,
 tory she did gain;
 in fought with Deloraine,
 ge, and of the Book
 the wounded knight he

ought her castle high,
 y help of gramarye;
 Villiam's armour dight,
 age, while slept the knight,
 m the single fight.

ile he left unsaid,
 ill he join'd the maid.—

Ladye to betray
 ts in view of day;
 ought, ere midnight came,
 ge page the pride to tame,
 hands the Book to save,
 ack to Michael's grave.—
 tell each tender word
 ret and 'twixt Cranstoun's

told of former woes,
 bosom fell and rose,
 Musgrave bandied blows.—
 se lovers' joys to tell:
 maids, you'll know them

XXVIII.

Deloraine, some chance
 from his deathlike trance;
 that, in the listed plain,
 is arms and shield,
 Musgrave axe did wield,
 name of Deloraine.

Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
 And hence his presence scared the clan,
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,*
 And not a man of blood and breath.

Not much this new ally he loved,
 Yet, when he saw what hap had
 proved,

He greeted him right heartilie:
 He would not waken old debate,
 For he was void of rancorous hate,

Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
 Unless when men-at arms withstood,
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.

He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:

And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,
 When on dead Musgrave he look'd
 down;

Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
 Though half disguised with a frown;
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
 His foeman's epitaph he made:—

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou
 here!

I ween, my deadly enemy;
 For, if I slew thy brother dear,

Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,

Of Naworth Castle, long months three,
 Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,

Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,

And thou wert now alive, as I,
 No mortal man should us divide,

Till one, or both of us, did die:
 Yet rest thee God! for well I know
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.

In all the northern counties here,
 Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
 Thou wert the best to follow gear!

'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
 To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
 Cheer the dark blood-hound on his
 way,

And with the bugle rouse the fray!
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
 Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

* The spectral apparition of a living person.

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the
field,

And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd
the song,

The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so
dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within
burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand;
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were
left;

And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray
Though none should guide my feeble
way;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick breeze
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome Hall
The Minstrels came, at festive call;
Trooping they came, from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.
Of late, before each martial clan,
They blew their death-note in the van.

* The preceding four lines now form
inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Scott
in the market-place of Selkirk.

Or every merry mate,
 Portcullis' iron grate ;
 And the pipe, they strike the
 Bell, they revel, and they sing,
 The turrets shake and ring.

IV.

At this tide declare
 The honour of the spousal rite,
 And in the chapel fair
 Maid and matron, squire and
 knight ;
 And tell of owches rare,
 Of green, and braided hair,
 Of furr'd with miniver ;
 The page waved the altar round,
 And ringing chainlets sound ;
 As it were for bard to speak
 The awful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
 The hue which comes and flies,
 And shame alternate rise !

V.

As have sung, the Ladye high
 The altar came not nigh ;
 The rites of spousal grace,
 He fear'd each holy place.
 Orders these :—I trust right
 Not by forbidden spell ;
 For words and signs have power
 In planetary hour :
 I praise their venturous part,
 Ever with such dangerous art,
 For faithful truth I say,
 The ladye by the altar stood,
 In velvet her array,
 On her head a crimson hood,
 Was embroider'd and entwined,
 With gold, with ermine lined ;
 Sat upon her wrist,
 A leash of silken twist.

VI.

And rites were ended soon :
 At the merry hour of noon,
 The lofty arched hall
 And the gorgeous festival.
 And squire, with heedful haste,
 In the rank of every guest ;

Pages, with ready blade, were there,
 The mighty meal to carve and share :
 O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
 And princely peacock's gilded train,
 And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
 And cygnet from St Mary's wave ;
 O'er ptarmigan and venison,
 The priest had spoke his benison.
 Then rose the riot and the din,
 Above, beneath, without, within !
 For, from the lofty balcony,
 Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :
 Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
 Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;
 Whisper'd young knights, in tone more
 mild,
 To ladies fair ; and ladies smiled.
 The hooded hawks, high perch'd on
 beam,
 The clamour join'd with whistling
 scream,
 And flapp'd their wings, and shook
 their bells,
 In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
 Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
 From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
 Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
 And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
 No opportunity of ill,
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
 To rouse debate and jealousy ;
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
 And now in humour highly cross'd,
 About some steeds his band had lost,
 High words to words succeeding still,
 Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill ;
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,
 Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-
 sword.
 He took it on the page's saye,
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
 The kindling discord to compose :
 Stern Rutherford right little said,
 But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
 Stout Conrade, cold, and drench'd in
 blood,

His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and
sheath.

But ever from that time, 'twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The Dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Reve'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle,
Watt Tynlon, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes,
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howart's merry men sent it round,
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster louny and set,
"A deep carouse to you fair hie!"
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foam'd forth on floods the nut-brown
ale.

While shaw'd the riders every one
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their
clan,
Since old Bacleuch the name did gain,
When in the clench the buck was taken.

IX

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tynlon's yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Soway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his
wife.

Then, shanning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wroought him harm,
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone:
The venom'd wound, and festering, oint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd.

Riot and clamour wild began;
Back to the hall the Urchin ran;
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinn'd, and mutter'd, "Lost
lost!"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther
Should mar the concord of the
Had bid the Minstrel tune their
And first stept forth old Albert
The Minstrel of that ancient name
Was none who struck the harp
Within the Land Debateable;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin
Whoever lost, were sure to win
They sought the beeves that mar
broth,

In Scotland and in England both
In homely guise, as nature bade
His simple song the Borderer

XI.

ALBERT CRAMEL

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle
And she would marry a Scottish
For Love will still be lord of
Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle
But they were sad ere day was done
Though Love was still the lord

Her sire gave brooch and jewel
Where the sun shines fair on
wall,

Her brother gave but a flask of
For ere that Love was lord of

For she had lands, both meadows
Where the sun shines fair on
wall,

And he swore her death, ere he was
A Scottish knight the lord of

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle
When dead, in her true love's arm
fell,

For Love was still the lord of

ced her brother to the heart,
re the sun shines fair on Carlisle
wall :—

sh all would true love part,
Love may still be lord of all !
en he took the cross divine,
ere the sun shines fair on Carlisle
wall,))
ed for her sake in Palestine ;
ove was still the lord of all.
ll ye lovers, that faithful prove,
: sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,))
x their souls who died for love,
Love shall still be lord of all !

XIII.

led Albert's simple lay,
se a bard of loftier port ;
nnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
own'd in haughty Henry's court :
rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
ver of the silver song !
gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
ho has not heard of Surrey's
fame ?
was the hero's soul of fire,
id his the bard's immortal name,
s was love, exalted high
the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was
laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody ;
So sweet did harp and voice combine,
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver ! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance
down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly
bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came ;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high ;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim ;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might :
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright :
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
 Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam ;
 And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
 Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream ;
 Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
 To form a lordly and a lofty room,
 Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
 Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
 And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
 The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind !
 O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
 Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;
 All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
 And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
 Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find :—
 That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
 That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
 And swept the goodly vision all away—
 So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
 O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
 Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay
 On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
 The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
 The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine !

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
 Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;
 These hated Henry's name as death,
 And those still held the ancient faith.—
 Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
 Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair ;
 St Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
 Had with that lord to battle come.
 Harold was born where restless seas
 Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;
 Where erst St Clairs held princely sway
 O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—
 Still nods their palace to its fall,
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !—
 Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland
 rave,
 As if grim Odin rode her wave ;

And watch'd, the whilst, wit
 pale,
 And throbbing heart, the strugg
 For all of wonderful and wild
 Had rapture for the lonely chil

XXII.

And much of wild and wonder
 In these rude isles might fancy
 For thither came, in times afar
 Stern Lochlin's sons of roving
 The Norsemen, train'd to s
 blood,
 Skill'd to prepare the raven's f
 Kings of the main their leader
 Their barks the dragons of the
 And there, in many a stormy v
 The Scald had told his wondr

by a Runic column high
 pressed grim idolatry.
 Had Harold, in his youth,
 many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
 Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
 monstrous circle girds the world;
 dread Maids, whose hideous
 all
 the battle's bloody swell;
 s, who, guided through the gloom
 ale death-lights of the tomb,
 'd the graves of warriors old,
 lchions wrench'd from corpses'
 old,
 he deaf tomb with war's alarms,
 e the dead arise to arms!
 r and wonder all on flame,
 n's bowers young Harold came,
 by sweet glen and greenwood
 ee,
 'd a milder minstrelsy;
 ething of the Northern spell
 ith the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

listen, ladies gay!
 ighty feat of arms I tell;
 e note, and sad the lay,
 mourns the lovely Rosabelle.
 moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
 gentle ladye, deign to stay!
 e in Castle Ravensheuch,
 empt the stormy firth to-day.
 ackening wave is edged with
 hite;
 h* and rock the sea-mews fly;
 ers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 e screams forebode that wreck
 gh.
 ight the gifted Seer did view
 t shroud swathed round ladye
 ay;
 y thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
 ross the gloomy firth to-day?"—
 t because Lord Lindesay's heir
 ght at Roslin leads the ball,
 my ladye-mother there
 nely in her castle-hall.

* *Jack, isle.*

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
 And redder than the bright moon-
 beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with
 knell;

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild
 winds sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
 Scarce mark'd the guests the darken-
 ed hall,

Though, long before the sinking day,
 A wondrous shade involved them all:

It was not eddying mist or fog,
 Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;

Of no eclipse had sages told;
 And yet, as it came on apace,
 Each one could scarce his neighbour's
 face,

Could scarce his own stretch'd hand
 behold.

A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest ;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast ;
The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, " Found !
found ! found !

XXV

Then sudden, through the darken'd air
A flash of lightning came ;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall ;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured
stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone ;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with smouldering
smoke,

As on the elvish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the
proud,

From sea to sea the larum rung ;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle
withal,

To arms the startled warders
sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more !

XXVI

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all.
That dreadful voice was heard by some,
Cry, with loud summons, " GILBIN,
COME ! "

And on the spot where burst the
brand,

Just where the page had flung him
down,

Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
But none of all the astonish'd train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return ;

For he was speechless
Like him of whom the
Who spoke the specter
At length, by fits, he de
With broken list, an d sh
'That he had seen rig
A shape with arms and
With a wrought spangl
Like pilgrim from bey
And knew—but how it
It was the wizard, Mich

XXVII

The anxious crowd, with
All trembling heard the
No sound was made,
spoke,

Till noble Angus silen
And he a solemn sa
Did to St Brude of Do
That he a pilgrimage
To Melrose Abbey, fo
Of Michael's resile
Then each, to ease his
To some bless'd saint
dress'd.

Some to St Modan mad
Some to St Mary of the
Some to the Holy Rood
Some to our Ladve of t
Each did his patron wit
That he such pilgrimage
And monks should sing
toll,

All for the weal of Mich
While vows were tak
were pray'd,
'Tis said the noble dame
Renounced, for aye, dar

XXVIII

Nought of the bridal wi
Which after in short sp
Nor how brave sons and
Bless'd Fetter's Flower,
her.

After such dreadf I seen
To wake the note of int
More meet I weni to
Of penitence, and
When pilgrim chiefs
Sought Melrose' h

XXIX.

foot, and sackloth vest,
folded on his breast,
pilgrim go ;
-by might hear uneath,
voice, or high-drawn breath,
ll the lengthen'd row :
ok, nor martial stride ;
eir glory, sunk their pride,
their renown ;
ow, like ghosts they glide
altar's hallow'd side,
they knelt them down :
pplicant chieftains wave
of departed brave ;
letter'd stones were laid
their fathers dead ;
a garnish'd niche around,
; and tortured martyrs
d.

XXX.

the dim aisle afar,
owl and scapular,
hite stoles, in order due,
thers, two and two,
cession came ;
ost, and book they bare,
rner, flourish'd fair
edeemer's name.
rostrate pilgrim band
Abbot stretch'd his hand,
d them as they kneel'd ;
oss he signed them all,
hey might be sage in hall,
ate in field.
as sung, and prayers were

requiem for the dead ;
l'd out their mighty peal,
rted spirit's weal ;
the office close
intercession rose ;
echoing aisles prolong
rthen of the song—
DIES ILIA,
ÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;
aling organ rung ;
eet with sacred strain
y lay, so light and vain,
y *Fathers sung* :—

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead !
Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from
clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass
away !

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone ?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage ?
No !—close beneath proud Newark's
tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;
A simple hut ; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the
blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days ;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day ; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bow-
hill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath ;
When throstle sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's
oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke !
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.



MARMION:
A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

IN SIX CANTOS.

*Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!*

LEYDEN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY, LORD MONTAGUE,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the public have honoured with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of MARMION must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation which his first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the personal adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it. The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprise his readers, at the outset, of the date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is set. Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeds the plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popularity of THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL, that an attempt to paint the manners of feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, will not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the battle of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

ASHESTIEL, 1808.

MARMION.

a success so brilliant and profitable as that which had been attained by *Lay*," it was only natural that a young and ambitious writer should be quick to resume his addresses to the muse, especially in the circumstances which Scott was placed. He saw before him little prospect of advancement in his profession, for the practice of which he had never felt any inclination, but which continued to become more distasteful to him. Having to choose between literature and law, he was ready to decide in favour of the former, had not the clerkship which he obtained in Dec. 1799, and the reversion of the clerkship of the Exchequer, which was assigned to him a few years later, enabled him to take a course, to apply himself to letters without rendering himself dependent for support on the profits of his pen. The good fortune which crowned his first success in literature confirmed this resolution, and another poem was quickly

With characteristic prudence Scott had determined not to be too hasty in his second venture, and to bestow upon it the thought and polish which the public would naturally expect from an author of his reputation. Some pecuniary assistance on the part of his brother Thomas caused him to break this cautious reserve. Constable, in association with some of the London booksellers, was willing to pay down a thousand pounds for the unwritten poem, and Scott was enabled to assist his brother in his difficulties. Byron, unaware of the purpose to which Scott applied the money, affected to be shocked at the nature of the bargain. The publishers, however, were only too glad to accept the arrangement, and they were certainly no losers by their confidence in him. Commenced in Nov. 1806, "*Marmion*" was ready for the press in Dec. 1808. Two thousand copies of the first edition in quarto, at a guinea each, were disposed of in a month. A second edition, of 3,000 copies, quickly followed, and two other editions, each of the same extent, were called for by the end of 1809. By the beginning of 1836 as many as 50,000 copies had been disposed of.

As was the circulation of "*Marmion*," it can hardly be said to have been met with the same relish as the "*Lay*," yet it was in many respects an advance. Dryden, who was very severe on the defects of the second poem, is disposed to think that if it has greater faults it has also greater beauties. "It has more splendid passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore, and also greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vigour and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action . . . more airiness and brightness in the higher delineations." Scott has acknowledged, in the preface of 1830, one of the chief defects of the poem, although he endeavoured to justify it in a note. This was the inclusion of mean felony with so many noble qualities in the character of the hero, especially as the crime belonged rather to a commercial than a proud, and uninstructed age. Leyden, amongst others, was furious at this

oversight, and Scott owns that it ought to have been remedied of. 'Ye I suffered the vice,' he says, "to be as it had been, being so corrections, however judicious, have a bad effect upon a reader."

The leaves prefixed to each canto were also a mistake in an artistic view. I very much agreed with Southey in writing them "at the volume, or the beginning, wherever except where they are," and we can give the editor no credit for allowing them to interrupt his perusal of his text, and thus as independent pieces. Indeed, it was in this class were originally intended to appear, not as such were afterwards altered. Six poems from *Ulrich of Castel* of the persons to whom they addressed a few names may be interesting. Mr. W. Stewart Rose was of *Letters from home*, a translation of Ariosto, and other works. A learned man, whose social qualities were higher than his literary power, not only met me frequently in London, but visited me at his native village in Hampshire. The Rev. John Marrett was tutor to Lord Young's son of Boscobel, to whom there soon came in the poem, and a few weeks after it was published. William Luskine, afterwards Lord, was one of Scott's dearest and most valued friends. I can hardly describe the difference in their character and temperament. Scott being tall and immensely fond of rough bodily exercise, while Luskine was a little feeble make, who seemed unhappy when his pen was not employed. I am used to shudder when he saw a party engaged in a course of such exercise. His small, elegant features, bright cheek, and soft blue eyes, and the quick, sensitive gentle spirit within. He had the warm words, but generous enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses. A heart so susceptible of emotion, would send the tears rolling down the cheeks, though a common, I have no doubt, of exhibiting, but his duty called him to the highest part of a hero or a martyr, he had very little command over himself in such stances such as men of a very mould to say nothing of like Scott's regard with and reverence. Now a Vincent at the bar, so much his temper. He shrank from general society, and moved only in circle of intimate friends. The retiring habit clung to him after he had the long coveted seat on the bench. He was at heart a generous, but his conversation, somewhat formal and precise, was rich in knowledge, taste and keen criticism were very valuable to his friend. Mr. James Ramsay, near Aberdeen, was another early friend of Scott, who had seen him in his German studies, and shared his military enthusiasm in the expected invasion. Scott speaks of him in one of his letters as "esteeming his attainments as a draughtsman, and for his highly gentlemanlike for character. Admirable in all exercises, there entered a good deal of the of his early character." Mr. George Ellis is well known as the editor of many antiquarian works. He was a frequent correspondent and valued Scott. Richard Heber was brother of the Bishop and poet of the son. He was long Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, and his culture and social position. His knowledge of Middle Age literature and extensive library were of great assistance to Scott in the compilation of *Border Minstrelsy*. Once, after a long convivial night in Edinburgh, he climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat in the moonlight, coming down with a rare appetite.

The topography of "Marmion" is so fully illustrated in the notes, scarcely needful here to do more than indicate them. — *Norham Castle*, *Lindisfarne*, p. 510; *Gifford Castle*, p. 512; *Crichton Castle*, p. 514.

515; Tantallon Castle, p. 517; Edinburgh Cross, p. 517. The route by "Marmion" is carried to Edinburgh was made the subject of good-natured y some of Scott's friends. "Why," said one of them, "did ever mortal from England to Edinburgh, go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous *détour*, e never was a road that way since the world was created." "That is a levant objection," replied Scott; "it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion route, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the m Blackford Hill—it was his business to find his road, and pick his steps way he could." In the poem, however, another reason is suggested for e chosen :—

' They might not choose the lowland road.
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely failed to bar their way."

at the suggestion of the friend who offered the above criticism (Mr. Guthrie) that Scott took his hero back by Tantallon.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent
seen

Through hush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed ;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam :
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath Fell ;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines :
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold ;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold and w
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower
Their summer gambols tell, and mo
And anxious ask,—Will spring retur
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spr

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flo
Again shall paint your summer bow
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie ;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer da

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings ;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh ! my Country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate ?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise ;
The mind that thought for Britain's w
The hand that grasp'd the victor ste
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blo
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shr
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallo
tomb !

Deep graved in every British hear
O never let those names depart !

sons,—Lo, here his grave,
died on Gadite wave ; *
to the burning levin,
t, resistless course was given.
is country's foes were found,
the fated thunder's sound,
he bolt on yonder shore,
ed, destroy'd,—and was no

rn ye less his perish'd worth,
the conqueror go forth,
'd that thunderbolt of war
Hafnia, † Trafalgar ;
to guide such high emprise,
's weal was early wise ;
hom the Almighty gave,
's sins, an early grave !
who, in his mightiest hour,
eld the pride of power,
the sordid lust of pelf,
his Albion for herself ;
the frantic crowd amain
subjection's bursting rein,
ild mood full conquest gain'd,
he would not crush, restrain'd,
ir fierce zeal a worthier cause,
ht the freeman's arm, to aid
freeman's laws.

hou but lived, though stripp'd
ower,
on the lonely tower,
g trump had roused the land,
for danger were at hand ;
by the beacon-light,
had kept course aright ;
roud column, though alone,
th had propp'd the tottering
ne :
stately column broke,
i-light is quench'd in smoke,
et's silver sound is still,
r silent on the hill !

., how to his latest day,
th, just hovering, claim'd his
,
ure's unalter'd mood,
; dangerous post he stood ;

† Copenhagen.

Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way !
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most ;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below :
And, if thou mourn'st they could not
save

From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and
sung ;

Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
" All peace on earth, good-will to men ; "
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record. that Fox a Briton died !
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast !

Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known

The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,

The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where - - taming thought to human pride ! - -

The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry, —
" Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb ;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen ? "

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise ;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse ;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain !
Though not unmark'd from northern clime,

Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme :
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;
The Bard you deign'd to praise, your
deathless names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder'd fancy still beguile !
From this high theme how can I part
Ere half unloaded is my heart !
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood,
That throbs through bard in bard-mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow—

Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy !—
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment's past :
Like frostwork in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away ;
Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone
And, lingering last, deception dear,
The choir's high sounds die on my ear
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown
The farm begirt with copsewood wild
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the roar
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son :
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day,
In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed
Or idly list the shrilling lay,
With which the milkmaid cheers
way,

Marking its cadence rise and fall,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale :
Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refin'd

But thou, my friend, canst fitly tell
(For few have read romance so well)
How still the legendary lay
O'er poet's bosom holds its sway ;

the ancient minstrel strain
 his palsied hand in vain ;
 our hearts at doughty deeds,
 wrought in steely weeds,
 for fear and pity's sake ;
 the Champion of the Lake
 Morgana's fated house,
 the Chapel Perilous,
 the spells and demons' force,
 converse with the unburied corse ;
 Dame Ganore's grace to move,
 that lawless was their love !)
 the proud Tarquin in his den,
 and full sixty knights ; or when,
 a man, and unconfess'd,
 the Sangreal's holy quest,
 umbering, saw the vision high,
 not view with waking eye.

the mightiest chiefs of British song
 not such legends to prolong :
 gleam through Spenser's elfin
 dream,
 in Milton's heavenly theme ;
 yden, in immortal strain,
 sed the Table Round again,
 a ribald King and Court
 m toil on, to make them sport ;
 ded for their niggard pay,
 their souls, a looser lay,
 ous satire, song, and play ;
 rld defrauded of the high design,
 d the God-given strength, and
 narr'd the lofty line.

aid by such names, well may we
 hen,
 dwindled sons of little men,
 break a feeble lance
 air fields of old romance ;
 the moated castle's cell,
 long through talisman and spell,

While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,
 Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept :
 There sound the harpings of the North,
 Till he awake and sally forth,
 On venturous quest to prick again,
 In all his arms, with all his train,
 Shield, lance, and brand, and plume,
 and scarf,
 Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
 And wizard with his wand of might,
 And errant maid on palfrey white.
 Around the Genius weave their spells,
 Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells ;
 Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd ;
 And Honour, with his spotless shield ;
 Attention, with fix'd eye ; and Fear,
 That loves the tale she shrinks to hear ;
 And gentle Courtesy ; and Faith,
 Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death ;
 And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
 Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown,
 A worthy meed may thus be won ;
 Ytene's * oaks—beneath whose shade
 Their theme the merry minstrels made,
 Of Aspacart, and Bevis bold,
 And that Red King,† who, while of old,
 Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
 By his lov'd huntsman's arrow bled—
 Ytene's oaks have heard again
 Renew'd such legendary strain ;
 For thou hast sung how He of Gaul,
 That Amadis so famed in hall,
 For Oriana, foil'd in fight
 The Necromancer's felon might ;
 And well in modern verse hast wove
 Partenopex's mystic love :
 Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
 A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

* The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently
 so called. † William Rufus.

CANTO FIRST.

The Castle.

I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
 And Cheviot's mountains lone
 The battled towers, the donjon keep,
 The loop-hole grates, where captives
 weep,
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,
 In yellow lustre shone.
 The warriors on the turrets high,
 Moving athwart the evening sky,
 Seem'd forms of giant height.
 Their armour, as it caught the rays,
 Flash'd back again the western blaze,
 In lines of dazzling light.

II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
 Now faded, as the fading ray
 Less bright, and less, was flung;
 The evening gale had scarce the power
 To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
 So heavily it hung.
 The scouts had parted on their search,
 The Castle gates were barr'd;
 Above the gloomy portal arch,
 Timing his footsteps to a march,
 The Wander kept his guard;
 Low humming, as he paced along,
 Some ancient Border gathering song

III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;
 He looks abroad and soon appears.
 O'er Hornel he fell a plump* of spears.
 Beneath a pennon gay;
 A horseman, darting from the crowd,
 Like lightning from a summer cloud,
 Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
 Before the dark array
 Beneath the sable palisade,
 That closed the Castle barricade,

* This word properly applies to a flight of water fowl: but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse —

"There is a knight of the North Country,
 Which leads a lusty plump of spears"
Flodden Field

His bugle-horn he blew;
 The warder hasted from the wall,
 And war'd the Captain in the hall
 For well the blast he knew,
 And joyfully that knight did call,
 To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

IV.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie
 Bring pasties of the doe,
 And quickly make the entrance free,
 And bid my heralds ready be,
 And every minstrel sound his glees,
 And all our trumpets blow.
 And, from the platform, spare ye
 To fire a noble salvo shot.
 Lord MARMION wans below!
 Then to the Castle's lower ward
 Saw forty yeomen tall,
 The iron studded gates unbarr'd,
 Raised the port to his ponderous
 The lofty palisade unbarr'd,
 And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion
 Proudly his re-echoing charger trod
 His helm hung at the saddlebow
 Well by his visage you might know
 He was a stalworth knight, and
 A hot had in many a battle been;
 The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
 A token true of Bosworth field;
 His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire
 Shew'd spirit proud, and prompt
 Yet lines of thought on his cheek
 Did deep design and counsel speak
 His forehead, by his casque worn
 His thick mustache, and curly hair
 Coal black, and grizzled here and
 But more through toil than age
 His square turn'd joints, and shaggy
 of limb,
 Show'd him no carpet knight so
 But in close fight a champion grim
 In camps a leader sage.

VI.

ie arm'd from head to heel,
d plate of Milan steel ;
ong helm, of mighty cost,
th burnish'd gold emboss'd ;
plumage of the crest,
over'd on her nest,
gs outspread, and forward
st :

a falcon, on his shield,
e in an azure field :
legend bore aright,
ks at me, to death is dight.
ie charger's broider'd rein ;
is deck'd his arching mane ;
ly housing's ample fold
blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

rode two gallant squires,
ame, and knightly sires ;
d the gilded spurs to claim ;
ould each a war-horse tame,
w the bow, the sword could
y.
hear the ring away ;
ith courteous precepts stored,
e in hall, and carve at board,
love-ditties passing rare,
hem to a lady fair.

VIII.

at-arms came at their backs,
ert, bill, and battle-axe :
Lord Marmion's lance so
ng,
s sumpter-mules along,
ng palfrey, when at need
ease his battle-steed.
nd trustiest of the four,
s forky pennon bore ;
ow's tail, in shape and hue,
he streamer glossy blue,
izon'd sable, as before,
ing falcon seem'd to soar.
ty yeomen, two and two,
lack, and jerkins blue,
ns broider'd on each breast,
on their lord's behest :
en for an archer good,
ing-craft by lake or wood ;

Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;
Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys, and array,
Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard ;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared :
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourish'd brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
He scatter'd angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion !
Stout heart, and open hand !
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land !"

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marmion :
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town ;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks
weight,
All as he lighted down.

"Now, largesse, largesse,* Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !
A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,—
"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,

With the crest and helm of gold !
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold :
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the King his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair ;
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
And saw his saddle bare ;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride ;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
Room, room, ye gentles gay,
For him who conquer'd in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye !"

XIII.

Then stepp'd, to meet that noble Lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.
He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
Raised o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place—
They feasted full and high :
The whiles a Northern harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Rileys all,
Stout Willimondswick,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,

* The cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights.

*Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh
And taken his life at the Deadman's shaw."*

Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's barbarous lay ;
Yet much he praised the pains he took
And well those pains did pay :
For lady's suit and minstrel's strain,
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.

"Now, good Lord Marmion," He says,
"Of your fair courtesy,
I pray you hide some little space,
In this poor tower with me.
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well ;
Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust
Or feat of arms befell :
The Scots can rein a mettled steed,
And love to couch a spear ;—
St George ! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbours near.
Then stay with us a little space,
Our northern wars to learn ;
I pray you for your lady's grace !"—
Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave a squire the sign ;
A mighty wassel-bowl he took,
And crown'd it high with wine.
"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion,
But first I pray thee fair,
Where hast thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare ?
When last in Raby towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often mark'd his cheeks were woe,
With tears he fain would hide :
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle-steed ;
But meeter seem'd for lady fair,
To fan her cheek or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead :

was fair, his ringlets gold,
 som—when he sigh'd,
 t doublet's rugged fold
 carce repel its pride !
 thou given that lovely youth
 e in lady's bower ?
 e gentle page, in sooth,
 e paramour ?”

XVI.

mion ill could brook such jest ;
 'd his kindling eye,
 his rising wrath suppress'd,
 de a calm reply :
 r thou thought'st so goodly fair,
 not brook the northern air.
 is fate if thou wouldst learn,
 sick in Lindisfarn : *
 f him.—But, Heron, say,
 thy lovely lady gay
 grace the hall to-day ?
 at dame, so fair and sage,
 some pious pilgrimage ?”—
 in covert scorn, for fame
 l light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

l, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
 s the Knight replied,
 , whose feathers gaily flaunt,
 is in cage to bide :
 is grim and grated close,
 in by battlement and fosse,
 any a darksome tower ;
 er loves my lady bright
 liberty and light,
 Queen Margaret's bower.
 our greyhound in our hand,
 con on our glove ;
 e shall we find leash or band,
 me that loves to rove ?
 ild falcon soar her swing,
 oop when she has tired her
 ng.”—

XVIII.

with royal James's bride
 y Lady Heron bide,
 ie here a messenger,
 der greetings prompt to bear ;
 ne Scottish court address'd,
 at our King's behest,

* See Note in Appendix.

And pray you, of your grace, provide
 For me and mine, a trusty guide.
 I have not ridden in Scotland since
 James back'd the cause of that mock
 prince,
 Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
 Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
 Then did I march with Surrey's power,
 What time we razed old Ayton
 Tower.”—

XIX.

“For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
 Norham can find you guides enow ;
 For here be some have prick'd as far,
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;
 Have drunk the monks of St Bothan's
 ale,
 And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;
 Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
 And given them light to set their
 hoods.”—

XX.

“Now, in good sooth,” Lord Marmion
 cried,
 “Were I in warlike wise to ride,
 A better guard I would not lack,
 Than your stout forayers at my back ;
 But, as in form of peace I go,
 A friendly messenger, to know,
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,
 Their King is mustering troops for war,
 The sight of plundering Border spears
 Might justify suspicious fears,
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
 Break out in some unseemly broil :
 A herald were my fitting guide ;
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide ;
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.”

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
 And pass'd his hand across his face.—
 “Fain would I find the guide you want,
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,
 The only men that safe can ride
 Mine errands on the Scottish side :
 And though a bishop built this fort,
 Few holy brethren here resort ;
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
 Since our last siege we have not seen :

The mass he might not sing or say,
 Upon one stinted meal a-day ;
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
 And pray'd for our success the while.
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
 Is all too well in case to ride ;
 The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
 The wildest war-horse in your train ;
 But then, no spearman in the hall
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
 Friar John of Tillmouth were the man :
 A blithesome brother at the can,
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,
 He knowseach castle, town, and tower,
 In which the wine and ale is good,
 Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
 But that good man, as ill befalls,
 Hath seldom left our castle walls,
 Since, on the vigil of St Bede,
 In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.
 Old Bughrig found him with his wife ;
 And John, an enemy to strife,
 Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
 The jealous churl hath deeply sworn,
 That, if again he venture o'er,
 He shall strive penitent no more.
 Little he loves such risks, I know ;
 Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
 Carved to his uncle and that lord,
 And reverently took up the word. —
 Kind uncle, woe were we each one,
 If harm should hap to brother John.
 He is a man of mirthful speech,
 Can many a game and gambol teach ;
 Full well at tables can he play,
 And sweep at bowls the stake away.
 None can a lustier carol bawl,
 The needfulest among us all,
 When time hangs heavy in the hall,
 And snow comes thick at Christmas
 tide,
 And we can neither hunt, nor ride
 A foray on the Scottish side.
 The vow'd revenge of Bughrig rude,
 May end in worse than loss of hood.
 Let Friar John, in safety, still
 In chimney-corner snore his fill,
 Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill :

Last night, to Norham there can
 Will better guide Lord Marmion
 "Nephew," quoth Heron, "by
 Well hast thou spoke ; say so
 say."—

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
 From Salem first, and last from
 One, that hath kiss'd the blessed
 And visited each holy shrine,
 In Araby and Palestine ;
 On hills of Armenic hath been,
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he been
 Which parted at the prophet's sign
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw
 The Mount, where Israel heard
 'Mid thunder-dint and flashing fire
 And shadows, mists, and dews
 given.
 He shows St James's cockle-shell
 Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell
 And of that Grot where Olive
 Where, darling of each heart and
 From all the youth of Sicily,
 Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of I
 merry,
 Saint Thomas, too, of Canterb
 Cuthbert of Durham and Saint
 For his sins' pardon hath he pr
 He knows the passes of the No
 And seeks far shrines beyond the
 Little he eats, and long will wal
 And drinks but of the stream o
 This were a guide o'er moor an
 But, when our John hath quaff'd
 As little as the wind that b'ows,
 And warms itself against his no
 Kens he, or cares, which v
 goes."—

XXV.

"Gramercy !" quoth Lord Mar
 "Full loath were I that Friar J
 That venerable man, for me
 Were placed in fear or jeopardy

same Palmer will me lead
 Hence to Holy-Rood,
 Is good saint, I'll pay his meed,
 Of cockle-shell or bead,
 And angels fair and good.
 Such holy rambles ; still
 Now to charm a weary hill,
 A song, romance, or lay :
 A jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
 A lying legend, at the least,
 To bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"noble sir," young Selby said,
 Anger on his lip he laid,
 "No man knows much—perchance
 I e'en more
 Than he could learn by holy lore.
 But himself he's muttering,
 As if at some unseen thing.
 Might we listen'd at his cell ;
 The sounds we heard, and, sooth to
 Tell,
 Murmur'd on till morn, howe'er
 No mortal could be near.
 Times I thought I heard it plain,
 As voices spoke again.
 Not tell—I like it not—
 John hath told us it is wrote,
 Conscience clear, and void of wrong,
 Rest awake, and pray so long.
 Self still sleeps before his beads
 Mark'd ten aves, and two
 Creeds."—

XXVII.

"Pass," quoth Marmion ; "by my fay,
 I can shall guide me on my way,
 Though the great arch-fiend and he
 Worn themselves of company.
 I ease you, gentle youth, to call
 The Palmer to the Castle-hall."
 Summon'd Palmer came in place ;
 His ble cowl o'erhung his face ;
 His black mantle was he clad,
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
 On his broad shoulders wrought ;
 A callop-shell his cap did deck ;
 A crucifix around his neck
 From Loretto brought ;
 His sandals were with travel tore,
 His budget, bottle, scrip, he wore ;

The faded palm-branch in his hand
 Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more
 Tall,
 Or had a statelier step withal,
 Or look'd more high and keen ;
 For no saluting did he wait,
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,
 As he his peer had been.
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil ;
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while !
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye look'd haggard wild :
 Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,
 She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we
 Know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo,
 And blanch at once the hair ;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright
 Grace,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ;
 The Palmer took on him the task,
 So he would march with morning tide,
 To Scottish court to be his guide.
 "But I have solemn vows to pay,
 And may not linger by the way,
 To fair St Andrews bound,
 Within the ocean cave to pray,
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
 From midnight to the dawn of day,
 Sung to the billows' sound ;
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams
 Dispel,

And the crazed brain restore :
 Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,
 Or bid it throb no more !"

xxx.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
 Where wine and spices richly steep,
 In massive bowl of silver deep,

The page presents on knee.
 Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
 The Captain pledged his noble guest,
 The cup went through among the rest,

Who drained it merrily ;
 Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
 Though Selby press'd him courteously.
 This was a sign the feast was o'er ;
 It hush'd the merry wassel roar,

The minstrels ceased to sound.
 Soon in the castle nought was heard,
 But the slow footstep of the guard,
 Pacing his sober round.

xxxI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :
 And first the chapel doors unclosed ;

Then, after morning rites were done,
 (A hasty mass from Friar John,)
 And knight and squire had broke the
 fast

On rich substantial repast,
 Lord Marmion's bugles blew to home,
 Then came the stirrup-cup in course
 Between the Baron and his host,
 No point of courtesy was lost ;
 High thanks were by Lord Marmion
 paid,

Solemn excuse the Captain made,
 Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd
 That noble train, their Lord the
 last.

Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;
 Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,

And shook the Scottish shore :
 Around the castle eddied slow,
 Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
 And hid its turrets hoar ;

Till they roll'd forth upon the air,
 And met the river breezes there,
 Which gave again the prospect fair.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,
 Where flourish'd once a forest fair,
 When these waste glens with copse
 were lined,

And peopled with the hart and hind.
 Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly
 spears

Have fenced him for three hundred
 years,

While fell around his green compeers—
 Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
 The changes of his parent dell,
 Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
 Waved in each breeze a sapling bough :
 Would he could tell how deep the shade
 A thousand mingled branches made ;
 How broad the shadows of the oak,
 How clung the rowan* to the rock,

* Mountain-ash.

And through the foliage show'd his head
 With narrow leaves and berries red ;
 What pines on every mountain sprang
 O'er every dell what birches hung,
 In every breeze what aspens shook,
 What alders shaded every brook !

"Here, in my shade," methinks he'd say
 "The mighty stag at noon-tide lay :
 The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
 (The neighbouring dingle bears
 name,)

With lurching step around me prowled
 And stop, against the moon to howl
 The mountain-boar, on battle set,
 His tusks upon my stem would whet
 While doe, and roe, and red-deer go
 Have bounded by, through gay green
 wood.

Newark's riven tower,
ish monarch's power :
ssals muster'd round,
id hawk, and horn, and
ee the youth intent,
ass with crossbow bent ;
the brake the rangers

old the ready hawk ;
n green-wood trim,
ish the gazehounds grim,
ie bratchet's * bay,
covert drove the prey,
s he broke away.
arry bounds amain,
lant greyhounds strain ;
row from the bow,
arquebuss below ;
ocking hills reply,
hound, and hunters' cry,
ging lightsomely."

id huntings, many tales
ur lonely dales,
ttrick and on Yarrow,
outlaw drew his arrow.
olithe that silvan court,
been at humbler sport ;
our pomp, and mean our

r Marriott, was the same.
hou my greyhounds true ?
ll there never flew,
dash there never sprang,
oot, or sure of fang.
een each merry chase,
ntermitted space ;
r resource in store,
in Gothic lore :
ch memorable scene,
ic talk between ;
brook, we paced along,
end or its song.
— for now are still
ntenanted Bowhill ! †
m thy mountains dun,
ears the well-known gun,
honest heart glows warm,
his paternal farm,

e Duke of Buccleuch on the
k Forest.

Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, "The Chieftain of the
Hills !"

No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh ;
No youthful Baron's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon :
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace ; *
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given
To show our earth the charms of
Heaven,

She could not glide along the air,
With form more light, or face more fair.
No more the widow's deafen'd ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear :
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot :
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal ;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely
bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and
toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord † is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys, ‡
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is
truth.

Close to my side, with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call'd his ramparts holy ground ! §
Kindled their brows to hear me speak ;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,

* Harriet. Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards
Duchess of Buccleuch.

† The late Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whyt-
bank.

‡ The sons of Mr. Pringle of Whythank.

§ On a high mountainous ridge above the
farm of Ashestiel is a fosse called Wallace's
Trench.

Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure ;
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude
tide,

You may not linger by the side ;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain, and the rill ;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain ;
There is a pleasure in this pain :
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stilled soon by mental broils ;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ;
Thou know'st it well, —nor fen, nor
sedge,

Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink ;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie ;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might
dwell ;

There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness :
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near ;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to
dwell,

And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton long'd to spend his age.
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;
And, as it faint and feeble died
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
To say, " Thus pleasures fade away ;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey ;"
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower :
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings,
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave—
That Wizard-Priest's, whose bones are
thrust

From company of holy dust ;
On which no sunbeam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines)—
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore ;
And mark the wild swans mount the
gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy
sail,

And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave :

against the driving hail
 might my plaid avail,
 lonely home retire,
 y lamp, and trim my fire ;
 er o'er some mystic lay,
 l tale had all its sway,
 bittern's distant shriek,
 arthly voices speak,
 ht the Wizard-Priest was
 ,
 ain his ancient home !
 y busy fancy range,
 m fitting shape and strange,
 e task my brow I clear'd
 to think that I had fear'd.

'twere sweet to think such
 t escape from fortune's strife.)
 most matchless good and
 l grateful sacrifice ;
 each hour, to musing given,
 a the road to heaven.

whose heart is ill at ease,
 ful solitudes displease ;
 drown his bosom's jar
 lemental war :
 ck Palmer's choice had been
 and more savage scene,

Like that which frowns round dark
 Loch-skene.
 There eagles scream from isle to shore ;
 Down all the rocks the torrents roar ;
 O'er the black waves incessant driven,
 Dark mists infect the summer heaven ;
 Through the rude barriers of the lake,
 Away its hurrying waters break,
 Faster and whiter dash and curl,
 Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
 Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
 Thunders the viewless stream below,
 Diving, as if condemn'd to lave
 Some demon's subterranean cave,
 Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
 Shakes the dark rock with groan and
 yell.

And well that Palmer's form and mien
 Had suited with the stormy scene,
 Just on the edge, straining his ken
 To view the bottom of the den,
 Where, deep deep down, and far within,
 Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
 Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
 And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
 White as the snowy charger's tail
 Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
 To many a Border theme has rung :
 Then list to me, and thou shalt know
 Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

CANTO SECOND

The Convent.

I.

ze, which swept away the
 ke,
 orham Castle roll'd,
 he loud artillery spoke,
 uing-flash and thunder stroke,
 nion left the Hold.
 t Tweed alone, that breeze,
 on Northumbrian seas,
 lew, and strong,
 om high Whitby's cloister'd

it Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
 bark along.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
 As she were dancing home ;
 The merry seamen laugh'd, to see
 Their gallant ship so lustily
 Furrow the green sea-foam.
 Much joy'd they in their honour'd
 freight ;
 For, on the deck, in chair of state,
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
 With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
 Like birds escaped to greenwood shades,

Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite ;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray ;
Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Rear'd o'er the foaming spray ;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy ;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame ;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall :
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach ;
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To raise the convent's eastern tower ;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
With ivory and gems emboss'd.
The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
Reform'd on Benedictine school ;

Her cheek was pale, her form was spare,
Vigils, and penitence austere,
Had early quench'd the light of youth,
But gentle was the dame, in sooth ;
Though vain of her religious sway,
She loved to see her maids obey ;
Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
Sad was this voyage to the dame ;
Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came,
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
Save this, that she was young and fair,
As yet a novice unprofess'd,
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd.
She was betroth'd to one now dead,
Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled.
Her kinsmen bade her give her hand
To one, who loved her for her land :
Herself, almost heart-broken now,
Was bent to take the vestal vow,
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
And seem'd to mark the waves below,
Nay, seem'd, so fixed her look and eye,
To count them as they glided by.
She saw them not—'twas seeming all,
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there.
There saw she, where some careless
hand
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand
To hide it till the jackals come,
To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
See what a woful look was given,
As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—
These charms might tame the fiercest
breast ;

ave sung, and poets told,
 n fury uncontroll'd,
 y monarch of the wood,
 irgin, fair and good,
 fied his savage mood.
 ns in the human frame
 e lion's rage to shame :
 usy, by dark intrigue,
 lid avarice in league,
 ised with their bowl and knife,
 ie mourner's harmless life.
 ie was charged 'gainst those
 o lay
 n Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

the vessel skirts the strand
 ainous Northumberland ;
 wers, and halls, successive rise,
 n the nuns' delighted eyes.
 earmouth soon behind them lay,
 emouth's priory and bay ;
 k'd, amid her trees, the hall
 Seaton-Delaval ;
 r the Blythe and Wansbeck
 ods
 ie sea through sounding woods ;
 s'd the tower of Widderington,
 f many a valiant son ;
 et-isle their beads they tell
 od Saint who own'd the cell ;
 the Alne attention claim,
 arkworth, proud of Percy's
 me ;
 t, they cross'd themselves, to
 ar
 ening breakers sound so near,
 oiling through the rocks, they
 ar
 tanborough's cavern'd shore ;
 r, proud Bamborough, mark'd
 ey there,
 's castle, huge and square,
 tall rock look grimly down,
 he swelling ocean frown ;
 m the coast they bore away,
 h'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

did now its flood-mark gain,
 led in the Saint's domain :

For, with the flow and ebb, its style .
 Varies from continent to isle ;
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.
 As to the port the galley flew,
 Higher and higher rose to view
 The Castle with its battled walls,
 The ancient Monastery's halls,
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row,
 On ponderous columns, short and low,
 Built ere the art was known,
 By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
 The arcades of an alley'd walk
 To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
 Had pour'd his impious rage in vain ;
 And needful was such strength to these,
 Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
 Scourged by the winds' eternal sway,
 Open to rovers fierce as they,
 Which could twelve hundred years
 withstand

Winds, waves, and northern pirates'
 hand.

Not but that portions of the pile,
 Rebuilt in a later style,
 Show'd where the spoiler's hand had
 been ;

Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
 Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
 And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
 And rounded, with consuming power,
 The pointed angles of each tower ;
 Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
 Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
 The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
 And with the sea-wave and the wind,
 Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
 And made harmonious close ;
 Then, answering from the sandy shore,
 Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
 According chorus rose :

Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;
Banner, and cross, and relics there,
To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;
And, as they caught the sounds on air,
They echoed back the hy:nn.
The islanders, in joyous mood,
Rush'd emulously through the flood,
To hale the bark to land ;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And bless'd them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made :
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam :
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill.
Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire ;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid ; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do ;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry " Fye upon your name !
In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
" This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy
hear."—
They told, how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled.
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd ;

Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions sail
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And, sinking down, with flutterings fail
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters
To vie with these in holy tale ;
His body's resting-place of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told
How, when the rude Dane burn'd the
pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and
moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse
they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose ;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose ;
For, wondrous tale to tell !
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair ;
Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear ;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear :
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shaft
His relics are in secret laid ;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare !
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and he
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed
mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale,)
Before his standard fled.

viadicate his reign,
 I's falchion on the Dane,
 he Conqueror back again,
 his Norman bowyer band,
 waste Northumberland.

XVI.

at Hilda's nuns would learn
 , by Lindisfarne,
 ert sits, and toils to frame
 beads that bear his name :
 ad Whitby's fishers told,
 y might his shape behold,
 his anvil sound ;
 clang,—a huge dim form,
 nd heard, when gathering
 t were closing round.
 tale of idle fame,
 Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

I the fire such legends go,
 t was the scene of woe,
 secret aisle beneath,
 held of life and death.
 re dark and lone that vault,
 he worst dungeon cell :
 ulf built it, for his fault,
 tence to dwell,
 x cow and beads, laid down
 battle-axe and crown.
 hich, chilling every sense
 g, hearing, sight,
 the Vault of Penitence,
 g air and light,
 e prelate Sexhelm, made
 burial for such dead,
 died in mortal sin,
 e laid the church within.
 a place of punishment ;
 so loud a shriek were sent,
 'd the upper air,
 bless'd themselves, and said,
 of the sinful dead
 d their torments there.

XVIII.

, in the monastic pile,
 penitential aisle

Some vague tradition go,
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew
 Where the place lay ; and still more few
 Were those, who had from him the clew
 To that dread vault to go.

Victim and executioner
 Were blindfold when transported there.
 In low dark rounds the arches hung,
 From the rude rock the side-walls
 sprung ;

The grave stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
 Were all the pavement of the floor ;
 The mildew-drops fell one by one,
 With tinkling splash upon the stone.
 A cresset,* in an iron chain,
 Which served to light this drear domain,
 With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
 As if it scarce might keep alive ;
 And yet it dimly served to show
 The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
 Were placed the heads of convents three :
 All servants of Saint Benedict,
 The statutes of whose order strict
 On iron table lay ;

In long black dress, on seats of stone,
 Behind were these three judges shown
 By the pale cresset's ray :

The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
 Sat for a space with visage bare,
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,
 She closely drew her veil :

Yon shrouded figure, as guess,
 By her proud mien and flowing dress,
 Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
 And she with awe looks pale

And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
 Has long been quenched by age's night,
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
 Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace is shown,

Whose look is hard and stern,—
 Saint Cathbert's Abbot is his style ;
 For sanctity call'd, through the isle,
 The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;
 But, though an equal fate they share,

* Antique chandelier.

Yet one alone deserves our care.
 Her sex a page's dress belied ;
 The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
 Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
 Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;
 And, on her doublet breast,
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
 But, at the Prioress' command,
 A monk undid the silken band,
 That tied her tresses fair,
 And raised the bonnet from her head,
 And down her slender form they spread,
 In ringlets rich and rare.
 Constance de Beverley they know,
 Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
 Whom the church numbered with the
 dead,
 For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view,
 (Although so pallid was her hue,
 It did a ghastly contrast bear
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)
 Her look composed, and steady eye,
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;
 And there she stood so calm and pale,
 That, but her breathing did not fail,
 And motion slight of eye and head,
 And of her bosom, warranted
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
 You might have thought a form of wax,
 Wrought to the very life, was there ;
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
 Such as does murder for a meed ;
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,
 Because his conscience, scar'd and foul,
 Feels not the import of his deed ;
 One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
 Beyond his own more brute desires.
 Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
 To do the savagest of deeds ;
 For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
 One fear with them, of all most base,
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl,

His body on the floor to dash,
 And crouch, like hound beneath
 lash ;
 While his mute partner, standing ne
 Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch m
 shriek,
 Well might her paleness terror speak
 For there were seen in that dark wa
 Two niches, narrow, deep and tall ;
 Who enters at such grisly door,
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
 In each a slender meal was laid,
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :
 By each, in Benedictine dress,
 Two haggard monks stood motionless
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,
 Show'd the grim entrance of the por
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam
 Hewn stones and cement were displac
 And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose,
 As men who were with mankind for
 And with despite and envy fired,
 Into the cloister had retired ;
 Or who, in desperate doubt of gr
 Strove, by deep penance, to effac
 Of some foul crime the stain ;
 For, as the vassals of her will,
 Such men the Church selected sti
 As either joy'd in doing ill,
 Or thought more grace to gain,
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down
 Feelings their nature strove to own.
 By strange device were they bro
 there,
 They knew not how, nor knew
 where.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose
 To speak the Chapter's doom,
 On those the wall was to enclose,
 Alive, within the tomb ;
 But stopp'd, because that woful Ma
 Gathering her powers, to speak essa
 Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain
 Her accents might no utterance gain

perfect murmurs slip
 puls'd and quivering lip ;
 attempt all was so still,
 to hear a distant rill, —
 an's swells and falls ;
 this vault of sin and fear
 sounding surge so near,
 here you scarce could hear
 e were the walls.

XXVI.

effort sent apart
 at curdled to her heart,
 came to her eye,
 own'd upon her cheek,
 a flutter'd streak,
 on the Cheviot peak,
 i's stormy sky ;
 r silence broke at length,
 oke she gathered strength,
 herself to bear.
 ul sight to see
 olve and constancy,
 soft and fair.

XXVII.

to implore your grace,
 , for one minute's space
 s might I sue :
 ak your prayers to gain
 h of lingering pain,
 y sins, be penance vain,
 our masses too. —
 a traitor's tale,
 ivent and the veil ;
 ng years I bow'd my pride,
 in his train to ride ;
 r folly's meed he gave,
 d, to be his slave,
 d all beyond the grave. —
 ng Clara's face more fair,
 r of broad lands the heir,
 ows, his faith forswore,
 ice was beloved no more. —
 l tale, and often told ;
 my fate and wish agree,
 been read, in story old,
 n true betray'd for gold,
 ved, or was avenged, like

XXVIII.

“The King approved his favourite's aim ;
 In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
 Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
 For he attaints that rival's fame
 With treason's charge — and on they
 came,
 In mortal lists to fight.
 Their oaths are said,
 Their prayers are pray'd,
 Their lances in the rest are laid,
 They meet in mortal shock ;
 And, hark ! the throng, with thundering
 cry,
 Shout ‘Marmion ! Marmion ! to the sky,
 De Wilton to the block !’
 Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide
 When in the lists two champions ride,
 Say, was Heaven's justice here ?
 When, loyal in his love and faith,
 Wilton found overthrow or death,
 Beneath a traitor's spear ?
 How false the charge, how true he fell,
 This guilty packet best can tell.” —
 Then drew a packet from her breast,
 Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the
 rest. —

XXIX.

“Still was false Marmion's bridal staid ;
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
 The hated match to shun.
 ‘Ho ! shifts she thus ?’ king Henry
 cried ;
 ‘Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
 If she were sworn a nun.’
 One way remain'd — the King's command
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land :
 I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
 For Clara and for me :
 This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair
 A saint in heaven should be.
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

“And now my tongue the secret tells,
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,
 But to assure my soul that none
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.

Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and
 deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders stream'd her
 hair;
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,

Till thus the Abbot's doom was given:
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell
When they had glided from the crowd
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day;
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair
And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they took
(Such speed as age and fear can make)
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake.
As hurrying, tottering on:
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swam
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised
 head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell
Spread his broad nostril to the wind
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hill
And quaked among the mountain fells
To hear that sound so dull and stern

* See Note on Stanza XXV., p. 512.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

ril morning clouds, that pass,
 ying shadow, o'er the grass,
 ate, on field and furrow,
 quer'd scene of joy and sorrow;
 amlet of the mountain north,
 torrent racing forth,
 ding slow its silver train,
 ost slumbering on the plain;
 zes of the Autumn day,
 ice inconstant dies away,
 swells again as fast,
 ear deems its murmur past;
 ious, my romantic theme
 ds, or sinks, a morning dream.
 ed, our eye pursues the trace
 and Shade's inconstant race;
 views the rivulet afar,
 its maze irregular;
 ed, we listen as the breeze
 s wild sigh through Autumn
 es:
 d as cloud, or stream, or gale,
 flow unconfined, my Tale!

I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
 : license all too well,
 : now lowly, and now strong,
 be desultory song?—
 : 'mid such capricious chime,
 isient fit of lofty rhyme
 nd judgment seem'd excuse
 an error of the muse,
 hou said, "If, still mis-spent,
 ars to poetry are lent,
 o tame thy wandering course,
 m the fountain at the source;
 those masters, o'er whose tomb
 laurels ever bloom:
 e of the feebler bard,
 the grave their voice is heard;
 em, and from the paths they
 ow'd,
 honour'd guide and practised
 ed:
 ble on through brake and maze,
 pers rude, of barbarous days.

"Or deem'st thou not our later time
 Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
 Hast thou no elegiac verse
 For Brunswick's venerable hearse?
 What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
 When valour bleeds for liberty!—
 Oh, hero of that glorious time,
 When, with unrivall'd light sublime,—
 Though martial Austria, and though all
 The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
 Though banded Europe stood her foes—
 The star of Brandenburg arose!
 Thou couldst not live to see her beam
 For ever quenched in Jena's stream.
 Lamented Chief!—it was not given
 To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
 And crush that dragon in its birth,
 Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
 Lamented Chief!—not thine the power
 To save in that presumptuous hour,
 When Prussia hurried to the field,
 And snatched the spear, but left the shield!
 Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
 And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
 Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair
 The last, the bitterest pang to share,
 For princedom's rest, and scutcheons
 riven,
 And birthrights to usurpers given;
 Thy lands, thy children's wrongs to feel,
 And witness woes thou couldst not heal!
 On thee relenting Heaven bestows
 For honour'd life an honour'd close;
 And when revolves, in time's sure change,
 The hour of Germany's revenge,
 When, breathing fury for her sake,
 Some new Arminius shall awake,
 Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
 To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S
 tomb.

"Or of the Red-Cross hero* teach,
 Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
 Alike to him the sea, the shore,
 The brand, the bridle, or the oar.

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Alike to him the war that calls
 Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,
 Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with
 blood,
 Against the Invincible made good ;
 Or that, whose thundering voice could
 wake
 The silence of the polar lake,
 When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,
 On the warp'd wave their death-game
 play'd ;
 Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
 Howl'd round the father of the fight,
 Who snatched, on Alexandria's sand,
 The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.*

“Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
 Restore the ancient tragic line,
 And emulate the notes that rung
 From the wild harp, which silent hung
 By silver Avon's holy shore,
 Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;
 When she, the bold enchantress,† came,
 With fearless hand and heart on flame !
 From the pale willow snatch'd the trea-
 sure,
 And swept it with a kindred measure,
 Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
 With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
 Awakening at the inspired strain,
 Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived
 again.”

Thy friendship thus thy judgment
 wronging,
 With praises not to me belonging,
 In task more meet for mightiest powers,
 Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours.
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd
 That secret power by all obey'd,
 Which warps not less the passive mind,
 Its source conceal'd, or undefined ;
 Whether an impulse, that has birth
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth,
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours ;
 Or whether fittier term'd the sway
 Of habit form'd in early day ?
 Howe'er derived, its force confest
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,

* Sir Ralph Abercromby.

† Joanna Baillie.

And drags us on by viewless charms
 While taste and reason plead in vain
 Look east, and ask the Belgian
 Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
 He seeks not eager to inhale
 The freshness of the mountain air
 Content to rear his whitened walls
 Beside the dank and dull canal !
 He'll say, from youth he loved to see
 The white sail gliding by the tree
 Or see yon weather-beaten hind
 Whose sluggish herds before him
 Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged
 His northern clime and kindred
 Through England's laughing meadows
 goes,

And England's wealth around him
 Ask, if it would content him
 At ease in those gay plains to dwell
 Where hedge-rows spread a
 screen,
 And spires and forests intervene
 And the neat cottage peeps between
 No ! not for these would he exchange
 His dark Lochaber's boundless
 Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
 Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake

Thus while I ape the measure
 Of tales that charm'd me yet a while
 Rude though they be, still with the
 Return the thoughts of early time
 And feelings, roused in life's first
 Glow in the line, and prompt the
 Then rise those crags, that mark the
 tower

Which charm'd my fancy's wandering
 hour.

Though no broad river swept along
 To claim, perchance, heroic song
 Though sigh'd no groves in summer
 To prompt of love a softer tale ;
 Though scarce a puny streamlet
 Claim'd homage from a shepherd
 Yet was poetic impulse given,
 By the green hill and clear blue
 It was a barren scene, and wild,
 Where naked cliffs were rudely
 But ever and anon between
 Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green
 And well the lonely infant knew
 Recesses where the wall-flower grew

ckle loved to crawl
rag and ruin'd wall.
h nooks the sweetest shade
ll its round survey'd ;
ought that shatter'd tower
it work of human power ;
'd as the aged hind
strange tale bewitch'd my

who, with headlong force,
that strength had spur'd
horse,

ern rapine to renew,
istant Cheviots blue,
returning, fill'd the hall
wassel-rout, and brawl.
that still, with trump and

y's broken arches rang ;
grim features, seam'd with

ugh the window's rusty bars,
by the winter hearth,

heard of woe or mirth,
slights, of ladies' charms,
' spells, of warriors' arms ;
battles, won of old

e wight and Bruce the bold ;
lds of feud and fight,
uring from their Highland
ght,

sh clans, in headlong sway,
the scarlet ranks away.

tch'd at length upon the floor,
ught each combat o'er,

d shells, in order laid,
ranks of war display'd ;

rd still the Scottish Lion bore,
the scatter'd Southron fled
re.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire !
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd
Sire,

Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;
Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and
keen,

Show'd what in youth its glance had
been ;

Whose doom discording neighbours
sought,

Content with equity unbought ;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint ;

Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke :
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child ;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conn'd task ?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still ;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimm'd the eglantine :
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays ;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line ;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale !

CANTO THIRD.

The Hostel, or Inn.

I.

ong day Lord Marmion rode :
tain path the Palmer show'd,
id streamlet winded still,
nted birches hid the rill

They might not choose the lowland
road,

For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.

Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been pass'd before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

II.

No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes,
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,

Lord Marmion drew his rein:
The village inn seem'd large, though
rude;

Its cheerful fire and hearty food

Might well relieve his train.

Down from their seats the horsemen
sprung,

With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;

They bind their horses to the stall,

For forage, fuel, and firing call,

And various clamour fills the hall:

Weighing the labour with the cost,

Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you
gaze;

Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,

The rafters of the sooty roof

Bore wealth of winter cheer;

Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,

And gammons of the tusky boar,

And savoury haunch of deer.

The chimney arch projected wide;

Above, around it, and beside,

Were tools for housewives' hand,
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,

The buckler, lance, and brand;
Beneath its shade, the place of rest
On oaken settle Marmion sat,
And view'd around the blazing hearth
His followers mix in noisy mirth;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tick
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial boon
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to
And mingle in the mirth they seek
For though, with men of high degree
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the
To win the soldier's hardy heart.

They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May
With open hand, and brow as free
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower:—
Such buxom chief shall lead his train
From India's fires to Zembla's snow

V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,

Right opposite the Palmer stood

His thin dark visage seen but half,

Half hidden by his hood.

Still fix'd on Marmion was his look

Which he, who ill such gaze

brook,

Strove by a frown to quell;

But not for that, though more than

Full met their stern encountering glances

The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd

Was heard the burst of laughter loud

For still, as squire and archer staid

On that dark face and matted beard

Their glee and game declined.

All gazed at length in silence dumb

Unbroke, save when in comrade's

Some yeoman, wondering in his

Thus whisper'd forth his mind:

ary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
 e his cheek, his eye how bright,
 r the fire-brand's fickle light
 s beneath his cowl!
 ur Lord he sets his eye;
 est palfrey, would not I
 e that sullen scowl."

VII.

nion, as to chase the awe
 us had quell'd their hearts, who
 w
 -varying fire-light show
 re stern and face of woe,
 all'd upon a squire:—
 stance, know'st thou not some lay,
 the lingering night away?
 mber by the fire."—

VIII.

e you," thus the youth rejoin'd,
 icest minstrel's left behind.
 e hope to please your ear,
 'd Constant's strains to hear.
 full deftly can he strike,
 : the lover's lute alike;
 aint Valentine, no thrush
 lier from a spring-tide bush,
 ngale her love-lorn tune
 etly warbles to the moon.
 e cause, whate'er it be,
 om us his melody,
 on rocks, and billows stern,
 monks of Lindisfarne.
 t I venture, as I may
 is favourite roundelay."

IX.

voice Fitz-Eustace had,
 e chose was wild and sad;
 e I heard, in Scottish land,
 the busy harvest band,
 ls before the mountaineer,
 and plains, the ripen'd ear.
 shrill voice the notes prolong.
 ild chorus swells the song:
 I listen'd, and stood still,
 e soften'd up the hill,
 n'd it the lament of men
 quish'd for their native glen;
 ight how sad would be such
 und
 ehana's swampy ground,

Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,
 Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
 Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
 Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

X.

Song.

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever;
 Blessing shall hallow it,—
 Never, O never!

CHORUS.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound ;
 And silence sunk on all around.
 The air was sad ; but sadder still
 It fell on Marmion's ear,
 And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
 And shameful death, were near.
 He drew his mantle past his face,
 Between it and the hand,
 And rested with his head a space
 Reclining on his hand.
 His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween,
 That, could their import have been
 seen,
 The meanest groom in all the hall,
 That e'er tied courser to a stall,
 Would scarce have wished to be their
 prey,
 For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
 Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !
 Fear, for their scourge, mean villains
 have,
 Thou art the torturer of the brave !
 Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
 Their minds to bear the wounds they
 feel,
 Even while they writhe beneath the
 smart
 Of civil conflict in the heart.
 For soon Lord Marmion raised his
 head,
 And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace, said—
 "Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
 Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
 Such as in nunneries they toll
 For some departing sister's soul ?
 Say, what may this portend ?"—
 Then first the Palmer silence broke,
 (The livelong day he had not spoke,)
 "The death of a dear friend."

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
 Ne'er changed in worst extremity ;
 Marmion, whose soul could scantily
 brook,
 Even from his King, a haughty look ;
 Whose accent of command controll'd,
In camps, the boldest of the bold ;—

Thought, look, and utterance fail
 now—

Fall'n was his glance, and flush
 brow :

For either in the tone,
 Or something in the Palmer's look
 So full upon his conscience strook
 That answer he found none.
 Thus oft it haps, that when within
 They shrink at sense of secret sin,
 A feather daunts the brave ;
 A fool's wild speech confounds the
 And proudest princes veil their eyes
 Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter !—By his air
 Was Constance Beverley betray'd
 Not that he augur'd of the doom,
 Which on the living closed the door
 Eut, tired to hear the desperate man
 Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid
 And wroth, because in wild despair
 She practised on the life of Clare
 Its fugitive the Church he gave,
 Though not a victim, but a slave
 And deem'd restraint in convent still
 Would hide her wrongs, and her reveal
 Himself, proud Henry's favourite
 Held Romish thunders idle fear ;
 Secure his pardon he might hold,
 For some slight mulct of penance—
 Thus judging, he gave secret way,
 When the stern priests surprised
 prey.

His train but deem'd the favourite
 Was left behind, to spare his age ;
 Or other if they deem'd, none dared
 To mutter what he thought and he
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy !

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd
 well,

And safe secured in distant cell ;
 But, waken'd by her favourite lay,
 And that strange Palmer's boding
 That fell so ominous and drear,
 Full on the object of his fear,
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
 Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose

instance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
 fly on his soul return'd ;
 as when, at treacherous call,
 her convent's peaceful wall,
 id with shame, with terror mute,
 ing alike, escape, pursuit,
 e, victorious o'er alarms,
 rs and blushes in his arms.

XVII.

" he thought, "how changed
 hat mien !
 changed these timid looks have
 een,
 ars of guilt, and of disguise,
 eel'd her brow, and arm'd her
 yes !
 e of virgin terror speaks
 od that mantles in her cheeks :
 and unfeminine, are there,
 for joy, for grief despair ;
 he cause—for whom were given
 ace on earth, her hopes in
 eaven !—
 " thought he, as the picture
 rows,
 is stalk had left the rose !
 y should man's success remove
 ry charms that wake his love !—
 nvent's peaceful solitude
 a prison harsh and rude ;
 ent within the narrow cell,
 ill her spirit chafe and swell !
 ook the stern monastic laws !
 ance how—and I the cause !—
 and scourge—perchance even
 orse !"—
 ice he rose to cry, "To horse !"—
 ce his Sovereign's mandate came,
 mp upon a kindling flame ;
 ice he thought, "Gave I not
 charge
 uld be safe, though not at large ?
 urst not, for their island, shred
 lden ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

thus in Marmion's bosom strove
 ance and reviving love,
 hirlwinds, whose contending sway
 en Loch Vennachar obey,

Their Host the Palmer's speech had
 heard,
 And, talkative, took up the word :
 " Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
 From Scotland's simple land away,
 To visit realms afar,
 Full often learn the art to know
 Of future weal, or future woe,
 By word, or sign, or star ;
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,
 Not far from hence ;—if fathers old
 Aright our hamlet legend told."—
 These broken words the menials move,
 (For marvels still the vulgar love,)
 And, Marmion giving license cold,
 His tale the Host thus gladly told :—

XIX.

The Host's Tale.

"A Clerk could tell what years have
 flown
 Since Alexander fill'd our throne,
 (Third monarch of that warlike name,)
 And eke the time when here he came
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord :
 A braver never drew a sword ;
 A wiser never, at the hour
 Of midnight, spoke the word of power :
 The same, whom ancient records call
 The founder of the Goblin-Hall.
 I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
 Gave you that cavern to survey.
 Of lofty roof, and ample size,
 Beneath the castle deep it lies ;
 To hew the living rock profound,
 The floor to pave, the arch to round,
 There never toil'd a mortal arm—
 It all was wrought by word and charm ;
 And I have heard my grandsire say,
 That the wild clamour and affray
 Of those dread artisans of hell,
 Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,
 Sounded as loud as ocean's war
 Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
 Deep labouring with uncertain thought ;
 Even then he muster'd all his host,
 To meet upon the western coast :

For Norse and Danish galleys plied
 Their oars within the firth of Clyde.
 There floated Haco's banner trim,
 Above Norwegian warriors grim,
 Savage of heart, and large of limb
 Threatening both continent and isle,
 Bate, Arran, Canonghame, and Kyle
 Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
 Heard Alexander's bagle sound,
 And tarried not his garb to change,
 But, in his wizard habit strange,
 Came forth, — a quaint and fearful sight,
 His mantle lined with fox skins white,
 His high and wrinkled forehead bore
 A pointed cap, such as of yore
 Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore
 His shoes were marked with cross and
 spell,

Upon his breast a pentacle;
 His face, of virgin parchment thin,
 Or, as some tell of dead man's skin,
 Bore many a planetary sign,
 Combust, and retrograde, and true;
 And in his hand he held prepared,
 A naked sword without a guard.

XXI.

"Dire dealings with the fiendish race
 Had mark'd strange lines upon his face.
 Vigils fast had worn him grim,
 His eyes gut-dazzled, seen'd and dim,
 As one unused to upper day;
 Even his own nuns with dismay
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,
 In his unwonted wild attire,
 Unwonted, for raptures run,
 He seldom thus beheld the sun.
 'I know,' he said — his voice was hoarse,
 And broken seem'd its bedlow force —
 'I know the cause, although unfold,
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold —
 Vainly from me my liege would know
 His kingdom's future weal or woe,
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
 His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

"Of middle air the demons proud,
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,
 Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,
 The issues of events afar.

But still their sullen aid will
 Save when by nightier force
 Such late I summoned to my
 And though so potent was
 That scarce he dearest none
 I deem'd a refuge from the
 Yet, obstinate in silence still
 The haughty demon mocks
 But thou, who little know'st
 As born upon that blessed
 When yawning graves, and
 Proclaim'd hell's empire o'er
 With untam'd valour shalt
 Response denied to magic
 'Gramercy,' quoth our Mon
 'Place him but front to front
 And, by thy god and hono
 The gift of *Cœur-de-Lion's*
 Soothly I swear, that, if
 The demon shall a buffet
 His bearing hood the wear
 And thus, well pleased, his
 new'd

'There spoke the blood of
 mark

Forth pacing hence, at mid
 The rampart seek, whose cre
 Crests the ascent of yonder
 A southern entrance shalt
 There halt, and there thy be
 And trust three elfin foe to
 In guise of thy worst enemy
 Couch then thy lance, and
 steed—

'Upon him' and Saint George
 If he go down, thou soon se
 Whate'er these airy sprites
 If thy heart fan thee in the
 I am no warrant for thy life

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell
 Alone, and arm'd, forth ro
 To that old camp's deserted
 Sir Knight, you were might
 mould,

Left-hand the town, the P
 The trench, long since in blo
 The moor around is brown
 The space within is green
 The spot our village churc
 For there the earliest wold

etide the wandering wight,
 Is its circle in the night !
 With across, a bowshot clear,
 The space for full career :
 To the four points of heaven,
 Deep gaps are entrance given.
 Nearmost our Monarch past,
 And blew a gallant blast ;
 To the north, within the ring,
 The form of England's King,
 At a thousand leagues afar,
 He waged holy war :
 Like England's did he wield,
 Leopards in the shield,
 Syrian courser's frame,
 His length of limb the same :
 Rewards did Scotland know,
 And* was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

When made our Monarch start,
 He mann'd his noble heart,
 The first career they ran,
 Knight fell, horse and man ;
 A splinter of his lance
 Alexander's visor glance,
 On the skin—a puny wound.
 He light leaping to the ground,
 His blade his phantom foe
 Did the future war to show.
 He saw the glorious plain,
 Still gigantic bones remain,
 Remnant of the Danish war ;
 He saw, amid the field,
 His brandish'd war-axe wield,
 Like proud Haco from his car,
 Around the shadowy Kings
 His grim ravens cower'd their
 Wings.
 That, in that awful night,
 His visions met his sight,
 Winning future conquests far,
 For our sons' sons wage northern
 War ;
 City, tower and spire,
 And the midnight sky with fire,
 Outing crews her navy bore,
 Want to the victor shore.
 Poets may learned clerks explain—
 But the wit of simple swain.

*Edward I. surnamed Longshanks.

XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home again,
 Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane ;
 But yearly, when return'd the night
 Of his strange combat with the sprite,
 His wound must bleed and smart ;
 Lord Gifford then would gibing say,
 'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
 The penance of your start.'
 Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
 King Alexander fills his grave,
 Our Lady give him rest !
 Yet still the knightly spear and shield
 The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
 Upon the brown hill's breast ;
 And many a knight hath proved his
 chance,
 In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
 But all have foully sped ;
 Save two, as legends tell, and they
 Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
 Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVI.

The quaighs* were deep, the liquor strong,
 And on the tale the yeoman-throng
 Had made a comment sage and long,
 But Marmion gave a sign :
 And, with their lord, the squires retire ;
 The rest around the hostel fire,
 Their drowsy limbs recline :
 For pillow, underneath each head,
 The quiver and the targe were laid.
 Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
 Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore :
 The dying flame, in fitful change,
 Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
 Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;
 Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
 The foldings of his mantle green :
 Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
 Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
 Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
 Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
 A cautious tread his slumber broke,
 And, close beside him, when he woke,
 In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
 Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;

*A wooden cup composed of staves hooped together.

But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion's voice he knew.—

XXVIII.

"Fitz-Eustace! rise,—I cannot rest;—
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have chafed my
mood:

The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of Elfin chivalry.

Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—

Then softly down the steps they slid;
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron
said:—

XXIX.

"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who graced my sire's
chapelle,

Down from his steed of marble fell,

A weary wight forlorn?

The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite;—
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring."
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
And mark'd him pace the village road,

And listen'd to his horse's tramp

Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp

Lord Marmion sought the room
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eye
That one, so wary held, and wise,
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce recd
For gospel, what the church believ'd

Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail.

For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind;
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,

Come town-ward rushing on;
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
Then, clattering on the village road
In other pace than forth he yode,*

Return'd Lord Marmion.

Down hastily he sprung from selle,
And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell,
To the squire's hand the rein he thr
And spoke no word as he withdrew
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon-crest was soil'd with cl
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see
By stains upon the charger's knee,
And his left side, that on the moor
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs
At length to rest the squire reclines
Broken and short; for still, between
Would dreams of terror intervene:
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

* *Yode*, used by old poets for *went*.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO JAMES SKENE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

An ancient Minstrel sagely said,
 "Where is the life which late we led?"
 That motley clown in Arden wood,
 Whom humorous Jaques with envy
 view'd,
 Not even that clown could amplify,
 On this trite text, so long as I.
 Eleven years we now may tell,
 Since we have known each other well;
 Since, riding side by side, our hand
 First drew the voluntary brand;
 And sure, through many a varied scene,
 Unkindness never came between.
 Away these winged years have flown,
 To join the mass of ages gone;
 And though deep mark'd, like all below,
 With chequer'd shades of joy and woe;
 Though thou o'er realms and seas hast
 ranged,
 Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
 While here, at home, my narrower ken
 Somewhat of manners saw, and men;
 Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
 Fever'd the progress of these years,
 Yet now, days, weeks, and months but
 seem
 The recollection of a dream,
 So still we glide down to the sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
 Since first I tuned this idle lay;
 A task so often thrown aside,
 When leisure graver cares denied,
 That now, November's dreary gale,
 Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,
 That same November gale once more
 Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.
 Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
 Once more our naked birches sigh,
 And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen.
 Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again:
 And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
 Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.

Earlier than wont along the sky,
 Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly;
 The shepherd, who in summer sun,
 Had something of our envy won,
 As thou with pencil, I with pen,
 The features traced of hill and glen;—
 He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,
 At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
 View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
 Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
 Or idly busied him to guide
 His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;—
 At midnight now, the snowy plain
 Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
 Through heavy vapours dark and dun;
 When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
 Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm
 Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
 Against the casement's tinkling pane;
 The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
 To shelter in the brake and rocks,
 Are warnings which the shepherd ask
 To dismal and to dangerous task.
 Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
 The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
 Till, dark above, and white below,
 Decided drives the flaky snow,
 And forth the hardy swain must go.
 Long, with dejected look and whine,
 To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
 Whistling and cheering them to aid.
 Around his back he wreathes the plaid:
 His flock he gathers, and he guides,
 To open downs, and mountain-sides,
 Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
 Least deeply lies the drift below.
 The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
 Stiffens his locks to icicles;
 Oft he looks back, while streaming far,
 His cottage window seems a star,—
 Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
 Turns patient to the blast again,

And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging
sheep.

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale :
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain :
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's * loud revelry,
His native hill-notes tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye ;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed ?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene ?
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age :
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy ;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain, —
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given ;
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou, of late, wert doom'd to
twine, —

Just when thy bridal hour was by, —
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And bless'd the union of his child.
When love must change its joyous cheer
And wipe affection's filial tear.

* The Scottish Harvest-home.

Nor did the actions next his end,
Speak more the father than the friend
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade ;
The tale of friendship scarce was told
Ere the narrator's heart was cold —
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind !
But not around his honour'd urn,
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn
The thousand eyes his care had dried
Pour at his name a bitter tide ;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
" The widow's shield, the orphan's stay,
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme ;
For sacred was the pen that wrote,
" Thy father's friend forget thou not :
And grateful title may I plead,
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave : —
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling
strain
Recalls our summer walks again ;
When, doing nought, — and, to speak
true,
Not anxious to find aught to do, —
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged, unconfined, from grave to grave,
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too ;
Thou gravely labouring to portray
The blighted oak's fantastic spray ;
I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, yclep'd the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp, * with eyes of fire
Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.

* Camp was a favourite dog of the Poet's
bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity.

cock whistled from the cloud ;
 n was lively, but not loud ;
 white thorn the May-flower
 d
 fragrance round our head :
 lived more merrily
 blossom'd bough, than we.

thesome nights, too, have been
 &
 nter stript the summer's bowers.
 re heard, what now I hear,
 blast sighing deep and drear,
 es were bright, and lamps
 m'd gay.
 s tuned the lovely lay ;
 as held a laggard soul,
 n'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
 whose absence we deplore,
 thes the gales of Devon's shore,
 r miss'd, bewail'd the more ;
 , and I, and dear-loved Rae,
 whose name I may not say,—

For not Mimosa's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
 In merry chorus well combined,
 With laughter drown'd the whistling
 wind.

Mirth was within ; and Care without
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest :
 For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
 Such nights we've had ; and, though
 the game

Of manhood be more sober tame,
 And though the field-day, or the drill,
 Seem less important now—yet still
 Such may we hope to share again.
 The sprightly thought inspires my strain !
 And mark, how, like a horseman true,
 Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Camp.

I.

; I said, did blithely mark
 notes of the merry lark.
 sang shrill, the cock he crew,
 lly Marmion's bugles blew,
 their light and lively call,
 groom and yeoman to the stall.
 ing they came, and free of heart,
 soon their mood was changed ;
 laint was heard on every part,
 something disarranged.
 amour'd loud for armour lost ;
 awl'd and wrangled with the host ;
 ket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
 me false Scot has stolen my
 pear !" —
 Blount, Lord Marmion's second
 quire,
 his steed wet with sweat and mire ;
 n the rated horse-boy sware,
 ht he dress'd him sleek and fair.

While chafed the impatient squire like
 thunder,
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
 "Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
 Bevis lies dying in his stall :
 To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
 Of the good steed he loves so well?"
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
 The charger panting on his straw ;
 Till one who would seem wisest, cried,—
 "What else but evil could betide,
 With that cursed Palmer for our guide ?
 Better we had through mire and bush
 Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."

II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but
 guess'd,
 Nor wholly understood,
 His comrades' clamorous complaints sup-
 press'd ;
 He knew Lord Marmion's mood.

Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy
thought,
And did his tale display
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvell'd at the wonders told, —
Pass'd them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the
cost
Had reckon'd with their Scottish host ;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
" Ill thou deservest thy hire," he said ;
" Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight ?
Fairies have ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foam !
I trust that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross, and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land.
To their infernal home :
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro." —
The laughing host look'd on the hire, —
" Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou comest among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."
Here stay'd their talk, — for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and
good,
Through Humble's and through Sal-
town's wood :
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made.
" A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said ;
" Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry ;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aghast :
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.

Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells,
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's meed.
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's
mind ;

Perchance to show his lore design'd ;
For Eustace much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall-window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton, or de Worde,
Therefore he spoke, — but spoke in vain
For Marmion answer'd nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill
In notes prolong'd by wood and hill
Were heard to echo far :
Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know,
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foe-man's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band
Some opener ground to gain ;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, show'd
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose call
So late the forest echoes rang ;
On prancing steeds they forward press'd
With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;
Each at his trumpet a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, &c.
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glow
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial trumpet
held,
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age ;
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,

on King's errand come ;
 the glances of his eye,
 strating, keen, and sly
 ession found its home ;
 sh of that satiric rage,
 bursting on the early stage,
 d the vices of the age,
 broke the keys of Rome.
 k-white palfrey forth he paced ;
 of maintenance was graced
 the proud heron-plume.
 his steed's shoulder, loin, and
 ast,
 housings swept the ground,
 Scotland's arms, device, and
 st,
 roider'd round and round.
 ible tressure might you see,
 by Achaius borne,
 stle and the fleur-de-lis,
 gallant unicorn.
 the King's armorial coat,
 ce the dazzled eye could note,
 colours, blazon'd brave,
 , which his title gave ;
 hich well bescem'd his state,
 arm'd, around him wait.
 thy name in high account,
 still thy verse has charms,
 id Lindesay of the Mount,
 l Lion King-at-arms !

VIII.

om his horse did Marmion
 ring,
 ie saw the Lion-King ;
 the stately Baron knew
 uch courtesy was due,
 yal James himself had crown'd,
 his temples placed the round
 otland's ancient diadem :
 his brow with hallow'd wine,
 his finger given to shine
 nblematic gem.
 itual greetings duly made,
 thus his message said :—
 Scotland's King hath deeply
 vore
 knit faith with Henry more,
 ctly hath forbid resort
 ngland to his royal court ;
 ie knows Lord Marmion's name,

And honours much his warlike fame,
 My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack
 Of courtesy, to turn him back ;
 And, by his order, I, your guide,
 Must lodging fit and fair provide,
 Till finds King James meet time to see
 The flower of English chivalry."

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
 Lord Marmion bears it as he may.
 The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
 Beholding thus his place supplied,
 Sought to take leave in vain :
 Strict was the Lion-King's command,
 That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
 Should sever from the train :
 "England has here enow of spies
 In Lady Heron's witching eyes :"
 To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
 But fair pretext to Marmion made.
 The right-hand path they now decline,
 And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
 Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the
 bank ;
 For there the Lion's care assign'd
 A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
 That Castle rises on the steep
 Of the green vale of Tyne :
 And far beneath, where slow they creep,
 From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
 Where alders moist, and willows weep,
 You hear her streams repine.
 The towers in different ages rose ;
 Their various architecture shows
 The builders' various hands ;
 A mighty mass, that could oppose,
 When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
 The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
 Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
 Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
 Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
 Remains of rude magnificence.

Nor wholly yet had time defaced
 Thy lordly gallery fair
 Nor yet the stony eard unbraced,
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
 Adorn thy ruddy stair,
 Still rises unimpaired below,
 The court-yard's graceful portico;
 Above its cornice, row on row
 Of fair hewn facets richly show
 Their pointed diamond form,
 Though there out houseless cattle go,
 To shield them from the storm
 And shuddering, still may we explore,
 Where oft whilom were captives
 pent,
 The darkness of thy Massy More.*
 Or, from thy grass-grown battle
 ment,
 May trace, in undulating line,
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun shew'd,
 As through its portal Marmion rode.
 But yet 'twas melancholy state
 Received him at the outer gate,
 For none were in the castle then,
 But women, boys, or aged men
 With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing
 dam.

To welcome noble Marmion, came;
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
 Proffer'd the Baron's steed to hold
 For each man that could draw a sword
 Had march'd that morning with their
 lord,

Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
 On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
 Long may his lady look in vain!
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun
 Dean.

'Twas a brave race, before the name
 Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest,
 With every one that honour claims,
 Attended as the King's own guest.

Such the common of Royal James,
 Who marshal'd then his land's array
 Upon the Borough-moor that day.

* The pit, or prison vault. See Appendix.

Perchance he would not
 Upon his gathering host
 Till full prepared was on
 To march against the host
 Here while they dwelt,
 wit

Oft cheer the Baron's mood
 And, in his turn, he knew
 Lord Marmion's power
 wise,

Train'd in the lore of Ross
 And policies of war and

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the scene
 That on the battle-plain
 And, by the shrewd telling
 Of varying topics taken
 And, unaware, the Herald
 Said, Marmion might be
 spared,

In travelling so far:

For that a messenger from
 In van to James had come
 Against the English war
 And, closer question'd, told
 A tale, which chronicles of
 In Scottish story have enro-

XV.

Sir Rabid Tindis-

"Of all the palaces so fair
 Balm for the royal dwell
 In Scotland far beyond
 Lethingow is exceeding
 And in its park in joyal
 How sweet the merry
 How blithe the laughing
 The wild black bells from
 The coo doves merry on the
 The saddest heart might
 I see a nature gay
 But Jane is, to our Sovereign
 The dearest mortal in all
 Too well his cause of grief
 Jane saw his father's over
 Woe to the traitor, who
 The princely bow against
 Still his conscience hurt
 In offices as strict as Lent
 King James's Jane is ever

XVI.

At this ruthless month was come,
 Althgow's holy dome
 As wont, was praying;
 His royal father's soul,
 As sung, the bells did toll,
 As mass was saying—
 The year brought round again
 The luckless king was slain—
 In the aisle the Monarch knelt,
 In cloth-shirt and iron belt,
 His eyes with sorrow streaming;
 His knights, in their stalls of state,
 His Knight-Companions sate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.
 There, and, sooth to tell,
 He knelt with the jangling knell,
 Where the sunbeams fell,
 By the stain'd casement
 Beaming;
 He marked what next befell,
 As if he were dreaming.
 From the crowd a ghostly wight,
 In gown, with cincture white;
 Head bald, his head was bare,
 Hung at length his yellow hair.—
 "Woe woe me not, when, good my
 Lord,—
 I tell you my knightly word,
 When I saw his placid grace,
 His royal majesty of face,
 His calm bearing, and his pace
 So gently gliding on,—
 To me ne'er did limner paint
 An image of the Saint,
 Who opp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
 The loved Apostle John!"

XVII.

He knelt before the Monarch's chair,
 And with rustic plainness there,
 A little reverence made;
 And, nor body, bow'd nor bent,
 At the desk his arm he leant,
 His words like these he said,
 In low voice—but never tone
 He'd through vein, and nerve, and
 Bone:—
 "Neither sent me from afar,
 To warn thee not to war,—

Woe waits on thine array;
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
 James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:
 God keep thee as he may!"—
 The wondering Monarch seem'd to
 seek
 For answer, and found none;
 And when he raised his head to speak,
 The monitor was gone.
 The Marshal and myself had cast
 To stop him as he outward pass'd;
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
 He vanish'd from our eyes,
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
 That glances but, and dies."

XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel
 strange,
 The twilight was so pale,
 He mark'd not Marmion's colour
 change,
 While listening to the tale;
 But, after a suspended pause,
 The Baron spoke:—"Of Nature's laws
 So strong I held the force,
 That never superhuman cause
 Could e'er control their course;
 And, three days since, had judged your
 aim
 Was but to make your guest your game.
 But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
 What much has changed my sceptic
 creed,
 And made me credit aught.—" He
 staid,
 And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:
 But, by that strong emotion press'd,
 Which prompts us to unload our breast,
 Even when discovery's pain,
 To Lindesay did at length unfold
 The tale his village host had told,
 At Gifford, to his train.
 Nought of the Palmer says he there,
 And nought of Constance, or of Clare;
 The thoughts which broke his sleep, he
 seems
 To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
 My burning limbs, and couch'd my head:"

Fantastic thoughts returned ;
 And, by their wild dominion led,
 My heart with a mad burn'd.
 So sore was the delicious goad,
 I took my steed, and forth I rode,
 And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
 Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.
 The southern entrance I pass'd through,
 And halted, and my bugle blew.
 He hought in answer met my ear, —
 Yet was the blast so low and drear,
 So hollow and so faintly blown,
 It might be echo of my own.

xx.

"Thus judging, for a little space
 I listen'd, ere I left the place ;
 But scarce could I trust my eyes,
 Nor yet can think they serv'd me true,
 When sudden in the ring I view,
 In form distinct of shape and hue,
 A mounted champion arise
 I've fought, Lord Lion, many a day,
 In single fight, as I mix'd affray,
 And ever, I myself may say,
 Have borne me as a knight,
 But when 'tis unexpected foe
 Seem'd starting from the gulf below,
 I care not though the truth I show, —
 I tremble I with affright ;
 And as I place him rest my spear,
 My hand so shock for very fear,
 I scarce could coach it right.

xxi.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell ?
 We can our course — my charger fell,
 What could he 'gainst the shock of
 hub ?
 I roll'd upon the plain.
 High over my head, with threatening
 hand,
 The spectre shook his naked brand, —
 Yet did the worst remain.
 My dazzl'd eyes I could not cast,
 Not opening well as I could I fast
 Their sight, like what I saw.
 Faded as face the moonbeam strook,
 A face could never be mistook.
 I knew the stern vindictive look,
 And held my breath for awe.

I saw the face of one who, fled
 To foreign climes, has long been dead.
 I well believe the last,
 For ne'er, from size rais'd, did
 A human warrior, with a glaze
 So grimly and so ghast
 Thrice o'er my head he shook the
 But when to go I said George I
 (The first time e'er I ask'd his name)
 He plung'd it in the sheath ;
 And, on his courser mounting light
 He seem'd to vanish from my sight.
 The moonbeam droop'd, and
 night

Sunk down upon the heath. —
 "Twere long to tell what cause
 To know his face, that met me
 Call'd by his hatred from the
 To camber upper air :
 Dead or alive, good cause had I
 To be my mortal enemy."

xxii.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Moss
 Then, learn'd in story, 'gan reco
 Such chance had happ'd of old
 When once, near Norham, the
 fight

A spectre fell of fiendish might,
 In likeness of a Scottish knight,
 With Brian Balmoris bold,
 And trund him aghast on his
 The air of his cap small view
 "And such a phantom, too, 'tis
 With Highland broadsword, tartan
 plaid,

And fingers red with gore,
 Is seen in Rothburgh's glade,
 Or where the sallow trees shade
 Dark Lomax's, and Auldcastle
 Dromochty, or Glenmore.
 And yet white as such legends say
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
 On mountain, moor, or plain,
 Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
 True son of chivalry should hold
 These midnight terrors vain ;

* See the tradition concerning the
 called I have deary or Boodie to nd
 on Cambray, Appendix, Note 40

have such spirits power
 ave in the evil hour,
 we meditate within,
 unrepented sin."—
 tion turn'd him half aside,
 to clear his voice he tried,
 ss'd Sir David's hand,—
 , at length, in answer said,
 heir farther converse staid,
 lering that his band
 rne them with the rising day,
 d s camp to take their way,—
 s the King's command.

XXIII.

took Dun-Edin's road,
 ld trace each step they trode :
 k, nor dell, nor rock, nor
 ie,
 e path to me unknown.
 ht it boast of storied lore ;
 ng such digression o'er,
 hat their route was laid
 e furzy hills of Braid.
 'd the glen and scanty rill,
 b'd the opposing bank, until
 'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.

ord ! on whose uncultured
 east,
 ong the broom, and thorn, and
 hin,
 nt-boy, I sought the nest,
 ed, as I lay at rest,
 ile rose on breezes thin,
 urnal of the city crowd,
 from his steeple jangling loud,
 it Giles's mingling din.
 from the summit to the plain,
 s all the hill with yellow grain ;
 l o'er the landscape as I look,
 it do I see unchanged remain,
 e the rude cliffs and chiming
 rook.
 hey make a heavy moan,
 friendships past and gone.

XXV.

rent far the change has been,
 Marmion, from the crown
 kford, saw that martial scene
 the bent so brown :

Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,
 Upland, and dale, and down :—
 A thousand, did I say ? I ween,
 Thousands on thousands, there were
 seen,
 That chequer'd all the heath between
 The streamlet and the town ;
 In crossing ranks extending far,
 Forming a camp irregular ;
 Oft giving way, where still there stood
 Some relics of the old oak wood,
 That darkly huge did intervene,
 And tamed the glaring white with green :
 In these extended lines there lay,
 A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
 And from the southern Redswire edge,
 To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
 From west to east, from south to north,
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum
 Of myriads up the mountain come ;
 The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
 Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;
 And see the shifting lines advance
 While frequent flash'd, from shield and
 lance,
 The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare
 To embers now the brands decay'd,
 Where the night-watch their fires had
 made.
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,
 By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters
 Seven,*
 And culverins which France had given.
 Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

* Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
 Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and
 blue,
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and
 square,
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol,* there
 O'er the pavilions flew.
 Highest and midmost, was descried
 The royal banner floating wide ;
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong and
 straight,
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
 Which still in memory is shown,
 Yet bent beneath the standard's
 weight
 Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous
 fold,
 And gave to view the dazzling field,
 Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape
 bright,—
 He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
 Until within him burn'd his heart,
 And lightning from his eye did part,
 As on the battle-day ;
 Such glance did falcon never dart,
 When stooping on his prey.
 "Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
 Thy King from warfare to dissuade
 Were but a vain essay :
 For, by St George, were that host mine,
 Not power infernal, nor divine,
 Should once to peace my soul incline,
 Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine
 In glorious battle-fray !"
 Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood,—
 "Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
 That Kings would think withal,
 When peace and wealth their land has
 bless'd,
 'Tis better to sit still at rest,
 Than rise, perchance to fall."

* Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the
different rank of those entitled to display them.

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion
 For fairer scene he ne'er saw
 When sated with the mar
 That peopled all the plain
 The wandering eye could
 And mark the distant city
 With gloomy splendour
 For on the smoke-wreath
 slow,
 That round her sable turn
 The morning beams we
 And tinged them with a h
 Like that which streaks
 cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed
 Where the huge Castle hold
 And all the steep slope do
 Whose ridgy back heaves to
 Piled deep and massy, close
 Mine own romantic town
 But northward far, with pur
 On Ochil mountains fell the
 And as each heathy top they
 It gleam'd a purple amethys
 Yonder the shores of Fife y
 Here Preston-Bay and Berw
 And, broad between them
 The gallant Frith the eye m
 Whose islands on its bosom
 Like emeralds chased in g
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt close
 As if to give his rapture ven
 The spur he to his charger l
 And raised his bridle hand
 And making demi-volte in a
 Cried, "Where's the coward
 not dare

To fight for such a land !
 The Lindesay smiled his joy
 Nor Marmion's frown repres

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flor
 Where mingled trump, and c
 And fife, and kettle-drum
 And sackbut deep, and psal
 And war-pipe with discorda
 And cymbal clattering to th
 Making wild music bold and
 Did up the mountain com

the bells, with distant chime,
 'd the hour of prime,
 the Lindesay spoke :
 Your still the war-notes when
 o mass his way has ta'en,
 Atharine's of Sienne,
 d of Saint Rocque.
 / speak of martial fame ;
 ind of peaceful game,
 ther was their cheer,
 Falkland-woods the air,
 ne his steed should spare,
 hich foremost might repair
 ownfall of the deer.

XXXII.

" he said,—"when looking
 b
 Empress of the North
 r hilly throne ;
 's imperial bowers,
 proof to hostile powers,
 halls and holy towers—
 " he said, "I moan,
 hat woe mischance may bring,
 hese merry bells may ring

The death-dirge of our gallant King ;
 Or with the larum call
 The burghers forth to watch and ward,
 'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
 Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—
 But not for my presaging thought,
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !
 Lord Marmion, I say nay :
 God is the guider of the field,
 He breaks the champion's spear and
 shield,—
 But thou thyself shalt say,
 When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
 That England's dames must weep in
 bower,
 Her monks the death-mass sing ;
 For never saw'st thou such a power
 Led on by such a King."—
 And now, down winding to the plain,
 The barriers of the camp they gain,
 And there they made a stay.—
 There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
 His hand o'er every Border string,
 And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
 Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
 In the succeeding lay.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

Edinburgh.

rk December glooms the day,
 our autumn joys away ;
 ort and scant the sunbeam
 ows,
 weary waste of snows,
 d profligate regard,
 on on a needy bard ;
 ran occupation's done,
 the chimney rests the gun,
 ; in idle trophy, near,
 -pouch, fishing-rod, and spear ;
 ry terrier, rough and grim,
 hound, with his length of limb,
 ter, now employ'd no more,
 our parlour's narrow floor ;
 his stall the impatient steed
 ondemn'd to rest and feed ;
 om our snow-encircled home,
 res the hardest step to roam,

Since path is none, save that to bring
 The needful water from the spring ;
 When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd
 o'er,
 Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
 And darkling politician, cross'd,
 Inveighs against the lingering post,
 And answering housewife sore complains
 Of carriers' snow-impeded wains ;
 When such the country cheer, I come,
 Well pleased, to seek our city home ;
 For converse, and for books, to change
 The Forest's melancholy range,
 And welcome, with renew'd delight,
 The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme
 Lament the ravages of time,
 As erst by Newark's riven towers,

And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.
 True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
 Since on her dusky summit ranged,
 Within its steepy limits pent,
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,
 Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
 Denying entrance or resort,
 Save at each tall embattled port;
 Above whose arch, suspended, hung
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
 That long is gone,—but not so long,
 Since, early closed, and opening late,
 Jealous revolved the studded gate,
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
 A wicket churlishly supplied.
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
 Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now,
 When safe amid thy mountain court
 Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
 And liberal, unconfined, and free,
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
 For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old,
 In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,
 She for the charmed spear renown'd,
 Which forced each knight to kiss the
 ground,—

Not she more changed, when, placed at
 rest,

What time she was Malbecco's guest,*
 She gave to flow her maiden vest;
 When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
 Free to the sight her bosom heaved;
 Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
 Erst hidden by the aventayle;
 And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
 Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
 They who whilom, in midnight fight,
 Had marvell'd at her matchless might,
 No less her maiden charms approved,
 But looking liked, and liking loved.
 The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
 And charm Malbecco's cares a while;
 And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
 Forgot his Columbella's claims,
 And passion, erst unknown, could gain

* See "The Fairy Queen," book iii. canto ix.

The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane;
 Nor durst light Paridel advance,
 Bold as he was, a looser glance.
 She charm'd, at once, and tamed
 heart,
 Imcomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair City! disarray'd
 Of battled wall, and rampart's aid
 As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
 Than in that panoply of war.
 Nor deem that from thy fenceless
 Strength and security are flown;
 Still, as of yore, Queen of the North,
 Still canst thou send thy children
 Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
 Thy burghers rose to man thy wall
 Than now, in danger, shall be thine
 Thy dauntless voluntary line;
 For fosse and turret proud to stand
 Their breasts the bulwarks of the land
 Thy thousands, train'd to martial
 Full red would stain their native
 Ere from thy mural crown there
 The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.
 And if it come,—as come it may,
 Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
 Renown'd for hospitable deed,
 That virtue much with Heaven
 plead,

In patriarchal times whose care
 Descending angels deign'd to share
 That claim may wrestle blessings
 On those who fight for The Good
 Destined in every age to be
 Refuge of injured royalty;
 Since first, when conquering York
 To Henry meek she gave repose,
 Till late, with wonder, grief, and
 Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw

Truce to these thoughts!—for
 they rise,
 How gladly I avert mine eyes,
 Bodings, or true or false, to change
 For Fiction's fair romantic range,
 Or for Tradition's dubious light,
 That hovers 'twixt the day and night
 Dazzling alternately and dim,
 Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim
 Knights, squires, and lovely dames, the
 Creation of my fantasy,

e abroad on reeky fen,
e of mists invading men.—
s not more the night of June
1 December's gloomy noon?
nlight than the fog of frost?
we say, which cheats the most?

so shall teach my harp to gain
of the romantic strain,
Anglo-Norman tones whilere
in the royal Henry's ear,
leauclerc call'd, for that he loved
strel, and his lay approved?
all these lingering notes redeem,
g on Oblivion's stream;
tes as from the Breton tongue
anslated, Blondel sung?—
1, Time's ravage to repair,
ke the dying Muse thy care;
hen his scythe her hoary foe
ising for the final blow,
apon from his hand could wring,
ak his glass, and shear his wing,
1, reviving in his strain,
tle poet live again;
who canst give to lightest lay
edantic moral gay,
s the dullest theme bid flit
gs of unexpected wit;
s as in life approved,
le honour'd, and beloved,—
LLIS! to the bard impart
n of thy magic art,

To win at once the head and heart,—
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practise, all can
preach,—

With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast
known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand,—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Court.

I.

ain has left the hills of Braid;
rrier guard have open made
idesay bade) the palisade,
closed the tented ground;
nen the warders backward drew,
rried pikes as they rode through,
its ample bound.
in the Scottish warriors there,
the Southern band to stare.
ivy with their wonder rose,
such well-appointed foes;

Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;
And little deem'd their force to feel,
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through;
And much he marvell'd one small land
Could marshal forth such various band:

For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and might,
With battle-axe and spear.

Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

Each warlike feat to show,
To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,
And lag a carvett, that met in vain
The sword-sway might descend again
On foeman's casque below.

He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,

For vizor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnish'd were their corslets bright,
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.

Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd
In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,

With iron quilted well;
Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore.

As fowls statutes tell,
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
A crossbow there, a nag's head here,
A dagger knife, and brand.

Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer,
As loath to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand;
Or wondering, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land.

Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie;

More dreadful far his ire,
Than lions, who, scorn'd danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valour like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer bred to war,
He knew the battle's din afar,
And joy'd to hear it swell.

His peaceful day was slothful
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could
Like the loud slogan yell.

On active steed, with lance and
The light arm'd prickler paced his

Let nobles fight for fame,
Let vassals follow where they led
Burghers, to guard their townships.

But war's the Borderer's game,
Their gain, their glory, their delight
To sleep the day, mairaid the night

O'er mountain, moss, and moor,
Joyful to fight they took their

Scarce caring who might win the
Their booty was secure.

These, as Lord Marmion's train
by,

Look'd on at first with careless
Nor marvell'd aught, well they
knew

The form and force of English
But when they saw the Lord arm'd
In splendid arms, and rich broc'd
Each Borderer to his kinsman

"Hut, Kinga!" seest thou this
Canst guess which road they'll
ward ride?"

O could we but on Border side
By Fossevale glen, or Laddes
Beset a prize so fair!

That fangless Lion, too, their
Might chance to lose his
Brown Man him, of that doubtless
Could make a kittle rare.

V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celts
Of different language, form, and

A various race of man,
Just then the Cliffs then tribes
And wild and garish semblance
The chequer'd trows, and belted
And varying notes the war pipes

To every varying clan,
Wild through their red or sable
Look'd out their eyes with swag

On Marmion as he pass'd,
Their legs above the knees were
Their frame was sinewy, short, and

And harden'd to the blast,
Of taller race, the chiefs they
Were by the eagle's plumage

Red-deer's undress'd hide
buskins well supplied ;
I bonnet deck'd their head :
their shoulders hung the plaid ;
word of unwieldy length,
proved for edge and strength,
and target they wore,
swords, bows, and shafts,—but O !
the shaft, and weak the bow,
which England bore.

men carried at their backs
the Danish battle-axe.
With a wild and wondering cry,
his guide rode Marmion by.
With their clamouring tongues, as
the
the sea-fowl leave the fen,
their cries discordant mix'd,
and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI.

Through the Scottish camp they
passed,
and the City gate at last,
around, a wakeful guard,
the archers kept their watch and
died.
The cause of jealous fear,
encamp'd, in field so near,
the warrior and the Mountaineer.
In the bustling streets they go,
alive with martial show :
the drum, with dinning clang,
the smith's anvil clash'd and rang ;
the swarthy smith, to wheel
that arms the charger's heel ;
the falchion, to the side
the grindstone was applied.
The squire, and squire, with hurrying
pace,
the street, and lane, and market-
place,
the casque, or sword ;
the archers, with important face,
addressed each new-come lord,
his lineage, told his name,
his ring, and his warlike fame.
Led to lodging meet,
the king o'erlook'd the crowded
street ;
must the Baron rest,
the hour of *vesper tide*,

And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train ;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holy-rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee :
King James within her princely bower
Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,
Summon'd to spend the parting hour ;
For he had charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch aye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past ;
It was his blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing ;
There ladies touched a softer string ;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;
While some, in close recess apart,
Court'd the ladies of their heart,
Nor court'd them in vain ;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain ;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and
game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,

Although, his courtesy to show,
He loff'd, to Marmion bending low,
His broder'd cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's
crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown:
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldrich bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue:—
Said lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joy'd in banquet bower;
But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, him seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,

And, straining on the tightest,
Scours doubly swift o'er hull and

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtier
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife he
To Scotland's Court she came
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cressford's gallant heart he
And with the King to make an
Had sent his lovely dame
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance owe
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring as a
And charged him, as her knight
For her to break a lance,
And strike three strokes with
brand,
And march three miles on South
And bid the banners of his banner
In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen
His manly limbs in mailed vest
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share
And thus, for both, he madly
The ruin of himself and land
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's
Were worth one pearl-drop, but
sheen.

From Margaret's eyes that fell
His own Queen Margaret, who
gown's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the we

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil
Her Monarch's risk in battle
And in gay Holy-rood, the wife
Dame Heriot rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play
Far was her rounded arm, as
The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touch'd and tuned
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plumer given to view;
For, and for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood un-

she pitch'd her voice to sing,
 nced her dark eye on the King,
 around the silent ring;
 h'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
 y oath, by Yea, and Nay,

She could not, would not, durst not play!
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,
 A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
 While thus the wily lady sung:—

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprang;
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost battle of Netherby e'er did they see,
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII

The monarch o'er the siren hung,
 And beat the measure as she sang;
 And, pressing closer, and more near,
 He whisper'd praises in her ear.
 In loud applause the courtiers vied,
 And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside
 The wifeling dame that Marmion threw
 A glance, where seem'd to reign
 The pride that claims applauses due,
 And of her royal conquest too,
 A real or feign'd disdain.
 Familiar was the look, and toll,
 Marmion and she were friends of old.
 The king observed their meeting eyes,
 With something like displeasure, surprise;
 For monarchs all can rivals brook,
 Even in a word, or smile, or look.
 Straight took he forth the parchment
 broad,
 Which Marmion's high commission
 shew'd.

"Our borders sack'd by many a raid,
 Our peaceful legemen robb'd," he said;
 "On Friday true our Warden slain,
 Stout Barton kild his vassals slain—
 Unworthy were we here to reign,
 Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
 Our fall defiance, hate, and scorn,
 Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He pause'd, and led where Douglas stood
 And with stern eye the pageant view'd.
 I mean that Douglas, sixth of name,
 Who coronet of Angus bore,
 And when his blood and heart were high
 Did the third James in camp defy.

And all his minions led to die
 On Lander's dreary flat:
 Princes and favourites long grew
 And trembled at the homely name
 Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat,
 The same who left the dusky vale
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
 Its dungeons, and its towers,
 Where Rethwell's turrets brave
 And Botwell bank is blooming
 To fix his princely bowers.
 Though now, in age, he had laid
 His armour for the peaceful grow,
 And for a staff his brand,
 Yet often would flash forth the brand
 That call'd, in youth, a monarch;
 And Marmion's pride well stand
 And even that day, at court, I bore
 Unapt to soothe his sovereign's
 Against the war had Angus stood
 And chafed his royal lord.

XV.

His giant form, like ruin'd tower,
 Though fall'n its muscles' brawn,
 Huge boned, and tall, and grim
 gaunt,

Seem'd o'er the giddy scene to
 His locks and beard in silver grey
 His eyebrows kept their sable hue
 Near Douglas when the March
 His bitter speech he thus pursued
 "Forlorn Marmion, since these letters
 That in the North you need not mind

While slightest hopes of peace
 Uncourteous speech it were, and
 To say—Return to Lindsarne,
 Until my herald come again—

on Tantalton Hold ;
 all be the Douglas bold,—
 e his sires of old.
 ir motto on his blade,
 o'er his towers display'd ;
 sovereign to oppose,
 face his country's foes.
 hink me, by St Stephen,
 morn to me was given
 first-fruits of the war,
 alley from Dunbar,
 the maids of Heaven.
 guard, these holy maids
 turn to cloister shades,
 they at Tantalton stay,
 Cochran's soul may say."
 the slaughter'd favourite's
 Monarch's brow there came
 ire, remorse and shame.

XVI.

ought could Angus speak ;
 heart swell'd wellnigh to
 k :
 side, and down his cheek
 g tear there stole.
 he Monarch sudden took,
 is kind heart could not brook :
 by the Bruce's soul,
 'hasty speech forgive !
 doth his spirit live,
 of the Douglas old,
 ay say of you,—
 : King did subject hold,
 more free, in war more bold,
 nder and more true :
 e, Douglas, once again." —
 e the King his hand did strain,
 an's tears fell down like rain.
 he moment Marmion tried,
 per'd to the King aside :
 such tears unwonted plead
 e short from dubious deed !
 ill weep a bramble's smart,
 o see her sparrow part,
 g for a woman's heart :
 waits a country, when
 he tears of bearded men.
 ! what omen, dark and high,
 nglas wets his manly eye !"

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger
 view'd
 And tamper'd with his changing mood.
 "Laugh those that can, weep those that
 may,"
 Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
 "Southward I march by break of day ;
 And if within Tantalton strong,
 The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
 Perchance our meeting next may fall
 At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
 The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
 And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt :
 "Much honour'd were my humble home,
 If in its halls King James should come ;
 But Nottingham has archers good,
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood ;
 Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
 On Derby hills the paths are steep ;
 In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;
 And many a banner will be torn,
 And many a knight to earth be borne,
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
 Ere Scotland's King shall cross the
 Trent :
 Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you
 may !"—
 The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
 And to his nobles loud did call,—
 "Lords, to the dance,—a hall ! a hall !"
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
 And led Dame Heron gallantly ;
 And minstrels, at the royal order,
 Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the
 Border."

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell
 What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,
 Whose galley, as they sail'd again
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,
 Till James should of their fate decide ;
 And soon, by his command,
 Were gently summon'd to prepare
 To journey under Marmion's care,
 As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,
 Again to English land.

* The ancient cry to make room for a dance,
 or pageant.

The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,
Nor knew which saint she should im-
plore ;

For, when she thought of Constance,
sore

She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt '—
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under Heaven
By these defenceless maids :

Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun ?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian join'd ;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warn'd him by a scroll,

She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's weal,
And health of sinners' soul ;

And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street,

To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city lum was by
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,

You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his bodding wing
On Giles's steeple tall

The antique buildings, climbing high,
Huge Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade ;

There on their brows the moon
broke,

Through the faint wreaths of
smoke,

And on the casements play'd.

And other light was none to see

Save torches gliding far,

Before some chieftain of degree

Who left the royal revelry

To bowne him for the war.—

A solemn scene the Abbess chose

A solemn hour, her secret to disclose

XXI.

"O, holy Palmer !" she began.—

"For sure he must be sainted nun

Whose blessed feet have trod the

Where the Redeemer's tomb is for

For His dear Church's sake, my

Attend, nor deem of light avail,

Though I must speak of worldly

How vain to those who wed above

De Wilton and Lord Marmion with

Clara de Clare, of Gloucester's blood

(Idle it were of Whitby's lame,

To say of that same blood I came

And once, when jealous rage was

Lord Marmion said despitously,

Wilton was traitor in his heart,

And had made league with

Swart,

When he came here on Simnel's

And only cowardice did restrain

His rebel aid on Stokesfield's plain

And down he threw his glove

thing

Was tried, as wont, before the King

Where frankly did De Wilton own

That Swart in Gueldres he had won

And that between them then they

Some scroll of courteous complicity

For this he to his castle sent ;

But when his messenger return'd,

Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd

For in his packet there were laid

Letters that clann'd disloyal aid,

And proved King Henry's cause

tray'd.

His fame, thus blighted, in the field

He strove to clear, by spear and shield

To clear his fame in vain he strove

For wondrous are His ways above

ne form was unobserved ;
 rayer, or faith, he swerved ;
 d guiltless champion quail,
 lessed ordeal fail ?

XXII.

who now De Wilton saw
 oom'd to suffer law,
 own'd in vain,
 e had the scrolls in care,
 iden, passing fair,
 him with a beverage rare ;
 no faith could gain.
 lone he credence won,
 than wed Marmion,
 Hilda's shrine repair,
 ouse her livings fair,
 tal vot'ress there.
 rom the earth was given,
 to the paths of heaven.
 , a lovelier maid,
 d her in Whitby's shade,
 Saxon Edelfled ;
 ace of earthly strain,
 her lover's loss
 es a sorrow vain,
 murs at the cross. —
 er heritage ;—it goes
 e banks of Tame ;
 of grain the reaper mows,
 s rich the heifer lows,
 er and huntsman knows
 lands for the game.
 t to Saint Hilda dear,
 amble vot'ress here,
 a deadly sin,
 poil'd before mine eyes,
 armion such a prize
 ent should win ;
 boisterous Monarch sworn,
 all from our house be torn ;
 cause have I to fear,
 doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

er, helpless, and betray'd
 ; I claim thine aid,
 ep that thou hast trod
 e and grotto dim,
 tyr's tortured limb,
 it, and seraphim,
 Church of God !

For mark :— When Wilton was betray'd,
 And with his squire forged letters laid,
 She was, alas ! that sinful maid

By whom the deed was done,—
 O ! shame and horror to be said !—

She was a perjured nun !
 No clerk in all the land, like her,
 Traced quaint and varying character.
 Perchance you may a marvel deem,
 That Marmion's paramour
 (For such vile thing she was) should
 scheme

Her lover's nuptial hour ;
 But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
 As privy to his honour's stain,

Illimitable power :
 For this she secretly retain'd
 Each proof that might the plot reveal,
 Instructions with his hand and seal ;
 And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,
 Through sinners' perfidy impure,
 Her house's glory to secure,
 And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

" 'Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
 How to my hand these papers fell ;

With me they must not stay.
 Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true !
 Who knows what outrage he might do,
 While journeying by the way ?—

O, blessed Saint, if e'er again
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,
 To travel or by land or main,

Deep penance may I pay !—
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :
 I give this packet to thy care,
 For thee to stop they will not dare ;

And O ! with cautious speed,
 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
 That he may show them to the King :

And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,
 While priests can sing and read.—
 What ail'st thou ?—Speak !"—For as
 he took

The charge, a strong emotion shook
 His frame ; and, ere reply,
 They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,
 That on the breeze did die ;

And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
 "Saint Withold, save us!—What is
 here!

Look at yon City Cross!
 See on its battled tower appear
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,
 And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
 Rose on a turret octagon;
 (But now is razed that monument,
 Whence royal edict rang,
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent
 In glorious trumpet-clang.
 O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
 Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
 A minstrel's malison is said.)—
 Then on its battlements they saw
 A vision, passing Nature's law,
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
 Figures that seem'd to rise and die,
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
 While nought confirm'd could ear or eye
 Discern of sound or mien.
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there
 Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
 With trumpet sound, and blazon fair,
 A summons to proclaim;
 But indistinct the pageant proud,
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
 When flings the moon upon her shroud
 A wavering tinge of flame;
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,
 This awful summons came:—

XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
 Whose names I now shall call,
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear!
 Subjects of him who sent me here,
 At his tribunal to appear,
 I summon one and all:
 I cite you by each deadly sin,
 That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within;
 I cite you by each brutal lust,
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
 By wrath, by pride, by fear,
 By each o'er-mastering passion's tone,
 By the dark grave, and dying groan!

When forty days are pass'd and gone
 I cite you, at your Monarch's throne
 To answer and appear."—

Then thunder'd forth a roll of names
 The first was thine, unhappy James!
 Then all thy nobles came;

Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
 Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,
 Why should I tell their separate style?

Each chief of birth and fame,
 Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
 Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage pile

Was cited there by name;
 And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye;
 De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
 The self-same thundering voice did say

But then another spoke:
 "Thy fatal summons I deny,
 And thine infernal Lord defy,
 Appealing me to Him on High,
 Who burst the sinner's yoke."

At that dread accent, with a scream
 Parted the pageant like a dream,
 The summoner was gone.

Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
 And fast, and fast, her beads did tell
 Her nuns came, startled by the yell
 And found her there alone.

She mark'd not, at the scene aghast
 What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth now

Dun-Edin's streets are empty now
 Save when, for weal of those they

To pray the prayer, and vow the
 The tottering child, the anxious fair,
 The grey-hair'd sire, with pious care
 To chapels and to shrines repair—

Where is the Palmer now? and where
 The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?
 Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair

They journey in thy charge:
 Lord Marmion rode on his right horse,
 The Palmer still was with the band
 Angus, like Lindesay, did command

That none should roam at large.
 But in that Palmer's alter'd mien
 A wondrous change might now be seen
 Freely he spoke of war,
 Of marvels wrought by single hand

For a native land ;
 And high, as if he plann'd
 To create deed afar.
 Would he feed and stroke,
 And up his sable frocke,
 His mettle bold provoke,
 He or quell his pride.
 Said, that never one
 But Lord Marmion,
 Fairly ride.

XXVIII.

Our's march behind, there
 The govern'd fair,
 Riting Hilda's Dame,
 Her nuns, and Clare.
 Had Lord Marmion sought ;
 And to aggravate
 Clare's suspicious hate ;
 Was, he thought,
 All, from the nuns removed,
 Hence of kinsmen loved,
 By Henry's self approved,
 Consent had wrought.
 A flickering flame, that dies
 And fann'd by looks and sighs,
 And oft at lady's eyes ;
 To stretch his wide command
 O'er Clara's ample land :
 When Wilton with him vied,
 The pang of humbled pride
 Of jealousy supplied,
 But, by that meanness won
 Hath'd to think upon,
 Times, to hate the cause,
 Him burst through honour's
 And 'twas her alone,
 Within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

When close at hand they saw
 Wick's town, and lofty Law,
 He bade them pause a while,
 A venerable pile,
 Heretofore view'd, afar,
 Pass, the Lambie Isle,
 In peace or war.
 And a bell, forth came
 The venerable Dame,
 Saint Hilda's Abbess rest

With her, a loved and honour'd guest,
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare
 To waft her back to Whitby fair.
 Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
 And thank'd the Scottish Prioress ;
 And tedious were to tell, I ween,
 The courteous speech that pass'd be-
 tween.

O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave ;
 But when fair Clara did intend,
 Like them, from horseback to descend,
 Fitz-Eustace said,—“ I grieve,
 Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
 Such gentle company to part ;—

Think not discourtesy,
 But lords' commands must be obey'd ;
 And Marmion and the Douglas said,
 That you must wend with me.
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
 Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
 Commanding that, beneath his care,
 Without delay, you shall repair
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-
 Clare.”

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd ;
 But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,
 Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—
 She deem'd she heard her death-doom
 read.

“ Cheer thee, my child !” the Abbess
 said,

“ They dare not tear thee from my hand,
 To ride alone with armed band.”—

“ Nay, holy mother, nay,”
 Fitz-Eustace said, “ the lovely Clare
 Will be in Lady Angus' care,

In Scotland while we stay ;
 And, when we move, an easy ride
 Will bring us to the English side,
 Female attendance to provide
 Befitting Gloster's heir ;
 Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,
 By slightest look, or act, or word,
 To harass Lady Clare.

Her faithful guardian he will be,
 Nor sue for slightest courtesy
 That e'en to stranger falls,
 Till he shall place her, safe and free,
 Within her kinsman's halls.”

He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace;
 His faith was painted on his face,
 And that face's worst tear reliev'd.
 The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
 On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
 Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;
 To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,
 Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
 And call'd the Friar to aid,
 To curse with candle, bell, and book.
 Her head the grave Cistercian shook:
 "The Douglas, and the King," she said,
 "In their commands will be obey'd.
 Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
 The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
 Assumed her wonted state again, -
 For much of state she had,
 Composed her veil, and raised her head,
 And "Bless'd," in solemn voice she said,
 "Thy master, bold and bad,
 The records of his house turn o'er,
 And, when he shall there written see,
 That one of his own ancestry
 Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,
 Bid him his fate explore -
 Pruning in pride of earthly trust,
 His charger hurled him to the dust,
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,
 He seal'd his band before
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;
 He is a Chief of high degree,
 And I a poor recluse.
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
 Even such weak minister as me
 May the oppressor bruise -
 For thus, inspired, old Judith slay
 The mighty in his sin,
 And Jael thus, and Deborah" -
 Here hasty Blount broke in -
 "Fitz Eustace, we must march our band;
 St Anton's fire thee wilt thou stand
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
 To hear the lady preach?
 By this good light! if thus we stay,
 Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,
 Will sharper sermon teach.
 Come, d'ou thy cap, and mount thy horse;
 The Dame must patience take per-
 force." -

XXXII.

"Submit we then to force,"
 "But let this barbarous Lord
 His purposed aim to win;
 Let him take living, land, and
 But to be Marmion's wedded
 In me were deadly sin.
 And if it be the King's decree
 That I must find no sanctuary
 In that inviolable dome,
 Where even a homicide might
 And safely rest his head,
 Though at its open portals stand
 Thirsting to pour forth blood
 The kinsmen of the dead;
 Yet one asylum is my own
 Against the dreaded hour;
 A low, a silent, and a lone,
 Where kings have little power
 One victim is before me there
 Mother, your blessing, and in
 Remember your unhappy Clare
 Loud weeps the Abbess, and
 Kind blessings many a one
 Weeping and wailing loud are
 Round patient Clare, the clame
 Of every simple nun
 His eyes the gentle Eustace d
 And scarce rude Blount the s
 bide.

Then took the squire her re
 And gently led away her steed
 And, by each courteous word
 To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band
 When o'er a height they pass'd
 And, sudden, close before them
 His towers, Tantallon vast
 Broad, massive, high, and stre
 And held impregnable in war
 On a projecting rock they rose
 And round three sides the ocean
 The fourth did battled walls
 And double mound and fort
 By narrow drawbridge, outworn
 Through staddle gates, an entrance
 To the main court they cross'd
 It was a wide and stately square
 Around were lodgings, fit and
 And towers of various form

the court projected far,
e its lines quadrangular.
square keep, there turret high,
le that sought the sky,
ft the Warder could descry
thering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

they rest. — The princely care
as, why should I declare,
ey met reception fair?
r the tidings say,
arying, to Tantallon came,
ng posts, or fleeter fame,
very varying day?
t, they heard King James had
on
md Wark, and Ford; and then,
'orham Castle strong was ta'en.
ore marvell'd Marmion;—
iglas hoped his monarch's hand
on subdue Northumberland:
isper'd news there came,
ile his host inactive lay,
ted by degrees away,
nes was dallying off the day
Heron's wily dame.—

Such acts to chronicles I yield;
Go seek them there and see:
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history —
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their
post,

Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain.
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gather'd in the Southern land,
And march'd into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe, and swear:—
"A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day:
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay."
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

To RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Mertoun-House, Christmas.

more wood!—the wind is chill;
t whistle as it will,
ep our Christmas merry still.
e has deem'd the new-born year
st time for festal cheer:
eathen yet, the savage Dane
ore deep the mead did drain;
the beach his galleys drew,
sted all his pirate crew;
his low and pine-built hall,
hields and axes deck'd the wall,
rged upon the half-dress'd steer;
d in seas of sable beer
ound, in brutal jest, were thrown
f-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone,
n'd all, in grim delight,
calds yell'd out t'ie joys of fight.
rth, in frenzy, would they hie,
wildly-loose their red locks fly,
ncing round the blazing pile,

They make such barbarous mirth the
while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall

To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose ;
 The Lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;
 Then the grim boar's head frown'd on
 high,

Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
 How, when, and where, the monster fell ;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The washel round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
 Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But, O ! what maskers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest
 ale ;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the
 year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,

Some remnants of the good old
 And still, within our valleys he
 We hold the kindred title dear,
 Even when, perchance, its fa
 claim

To Southron ear sounds empty
 For course of blood, our proverb
 Is warmer than the mountain-s
 And thus, my Christmas still I
 Where my great-grandsire cam
 With amber beard, and flaxen
 And reverend apostolic air—
 The feast and holy-tide to shar
 And mix sobriety with wine,
 And honest mirth with thought
 Small thought was his, in after
 E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme
 The simple sire could only bo
 That he was loyal to his cost ;
 The banish'd race of kings rev
 And lost his land,—but kept h

In these dear halls, where welc
 Is with fair liberty combined ;
 Where cordial friendship gives t
 And flies constraint the magic
 Of the fair dame that rules the
 Little we heed the tempest dre
 While music, mirth, and social
 Speed on their wings the passi
 And Mertoun's halls are fair e'
 When not a leaf is on the boug
 Tweed loves them well, and tur
 As loath to leave the sweet dor
 And holds his mirror to her fac
 And clips her with a close emb
 Gladly as he, we seek the dom
 And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time c
 My thoughts should, Heber, tur
 For many a merry hour we've
 And heard the chimes of midnig
 Cease, then, my friend ! a mom
 And leave these classic tomes i
 Of Roman and of Grecian lore
 Sure mortal brain can hold no
 These ancients, as Noll Bluff m
 "Were pretty fellows in their c
 But time and tide o'er all prev
 On Christmas eve a Christmas
 Of wonder and of war—"Prof
 What ! leave the lofty Latian s

prose, her verse's charms,
 clash of rusty arms :
 and or Limbo lost,
 conjuror and ghost,
 witch ! "—Nay, Heber dear,
 touch my charter, hear ;
 when aids, alas ! no more,
 with many-languaged lore,
 say :—in realms of death
 its Alcides' wraith ;
 on Thracia's shore,
 of murder'd Polydore ;
 we in Livy cross,
 in, *locutus Bos*.
 and duly speaks that ox,
 and the price of stocks ;
 Rome republican,
 of Common-councilman.
 men have their omens drear,
 and wild of woe and fear.
 a look—the peasant see,
 in of Glendowerdy,
 "the spirit's Blasted Tree."
 under, whose red claymore
 turn'd on Maida's shore,
 Friday morn, look pale,
 tell a fairy tale :
 the vengeful Elfin King,
 is that day his grassy ring :
 no human ken,
 among the sons of men.
 'er, dear Heber, pass along
 the towers of Franchémont,
 as an eagle's nest in air,
 the stream and hamlet fair ?
 their vaults, the peasants say,
 treasure buried lay,
 through rapine and through
 long
 the Lord of Franchémont.
 chest is bolted hard,
 in sits, its constant guard ;
 its neck his horn is hung,
 in his belt is slung ;
 feet his blood-hounds lie :
 not for his gloomy eye,
 withering glance no heart can
 look,
 huntsman doth he look,
 e'er in brake did sound,
 follow'd to a hound.

To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
 In that same dungeon ever tries
 An aged Necromantic Priest ;
 It is an hundred years at least,
 Since 'twixt them first the strife begun,
 And neither yet has lost nor won.
 And oft the Conjuror's words will make
 The stubborn Demon groan and quake ;
 And oft the bands of iron break,
 Or bursts one lock, that still amain,
 Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.
 That magic strife within the tomb
 May last until the day of doom,
 Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
 The very word that clench'd the spell,
 When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure
 cell.
 An hundred years are pass'd and gone,
 And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
 Excuse for old Pitscottie say ;
 Whose gossip history has given
 My song the messenger from Heaven,
 That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's
 King,
 Nor less the infernal summoning ;
 May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
 Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail ;
 May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave.
 But why such instances to you,
 Who, in an instant, can renew
 Your treasured hoards of various lore,
 And furnish twenty thousand more ?
 Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
 While gripple owners still refuse
 To others what they cannot use ;
 Give them the priest's whole century,
 They shall not spell you letters three ;
 Their pleasure in the books the same
 The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.
 Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
 Delight, amusement, science, art,
 To every ear and eye impart ;
 Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
 Can like the owner's self enjoy them ?—
 But, hark ! I hear the distant drum !
 The day of Flodden Field is come.—
 Adieu, dear Heber ! life and health,
 And store of literary wealth !

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,
 And each hour brought a varying tale,
 And the demeanour, changed and cold,
 Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
 And, like the impatient steed of war,
 He snuff'd the battle from afar ;
 And hopes were none, that back again
 Herald should come from Terouenne,
 Where England's King in leaguer lay,
 Before decisive battle-day ;
 Whilst these things were, the mournful
 Clare

Did in the Dame's devotions share :
 For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
 To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
 And, with short interval, did pass
 From prayer to book, from book to mass,
 And all in high Baronial pride,—
 A life both dull and dignified ;—
 Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
 Upon her intervals of rest,
 Dejected Clara well could bear
 The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
 Though dearest to her wounded heart
 The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
 Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
 Many a rude tower and rampart there
 Repell'd the insult of the air,
 Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
 Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
 Above the rest, a turret square
 Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
 Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;
 The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
 And in the chief three mullets stood,
 The cognizance of Douglas blood.
 The turret held a narrow stair,
 Which, mounted, gave you access where
 A parapet's embattled row
 Did seaward round the castle go.
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
 Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
 Sometimes in platform broad extending,
 Its varying circle did combine

Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
 And bastion, tower, and vantage-point
 Above the booming ocean leant
 The far projecting battlement ;
 The billows burst, in ceaseless flow
 Upon the precipice below.
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
 Gate-works, and walls, were strong
 mann'd ;
 No need upon the sea-girt side ;
 The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
 Approach of human step denied ;
 And thus these lines, and ramparts
 Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clara
 Would to these battlements repair,
 And muse upon her sorrows there,
 And list the sea-bird's cry ; :
 Or slow, like noontide ghost, would
 Along the dark grey bulwarks' side,
 And ever on the heaving tide
 Look down with weary eye.
 Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
 Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fan
 A home she ne'er might see again ;
 For she had laid adown,
 So Douglas bade, the hood and veil
 And frontlet of the cloister pale,
 And Benedictine gown :
 It were unseemly sight, he said,
 A novice out of convent shade.—
 Now her bright locks, with sunny gleam
 Again adorn'd her brow of snow ;
 Her mantle rich, whose borders, ro
 A deep and fretted broiderie bound,
 In golden foldings sought the grow
 Of holy ornament, alone
 Remain'd a cross with ruby stone ;
 And often did she look
 On that which in her hand she bore
 With velvet bound, and broider'd
 Her breviary book.
 In such a place, so lone, so grim,
 At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
 It fearful would have been

form so richly dress'd,
 in hand, and cross on breast,
 with a woeful mien.
 He loitering with his bow,
 on the gull and crow,
 at distance, gliding slow,
 and by Mary swear,—
 the lorn Fay she might have been,
 Romance, some spell-bound
 seen;
 in work-day world, was seen
 so witching fair.

IV.

Thinking thus, at evening tide,
 and a gliding sail she spied,
 nothing, thought—"The Abbess,
 here,
 ce, does to her home repair;
 ceful rule, where Duty, free,
 and in hand with Charity;
 oft Devotion's tranced glow
 with a glimpse of heaven bestow,
 the enraptured sisters see
 vision, and deep mystery;
 ry form of Hilda fair,
 ng upon the sunny air,
 ailing on her votaries' prayer.
 erefore, to my duller eye,
 ill the Saint her form deny!
 t, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,
 art could neither melt nor burn?
 my warm affections low,
 im, that taught them first to glow?
 entle Abbess, well I knew,
 r thy kindness grateful due,
 all could brook the mild command,
 uled thy simple maiden band.
 ifferent now! condemn'd to bide
 om from this dark tyrant's pride.—
 armion has to learn, ere long,
 onstant mind, and hate of wrong,
 ided to a feeble girl,
 ed De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:
 h a stem, a sapling weak,
 er shall bend, although he break.

V.

see!—what makes this armour
 here?"—
in her path there lay

Targe, corslet, helm;—she view'd them
 near.—

"The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much
 I fear,

Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's
 spear,

That hath made fatal entrance here,

As these dark blood-gouts say.—

Thus Wilton! Oh! not corslet's ward,

Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,

Could be thy manly bosom's guard,

On yon disastrous day!"

She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—

WILTON himself before her stood!

It might have seem'd his passing ghost,

For every youthful grace was lost;

And joy unwonted, and surprise,

Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—

Expect not, noble dames and lords,

That I can tell such scene in words:

What skilful limner e'er would choose

To paint the rainbow's varying hues,

Unless to mortal it were given

To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?

Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade;

Brightening to rapture from despair,

Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,

And joy, with her angelic air,

And hope, that paints the future fair,

Their varying hues display'd:

Each o'er its rival's ground extending,

Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,

Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,

And mighty Love retains the field.

Shortly I tell what then he said,

By many a tender word delay'd,

And modest blush, and bursting sigh,

And question kind, and fond reply:—

VI.

De Wilton's History.

"Forget we that disastrous day,

When senseless in the lists I lay.

Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot
 know,

For sense and recollection fled,—

I found me on a pallet low,

Within my ancient beadsman's shed.

Austin,—Remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst clush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless
pair?—

Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,
He only held my ~~loving~~ head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;

For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his ~~own~~ attendance wrought,

With him I left my native strand,
And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journey'd many a land;

No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.

Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,

Or wild mad schemes spread
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would recover him soon.

Ah! while upon his dying bed,
He begg'd of me a boon—

If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my hand should conquer'd lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was taken,
Full well the paths I knew.

Fame of my fate in various sound,
That eath'ly pilgrimage I found,
That I had perished of my wound, —

None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And to me I my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.

A chance most wondrous did provide,
That I should be that Baron's guide—
—his name!—

Vengeance to God alone belong,
But, when I think on all my wrong,
My blood is liquid flame!

And ne'er the time shall I forget
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange;
What were his thoughts I cannot
But in my ~~hansom~~ master's Hell
His plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew
Brought to us a village tale;
Which wrought up on his mood,
And sent him armed forth by me
I borrow'd steed and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping
And, passing from a postern
We met, and counter'd hand to hand
He fell on Gifford moor.

For the death stroke my brand
(O then my helmeted head he knew
The Palmer's cowl was gone,
Then had three inches of my blade
The heaven's gift of vengeance paid
My hand the thought of Austin

I left him there alone
O good old man! even from the
Thy spirit could thy master save
If I had slain my kinsman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fee
Given to my hand this packet
Of power to clear my injured fan
And vindicate De Wilton's name
Perchance you heard the Abbess
Of the strange pageantry of Hell

That broke our secret speech—
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or feath'ly was some juggle play'd

A tale of peace to teach
Appeal to Heaven I judged was
When my name came among the

IX

"Now here, within Tantallon Hall
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known
Won by my proofs, his satchel
This eve anew shall dub me knight
These were the arms that once
The tale of fight on Otterburne,

otspur forced to yield,
 and Douglas won the field.
 gave—his armourer's care,
 ll every breach repair ;
 e said, was in his halls,
 mour on the walls,
 rgers in the stalls,
 priests, and grey-hair'd

all in Twisel glen.
 atch my armour here,
 s, till midnight's near ;
 ain a belted knight,
 camp with dawn of light.

X.

again we meet, my Clare !
 eans to guide thee there :
 es his King's command,
 take thee from his band.
 kinsman, Surrey, too,
 Wilton justice due.
 ar for martial broil,
 bs, and strung by toil,
 —“O Wilton ! must we

and happiness again,
 f arms once more ?
 not an humble glen,
 content and poor,
 cottage in the shade,
 ou, and I to aid
 a dale and moor ?——
 g brow !—too well I know,
 Clare can peace bestow,
 hood stains thy name :
 ht ! Clare bids thee go !
 arrior's feelings know,
 a warrior's shame ;
 l Gilbert's spirit feel,
 urs upon thy heel,
 with thy brand of steel,
 hee forth to fame !”

XI.

pon the rocks and bay,
 moonbeam slumbering lay,
 s silver light, and pure,
 -hole, and through embra-
 allon tower and hall ;

But chief where arched windows wide
 Illuminate the chapel's pride,
 The sober glances fall.
 Much was there need ; though seam'd
 with scars,
 Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
 Though two grey priests were there,
 And each a blazing torch held high,
 You could not by their blaze descry
 The chapel's carving fair.
 Amid that dim and smoky light,
 Chequering the silvery moonshine bright,
 A bishop by the altar stood,
 A noble lord of Douglas blood,
 With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
 Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye
 But little pride of prelacy ;
 More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
 He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
 Than that beneath his rule he held
 The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.
 Beside him ancient Angus stood,
 Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood :
 O'er his huge form and visage pale,
 He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;
 And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
 Upon the huge and sweeping brand
 Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
 His foeman's limbs to shred away,
 As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
 He seem'd as, from the tombs around
 Rising at judgment-day,
 Some giant Douglas may be found
 In all his old array ;
 So pale his face, so huge his limb,
 So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
 And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;
 And think what next he must have felt,
 At buckling of the falchion belt !
 And judge how Clara changed her hue,
 While fastening to her lover's side
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,
 He once had found untrue !
 Then Douglas struck him with his blade :
 “Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
 I dub thee knight.
 Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !
 For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
 See that thou fight.” —

And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said "Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble;
For He, who honours best bestows,
May give thee double."
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother."
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field,
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely do thy worst;
And foul fall him that blanches first!"

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride,
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the Royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide—
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey's flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he
said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke.
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall
still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—"This to me!" he said,
"Aid were not for thy hoary head,
Such hand as Marmion's had not
To cleave the Douglas head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Earl,
He, who does England's message,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy
And, Douglas, more I tell thee
Even in thy patch of pride.
Here in thy hold, thy vassals ne'er
(Nay, never look up on your lord
And lay your hands upon your sword
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, "And
thou then

To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed
go?"

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell,
Up drawbridge, grooms—what
der, he!

Let the portcullis fall!"—
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well w
need,

And dash'd the rowels in his steel
Like arrow through the archway
The ponderous grate behind him
To pass there was such scanty room
The bars, descending, razed his

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge
Just as it trembled on the rise.
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level beam
And when Lord Marmion reach'd
band,
He halts, and turns with clenched
And shout of loud defiance pour'd
And shook his gauntlet at the tower
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas
"and chase!"

But soon he rein'd his fury's pace

messenger he came,
 st unworthy of the name.—
 ged ! Saint Jude to speed !
 ight so foul a deed !
 heart it liked me ill,
 King praised his clerkly skill.
 Saint Bothan, son of mine,
 in, ne'er could pen a line :
 and I swear it still,
 -bishop fret his fill.—
 mend my fiery mood !
 er cools the Douglas blood,
 o slay him where he stood.
 him too," he cried :
 he speak, and fairly ride,
 him a warrior tried."
 his mandate he recalls,
 seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

Marmion's journey wore ;
 s passion's gust was o'er,
 s'd the heights of Stanrig-
 or.
 more closely there he scann'd,
 l the Palmer from the band.—
 "not," young Blount did say,
 ed at the peep of day ;
 th, it was in strange array."—
 array ?" said Marmion, quick.
 d, I ill can spell the trick ;
 ght long, with clink and bang,
 y couch did hammers clang ;
 he falling drawbridge rang,
 a loop-hole while I peep,
 he-Cat came from the Keep,
 n a gown of sables fair,
 of the morning air ;
 when that was blown aside,
 irt of mail I spied,
 ald won in bloody work,
 e Saracen and Turk :
 it hung not in the hall ;
 some marvel would befall.
 I saw them saddled lead
 ot forth, the Earl's best steed ;
 ss horse, though something old,
 his paces, cool and bold.
 e Sheriff Sholto say,
 did much the Master pray
 n on the battle-day ;

But he preferr'd"—"Nay, Henry,
 cease !
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy
 peace.—
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray
 What did Blount see at break of day?"—

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried
 (For then I stood by Henry's side)
 The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
 Upon the Earl's own favourite steed :
 All sheathed he was in armour bright,
 And much resembled that same knight,
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :
 Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—
 The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
 A sudden light on Marmion broke ;—
 "Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost !"
 He mutter'd ; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost
 I met upon the moonlight wold,
 But living man of earthly mould.—

O dotage blind and gross !
 Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
 Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
 My path no more to cross.—
 How stand we now ?—he told his tale
 To Douglas ; and with some avail ;
 'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged
 brow.—

Will Surrey dare to entertain,
 'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and
 vain ?

Small risk of that, I trow.
 Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun ;
 Must separate Constance from the Nun—
 O, what a tangled web we weave,
 When first we practise to deceive !
 A Palmer too !—no wonder why
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye :
 I might have known there was but one,
 Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to
 speed

His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
 Where Lennel's convent closed their
 march ;

(There now is left but one frail arch,
 Yet mourn thou not its cells ;
 Our time a fair exchange has made ;
 Hard by, in hospitable shade,

A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.
Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
Encamp'd on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion look'd:—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extend-
ing;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watch'd the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening
post,
And heedful watch'd them as they
cross'd
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;

And many a chief of birth
Saint Helen! at thy fountain
Thy hawthorn glade, which
In spring-tide bloom so lavish
Had then from many an axe
To give the marching column

XX.

And why stands Scotland idle
Dark Flodden! on thy airy
Since England gains the pass
And struggles through the dale
What checks the fiery soul of
Why sits that champion of truth
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and
Between him and Tweed's
strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead
What 'vails the vain knight's
brand?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading
Fierce Randolph, for thy
O for one hour of Wallace's
Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule
And cry—"Saint Andrew and
Another sight had seen that
From Fate's dark book a leaf
And Flodden had been
bourne!—
The precious hour has pass'd
And England's host has gain'd
Wheeling their march, and circling
Around the base of Flodden

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and
"Hark! hark! my lord, an English
And see ascending squadrons
Between Tweed's river and
Foot, horse, and cannon:—hail
My basnet to a prentice cap.
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till
Yet more! yet more!—how
They file from out the hawthorn
And sweep so gallant by!
With all their banners braveling
And all their armour flashing
Saint George might waken from
To see fair England's standards

“I prate,” quoth Blount,
 “’dst best,
 “our lord’s behest.”—
 “ag brow Lord Marmion

“t be our band array’d ;
 “st be quickly cross’d,
 “join Lord Surrey’s host.
 “James,—as well I trust
 “will, and fight he must,
 “are behind our lines
 “while the battle joins.”

XXII.

“swift on horseback threw,
 “Abbot bade adieu ;
 “ld listen to his prayer,
 “and the helpless Clare.
 “Tweed his band he drew,
 “d, as the flood they view,
 “ant in the falcon’s claw,
 “all yield to please a daw :
 “may the Abbot awe,
 “hall bide with me.”
 “t dangerous ford, and deep,
 “the Tweed Leat’s eddies

“ed desperately :
 “oment will he bide,
 “or groom, before him ride ;
 “f all he stems the tide,
 “it gallantly.

“Clare upon her horse,
 “rt led her rein,
 “braved the current’s course,
 “a far downward driven per

“ern bank they gain ;
 “straggling, came to shore,
 “ey might, the train :
 “s head his yew-bow bore,
 “not in vain ;
 “hat day that every string,
 “rm’d, should sharply ring.
 “hen Lord Marmion staid,
 “d his steed, his men array’d,
 “ard moved his hand,
 “Surrey’s rear-guard won,
 “y a Cross of Stone.
 “hillock standing lone,
 “e field command.

XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
 Of either host, for deadly fray ;
 Their marshall’d lines stretch’d east and
 west,

And fronted north and south,
 And distant salutation pass’d
 From the loud cannon mouth ;
 Not in the close successive rattle,
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,

But slow and far between.—
 The hillock gain’d, Lord Marmion staid :
 “Here, by this Cross,” he gently said,
 “You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :
 O ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !—
 Thou wilt not ?—well,—no less my care
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten pick’d archers of my train ;
 With England if the day go hard,
 To Berwick speed amain.—

But if we conquer, cruel maid,
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
 When here we meet again.”

He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid’s despair,
 Nor heed the discontented look
 From either squire ; but spurr’d amain,
 And, dashing through the battle plain,
 His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

“—The good Lord Marmion, by my
 life !

Welcome to danger’s hour !—
 Short greeting serves in time of strife :—

Thus have I ranged my power :
 Myself will rule this central host,
 Stout Stanley fronts their right,
 My sons command the vaward post,
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
 Shall be in rearward of the fight,
 And succour those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
 Would gladly to the vanguard go ;
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
 With thee their charge will blithely share ;
 There fight thine own retainers too,
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.”—

"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden Mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which, (for far the day was spent,)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread
alone,

At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;

And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appear'd;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and fast,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains bold,
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd
amain;

Fell England's arrow-flight like rain
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly,
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;

Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountain
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spears,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword
plied,

'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland
fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew,
With wavering flight, while fiercer
Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now
now high,

The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and
It waver'd 'mid the foes.

r Blount the view could bear :
 ren and all its saints ! I swear,
 not see it lost !
 ace, you with Lady Clare
 our beads, and patter prayer,—
 p to the host."
 he fray he rode amain,
 by all the archer train.
 youth, with desperate charge,
 a space, an opening large,—
 eued banner rose,—
 tly closed the war around,
 e-tree, rooted from the ground,
 k among the foes.
 tace mounted too :—yet staid,
 to leave the helpless maid,
 t, fast as shaft can fly,
 ot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 e rein dangling from his head,
 and saddle bloody red,
 Marmion's steed rush'd by ;
 tace, maddening at the sight,
 t and sign to Clara cast,
 rk he would return in haste,
 igned into the fight.

XXVIII.

not what the maiden feels,
 in that dreadful hour alone :
 ice her reason stoops, or reels ;
 uance a courage, not her own,
 s her mind to desperate tone.—
 ter'd van of England wheels ;—
 nly said, as loud in air
 mult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—
 fly, or, madden'd by despair,
 it to die.—"Is Wilton there?"
 at, straight up the hill there rode
 orsemen drench'd with gore,
 their arms, a helpless load,
 anded knight they bore.
 d still strain'd the broken brand ;
 s were smear'd with blood and
 and.
 from among the horses' feet,
 nted shield, and helmet beat,
 on-crest and plumage gone,
 t be haughty Marmion ! . . .
 Blount his armour did unlace,
 izing on his ghastly face,
 —"By Saint George, he's gone !

That spear-wound has our master sped,—
 And see, the deep cut on his head !
 Good-night to Marmion."—
 "Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling
 cease :
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace ; "peace !"

XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
 "Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace
 where ?

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again !
 Cry—'Marmion to the rescue !'—Vain !
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet ring :
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
 Edmund is down :—my life is reft ;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.—
 Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay ;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmur'd,—"Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst !"

XXX.

O, woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran :
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn !—behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above, some half-worn letters say,
 Drink . wearp . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Spbil . Crap .
 The . built . this . cross . and . well .
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
 Then, as remembrance rose, —
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !" —
 "Alas !" she said, "the while, —
 O, think of your immortal weal !
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
 She ——— died at Holy Isle." —
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound ;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.
 "Then it was truth," he said — "I knew
 That the dark presage must be true. —
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day !
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be ! — this dizzy trance —
 Curse on von base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers
 Ever, he said, that, close and near
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear
 For that she ever sung,
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the foe,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans
 of the dying !"*

So the notes rung ; —
 "Avoid thee, Fiend ! — with cruel
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 O, think on faith and bliss ! —
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting scene,
 But never aught like this." —
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale
 And — STANLEY ! was the cry ; —
 A light on Marmion's visage spread
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade
 And shouted "Victory ! —
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley
 on !"

Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their King
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring
 Where's now their victor vaward wing
 Where Huntly, and where Home
 O for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come,
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvalles died !
 Such blast might warn them, not in vain
 To quit the plunder of the slain,
 And turn the doubtful day again,
 While yet on Flodden side,
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and

in pride !

—for far away,
havoc mark their way,
as the plunderers stray.
And the Monk, "away !"
er on her steed,
he chapel fair,
upon Tweed.
ght they spent in prayer,
i of morning, there
sman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

the dark'ning heath,
grew the strife of death.
fts in volleys hail'd,
rge their horse assail'd;
nd rear, the squadrons

Scottish circle deep,
round their King.

thick the shafts as snow,
ing knights like whirl-

ply the ghastly blow,
s the ring ;

ear-men still made good
enetrable wood,

here his comrade stood,
at he fell.

there of dastard flight ;
rried phalanx tight,
like noble, squire like

and well ;

ess closed her wing
lost and wounded King.

rey's sage commands
trife his shatter'd bands ;

charge they drew,
ives, from wasted lands,
o ocean blue.

oss his foemen know ;
ir Lords, their mightiest

om the field as snow,
are swoln and south

ow,
ilent dew.

heard the ceaseless plash,
a broken band,
ugh her currents dash,

To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side :—
There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one :
The sad survivors all are gone.—

View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be ;

Nor to yon Border castle high,
Look northward with upbraiding eye ;

Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land

May yet return again.

He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,

And fell on Flodden plain :

And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,

Beseem'd the Monarch slain.

But, O ! how changed since yon blithe
night !—

Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile ;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,
(Now vainly for its site you look ;
'Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took ;
But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint
Chad !

A guerdon meet the spoiler had !)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised ;

And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the
prayer,

The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain,—
One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
In Scotland mourns as "wede away :"
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en ;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone ;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
And broke her font of stone ;

But yet out from the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.

Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry ;

And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair ;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave
That holds the bones of Marmion
brave.—

When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ;
If every devious step, thus trod,
Still led thee further from the road ;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

*I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
Who cannot image to himself,*

That, all through Flodden's dismal
Wilton was foremost in the fight ;
That, when brave Surrey's steed was
'Twas Wilton mounted him again ;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest
Amid the spearmen's stubborn
Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,
He was the living soul of all ;
That, after fight, his faith made
He won his rank and lands again ;
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden Field
Nor sing I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That King and kinsmen did agree,
To bless fair Clara's constancy ;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridal's state
That Wolsey's voice the blessing
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the
That Bluff King Hal the curtain
And Catherine's hand the stocking
And afterwards, for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clara"

I' Embog.

TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song,
Unless to bid the gentles speed,
Who long have listed to my rede ?
To Statesmen grave, if such may
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing
And patriotic heart—as PITT !
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the be
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight
To every faithful lover too,
What can I wish but lady true ?
And knowledge to the studious sage
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear school-boy, whom m
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday !
To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers

THE LADY OF THE LAKE:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES, MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.



ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch 1 in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Two years separated Scott's second poetical venture from his first ; but the "Lady of the Lake" followed "Marmion" after an interval of little more than a year. Scott has told us himself the alarm of his aunt,* when she heard that he was meditating another appeal to public favour, lest he should in any way injure the popularity he had already achieved, or, in her own words, lest standing so high he got a severe fall if he attempted to climb higher. "And a favourite," she said, sententiously, "will not be permitted to stumble with impunity." But without being guilty of any overweening self-confidence, he had taken the measure of his powers, and felt that he might safely make the effort. Besides, he knew that he held his distinguished position as the most successful poet of the age in much the same condition as the champion of the prize-ring holds the belt of being always ready to show proofs of his skill. The result fully justified his anticipation. Measured even by the standard of the "Minstrel" and "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake" possessed merits of its own, which raised his reputation higher. Jeffrey's prediction has been perfectly fulfilled, that the "Lady of the Lake" would be "oftener read hereafter than either of the former;" and it is generally acknowledged to be, in Lockhart's words, "the most interesting, the most picturesque, and the most graceful of his great poems."

Scott's acquaintance with the Highlands dated from his boyhood. He had been there before his sixteenth year, and repeatedly returned thither. His first introduction to the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake" was curious enough. He had ordered it, "riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear-guard, and armed arms." He was then a writer's apprentice, or, in English phrase, an attorney's clerk, and had been despatched by his father to enforce the execution of an instrument against some Maclarens, refractory tenants of Stewart of Appin. The armed force with which he was attended, consisting of a serjeant and six men of a Highland regiment lying in Stirling Castle, proved unnecessary, for no resistance was offered. The Maclarens had decamped, and Scott afterwards learned that they went to America. That such an escort should have been deemed necessary, however, gives one an idea of what the Highlands and the inhabitants were at a time so close upon our own day. In the course of his successive visits to the Highlands, Scott made himself thoroughly acquainted with their scenery. He not only became familiar with the people, but, as one of his friends said, even the goats might have claimed him as an old friend. With characteristic conscientiousness, however, when he conceived the idea of the "Lady of the Lake," he did not trust to the impressions thus acquired to guide him in his descriptions of scenery, which form one of the chief charms of the poem, and he even now, one of the most minute and faithful hand-books to the region where the drama of Ellen and the Knight of Snowdown is enacted. He made a tour, in order to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of the story,

* Miss Christian Rutherford, his mother's sister.

and a hot gallop from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle at the time which was allotted to King James for his flight after the Roderick Dhu. This "fiery progress" was otherwise well known, principal landmarks were so many hospitable mansions where he was welcome and grateful guest. Blandrhummond, the residence of Lord Ochtertyre, that of John Ramsay, the antiquary, and Kier, the seat of a family (now represented by Sir William Maxwell, M. P.). The usual tourist reverses that of FitzJames's desperate ride. Starting from "with her towers and town," he leaves behind him the Abbey Craig, the Wallace monument, and crosses the Forth and the Allan. The mentioned are all in this neighbourhood, while farther on are Dornald castle, once the residence of the Duke of Albany, and afterwards Mary, and Deanstown, where there are now extensive cotton mills. Then, the traveller sees, on the north bank, Laurick Castle, formerly the chieftain of Clan Gregor (Sir Evan Murray), and soon reaches what is now the favourite head quarters of those who wish to make out the region which Scott rendered at once famous and fashionable. Ben-a-an (1800) is further west, and (2,882 feet) rises on the north, Ben-a-an (1800) is further west, and (2,386) appears to the south. At the eastern extremity of Loch where it contracts into the river Teith, is Ceddantog, the scene between King James and Roderick Dhu. This was the limit of a passport, "Clan Alpine's outmost guard," and here, on terms of challenged the mysterious stranger.

"The chief in silence strode before
And reached that torrent's sounding shore.
While laughing at three costly lakes
From Venachar in seven breaks
Sweeps through the plain its ceaseless waves
On Bannock the monastic lines
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfolded."

The last lines refer to the supposed traces of Roman occupation on the haugh of Callander, and also near the railway station, where the name of the Roman Camp. It is, however, still matter of controversy these embankments are of human or of natural origin. At the other end of Vennachar, which is five miles long, is the muster place of Clan Alpine. The sudden revelation of the ambushade is supposed to take place farther to the westward, when

"Instant through copse and heath arose
Hunners and spears, and ended bows,
On eight on left, a dove belied,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe."

Within a mile "Dunraggan's huts" appear, where Malise surrenders to the young Angus, by the side of his father's bier, while the coronach for the dead is mingled with lamentations for the orphan. About a mile up Glenulas (once a royal deer forest, and still inhabited exclusively by Stewarts), which here opens on the right, is the waterfall which pours down

"that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Trahit on calls the hero's charge."

* St. Bride's Chapel, where Angus gives up the cross to Norman, the birthplace of the Teith near Loch Lulnaig, while the rest of the course was by Loch Venachar to the source of Balvaig, and thence southwards down Strath Gartney.

outlaw is reported to have found shelter, and where the white bull was which the chieftain sought an augury. The Brig of Turk, said to take from a ferocious boar which long haunted the spot, comes next; and then which gives access to the Trosachs, skirts the north shore of Loch Achray (the Laurel Field), "between the precipice and brake."

The name "Trosachs" is often loosely applied to the whole region; Loch Katrine and the adjoining lakes, it belongs, strictly speaking, only between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine.

Trosachs, or Bristled Territory, as the word signifies in Gaelic, now forms a passage to one of the chief passes of the Grampians; but formerly it was a barrier to the progress of all, save the most alert and enterprising travellers. Comparatively recent time a ladder of branches and roots of trees, suspended over a steep crag, afforded the only means of traversing the defile.

"No pathway met the wanderer's view,
Unless he climbed with footing nice
A far projecting precipice;
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid."

In this instance of the complete manner in which Scott has identified himself with the district, that the defile at the end of the Trosachs is known as Bealach na Beane (so called from a skirmish between the Highlanders and a party of the King's troops, in which one of the latter was killed), although the real pass is at some distance to the east, on the old road. It was in the gorge of the Trosachs that Fitzjames's "gallant grey" sank exhausted; the guides point out this and the spots where the other incidents of the poem are mentioned as having occurred with as careful an identification as if they had been really historic localities. The savage tumultuous wildness of the Trosachs is made more striking by, and in turn enhances, the rich loveliness of Loch Katrine which suddenly appears in sight at a turn in the road. At the eastern end of the lake a projecting spit of land forms

"A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim."

Isle, also, blocks the prospect. It is only by a rude scramble over the rocks in the direction of the old road that the point can be reached from which one can behold the lake and its islets. Some lower eminences afford a partial view, but it is usually from the little steamer which plies during the season that the magnificent scene is disclosed to the tourist in its full extent. The lake is about ten miles in length, and two in average breadth, and is of a windmill-shaped form. Towards the west its shores are rocky and precipitous, and are clothed with dense copse-wood. The silver strand where the royal barge first sees Ellen, lies to the left of the road—

"A beach of pebbles bright as snow."

Isle, with its tangled screen, lies in front, and a little lodge, answering to the description in the poem, was some years back to be found there. It was abandoned, however, and the hidden bower, like the heroine who lived there, must be supplied by the imagination. In other respects Scott's picture is correct, nor do the guides forget to call forth the echo which answered Fitzjames's gle. There are other islands besides this, and on one of them are the ruins of the Castle of Macgregor. On the south side of the lake, opposite to the shore, is Coir-nan-Uriskan, or Goblin's Cave, where Douglas hid himself

with his daughter, a vast circular hollow in the mountain, some few diameter at the top, which gradually narrows towards the bottom. It is on all sides by steep cliffs, while brushwood and boulders hide the mountain cavern. The Urisks, from whom the place derives its name, were shaggy the Brownie kind.

The Pass of Cattle, or Bealach-nam-bo (so called from the herds of cattle-lifters used to drive this way), which may be reached either through the opening in the cave or by another path, is higher up. Scott declared it to be "the most sublime piece of scenery that the imagination can conceive," although much of its imposing effect has departed since the axe was laid to the overhanging timber on Benvenue, it has still a wild grandeur which, in every degree, justifies the eulogium.

When Scott first spoke of taking Rokeby as the scene of a poem, Mr. Morritt jocularly declared that he should at once raise the rent of an inn as some compensation for the rush of tourists which might be expected to follow the publication of the poem. The effect of the "Lady of the Lake" on the respect was certainly such as to justify the anticipation. The poem had appeared in May, and before July the Trosachs had been invaded by a great number of pleasure-travellers. Crowds started for Loch Katrine. The little inns at intervals along the high roads were filled to overflowing; and numerous cottages were turned into taverns. Shepherds and gillies suddenly found themselves able to make what they deemed splendid fortunes, by acting as guides to those who wished to compare the realities of nature with the poetical descriptions which had so enchanted them. It is stated as a fact that from the year in which the "Lady of the Lake" was published, the post-horse duty in Scotland rose to an extraordinary degree, and even continued to do so regularly for some time afterwards, as successive editions of the poem appeared, and as the circle of readers grew wider. The seclusion of the Lower Highlands was at an end. Benvenue made the region fashionable, the Trosachs were only a vague name to the townspeople of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Here and there a sportsman in search of grouse and capercailzie, or a man of business on some chance errand, among those wilds; but the ordinary holiday-tourist never dreamed of taking these steps in that direction. But no sooner did the poem appear than not only the English, but the Scotch, thronged to the Trosachs, which indeed quickly became more popular than the latter, notwithstanding the long distance and tedious journey, to the Welsh hills which were comparatively close at hand. Such an influx of tourists, most of them wealthy, and willing to pay well for the comforts and luxuries which they were accustomed at home, could not fail to have a marked effect on the condition of the natives. Their primitive simplicity, as well as perhaps in some degree their primitive honesty, has departed, but contact with strangers has increased their intelligence, and widened their ideas, as well as filled their pockets with money thus brought into the country has been applied, not only to improve the accommodation for travellers, but to the development of various industries along the route of the tourist may now for the most part be traced not merely to the natural beauties through which it passes, but by a thriving and busy population.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

The Chase.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, —
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep ?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?
Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.
O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

I.

At eve had drunk his fill,
Ance the moon on Monan's rill,
p his midnight lair had made
Glenartney's hazel shade ;
en the sun his beacon red
dled on Benvoirlich's head,
p-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy
ay
led up the rocky way,
ot, from farther distance borne,
ard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,

That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh,
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the còpse he
clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var

III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back,
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns ring out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With bark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benbowich's echoes knew,
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her perching ken
The hurricane had swept the glen
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and glen,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old,
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the ran,
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith,
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle

But nearer was the còpse
That waved and wept on U
And mingled with the
On the bold cliffs of Ben
Fresh vigour with the
With flying foot the heath
Head westward with unwe
And left behind the panting

VI.

'T were long to tell what ste
As swept the hunt
more.

What reins were tighten'd
When rose Benbowich's
Who flagg'd upon his
Whoshann'd to stem the flood
For twice that day, from sh
The gallant stag swam ston
Two were the strugglers, fo
That reach'd the lake of V
And when the Brigg of To
The headmost horseman ro

VII.

Alone, but with unabated
That horseman plied the
steel,
For jaded now, and spent
Emboss'd with foam, and d
While every gasp with sob
The labouring stag strain'd,
Two dogs of black Samt H
Unmatch'd for a rage bu
Fast on his flying traces ca
And all but won that desper
For, scarce a spear's leng
haunch,

Vindictive to'd the bloodho
Nor nearer might the dogs
Nor farther might the quar
Toos up the margin of the
Between the precipice and
O'er stock and rock their m

VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mo
The lone lake's western bo
And deem'd the stag must
Where that huge rampart
Already glorying in the pr
Measured his antlers with

death-wound and death-halloo,
his breath, his whinyard drew;—
considering as he came prepared,
ady arm and weapon bared,
quarry shunn'd the shock,
d him from the opposing rock;
ashing down a darksome glen,
t to hound and Hunter's ken,
eep Trosachs' wildest nook
ary refuge took.
hile close couch'd, the thicket
hed
s and wild flowers on his head,
d the baffled dogs in vain
rough the hollow pass amain,
the rocks that yell'd again.

IX.

the hounds the Hunter came,
r them on the vanish'd game;
mbling in the rugged dell,
ant horse exhausted fell.
atient rider strove in vain
e him with the spur and rein,
good steed, his labours o'er,
d his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
uch'd with pity and remorse,
ow'd o'er the expiring horse.
thought, when first thy rein
d upon the banks of Seine,
ighland eagle e'er should feed
feet limbs, my matchless steel!
with the chase, woe worth the day,
sts thy life, my gallant grey!"

X.

rough the dell his horn resounds,
in pursuit to call the hounds.
up'd, with slow and crippled pace,
cy leaders of the chase;
their master's side they press'd,
ooping tail and humbled crest;
the dingle's hollow throat
'd the swelling bugle-note.
ets started from their dream,
les answer'd with their scream,
and around the sounds were cast,
o seem'd an answering blast;
the Hunter hied his way,
some comrades of the day;
n paused, so strange the road,
drous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and
danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue,
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost in a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Till rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace;
And farther as the Hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girded with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The beech's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length fur winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Blended amid the lavender light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue†
Down on the lake in masses threw
Cragg, knolls, and mounds, confusedly
har'd,
The fragments of an earlier world.

* Loch Katrine is the Celtic pronunciation in his names to *The Fair Maid of Perth* the author has suggested his belief that the lake was named after the difference of a war between who heated its shores.

† *Benvenue* is literally the little mountain as contrasted with *Benied* and *Ben osmond*.

A withering forest leath
His ruin'd sides and sun
While on the north, thro
Ben-an heaved high his

XV.

From the steep promont
The stranger, captured
And, "What a scene were
"For princely pomp, a
pride"

On this bold brow, a fort
In that soft vale, a lady
On yonder meadow, far
The turrets of a cloister
How lithely might the
Hide, on the lake, the
How sweet, at eve, the
Chime, when the groves
mute!

And, when the midnight
lave

Her forehead in the silv
How solemn on the ear
The holy matins' d stant
While the deep peal's co
Should wake, in vander
A sainted hermit from hi
To drop a head with eve
And hagle, late, and bel
Should each bewilder'd
To friendly feast, and lig

XVI.

"Blithe were it then to
But now, — bestrew yon
Like that same hermit's,
The corpse must give my
Some mossy bark my co
Some rusting oak my ca
Yet pass we that, the w
Give little choice of rest
A summer night, — green
Were but tomorrow's me
But hosts may in these w
Such as are better nuss'd
To meet with Highland p
Were worse than loss of st
I am alone — my hagle s
May eat some stragler o
Or, fall the worst that m
Ere now this solchoun had

XVII.

e again his horn he wound,
 ! forth starting at the sound,
 nderneath an aged oak,
 ted from the islet rock,
 guider of its way,
 cliff shot to the bay,
 and the promontory steep
 eep line in graceful sweep,
 in almost viewless wave,
 ing willow twig to lave,
 with whispering sound and
 w,
 h of pebbles bright as snow.
 had touch'd this silver strand,
 e Hunter left his stand,
 d conceal'd amid the brake,
 his Lady of the Lake.
 en paused, as if again
 ht to catch the distant strain.
 d up-raised, and look intent,
 and ear attentive bent,
 s flung back, and lips apart,
 ument of Grecian art,
 ig mood, she seem'd to stand,
 dian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

er did Grecian chisel trace
 h, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 form, or lovelier face !
 ough the sun, with ardent frown.
 htly tinged her cheek with
 own, —
 tive toil, which, short and light,
 d her glowing hue so bright,
 so in hastier swell to show
 mpes of a breast of snow :
 ough no rule of courtly grace
 red mood had train'd her pace. —
 ore light, a step more true,
 m the heath-flower dash'd the
 w ;
 slight harebell raised its head,
 om her airy tread :
 ough upon her speech there hung
 ents of the mountain tongue, —
 lver sounds, so soft, so dear,
 ner held his breath to hear !

XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;
 Her satin snood,* her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every free-born glance confess'd
 The guileless movements of her breast ;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
 Or tale of injury call'd forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unreveal'd,
 With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame ; —
 O ! need I tell that passion's name !

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne : —
 " Father ! " she cried ; the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
 A while she paused, no answer came, —
 " Malcolm, was thine the blast ? " the
 name
 Less resolutely utter'd fell,
 The echoes could not catch the swell.
 " A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar,
 Push'd her light shallop from the shore.
 And when a space was gain'd between,
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen ;
 (So forth the startled swan would swing.
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
 Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed.
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

* See Note on Canto III., stanza 5, p. 524.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
 Yet had not quench'd the open truth
 And fiery vehemence of youth ;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to go, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
 Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
 His limbs were cast in manly mould,
 For hardy sports or contest bold,
 And though in peaceful garb array'd,
 And weaponless, except his blade,
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 As if a Baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armour trod the shore.
 Sighting the petty need he show'd,
 He told of his benighted road,
 His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;
 Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
 Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
 And, reassured, at length replied,
 That High-moat-halls were open still
 To wander'd wanderers of the hill.
 " Nor think you unexpected come
 To your lone isle, our desert home ;
 Before the heath had lost the dew,
 This morn, a coach was pall'd for you,
 On yonder mountain's purple head
 Flave parrangas and leath'cock led,
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,
 To furnish forth your evening cheer " —
 " Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
 Your courtesy has err'd," he said ;
 " No right have I to clam, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
 A wanderer here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
 Till on this lake's romantic strand,
 I found a fay to fairy lan ! "

XXIII.

" I well believe," the maid replied,
 As her light skiff approach'd the side, —

" I well believe, I am ne
 Your foot has trod Larch
 But yet, as far as yester
 Old Alan bane for retake
 A grey-haired sire, who
 Was on the vision of fut
 He saw your steed, a de
 Lie dead beneath the be
 Fainted exact your form
 Your hunting suit of Lin
 That tassell'd horn — g
 That falchion's crooked
 That cap with heron plu
 And yon two hounds so
 He bade that all should
 To grace a guest of tur
 I'at light I held his pro
 And deem'd it was my
 Whose echoes o'er the la

XXIV.

The stranger smil'd —
 home

A destined errant knight
 Announced by prophet
 Doomed, doubtless to
 I'll lightly mount and
 For one king's glance of th
 Permit me, first, the tisk
 Your fury fight o'er th
 The maid, with smil' sup
 The tell unwonted
 For self-ensur'd
 His noble hand lat gras
 Yet with main strengt
 drew,

And o'er the lake the sh
 With heads erect, and w
 The hands behind their
 Nor frequent does the br
 The darkening mirror of
 Until the rocky isle they
 And moor their shallep

XXV.

The stranger view'd the
 'Twas all so close with cop
 Nor track nor pathway
 That human foot frequen
 Until the mountain-maid
 A clambering unsuspecte

led through the tangled screen,
 I'd on a narrow green,
 weeping birch and willow round
 and long fibres swept the ground.
 retreat in dangerous hour,
 as if had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI.

lodge of ample size,
 of ge of structure and device ;
 materials, as around
 man's hand had readiest found.
 of their boughs, their hoar trunks
 were red,
 the hatchet rudely squared,
 the walls their destined height,
 of oak and ash unite ;
 of sand and clay and leaves combined
 each crevice from the wind.
 of pine-trees, overhead,
 under length for rafters spread,
 were'd heath and rushes dry
 a russet canopy.
 ward, fronting to the green,
 of cortico was seen,
 of native pillars borne,
 of main fir with bark unshorn,
 of Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 of Idæan vine,
 of anemones, the favour'd flower
 of roses the name of virgin-bower,
 of every hardy plant could bear
 of the winter's keen and searching air.
 of it in this porch she staid,
 of to the stranger said,
 of even and on thy lady call,
 of for the enchanted hall !"

XXVII.

of e, my heaven, my trust must be,
 of e guide, in following thee."—
 of d the threshold—and a clang
 of steel that instant rang.
 of old brow his spirit rush'd,
 of for vain alarm he blush'd,
 of the floor he saw display'd,
 of the din, a naked blade
 of from the sheath, that careless
 of ing
 of stag's huge antlers swung ;
 of round, the walls to grace,
 of trophies of the fight or chase :

A target there, a bugle here,
 A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows
 store,
 With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;
 Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
 That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
 To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
 And next the fallen weapon raised :—
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
 And as the brand he poised and sway'd,
 "I never knew but one," he said,
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to
 wield
 A blade like this in battle-field."
 She sigh'd, then smiled and took the
 word ;
 "You see the guardian champion's
 sword :
 As light it trembles in his hand,
 As in my grasp a hazel wand ;
 My sire's tall form might grace the part
 Of Ferragus, or Ascabart ;
 But in the absent giant's hold
 Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
 Mature of age, a graceful dame ;
 Whose easy step and stately port
 Had well become a princely court,
 To whom, though more than kindred
 knew,
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous rite was paid,
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unask'd his birth and name.
 Such then the reverence to a guest,
 That fellest foe might join the feast,

And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er
At length his rank the stranger names,
"The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-
James ;

Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Morry's train
He chased a stewart stag in vain,
Oustripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well show'd the cliver lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen ;
Ellen, though more her looks display'd
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Show'd she was come of gentle race.
"Twere strange in ruler rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mien.
Each hilt the Knight of Snowdown gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave,
Or Ellen, none ent'ring gay,
Turn'd all inquiry light away —
"Weird women we're by dale and doan
We dwell, afar from tower and town
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast ;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
She sang, and still a harp unseen
Ful'd up the symphony between.

XXXI.

Song.

"Soldier, rest ' thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-
ing ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking
In our recessed antechamber,
Halls unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dawning.

Soldier, rest ' thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more,
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-
ing,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed's neigh-
ing,

Trump for pibroch, summons for
Mastering clan, or squadron's
Yet the luk's snarl, life may come
At the day break from the forest
And the bittern sound his train
Roaming from the sedgy shore
Ruler sounds shall none be heard
Guards nor warders challenge
Here's no war-steed's neigh and
ing,

Shouting clans or squadrons stir

XXXII.

She paused — then, blushing, led
To grace the stranger of the dale
Her mellow notes awhile
The cadence of the flow'rs
Till to her lips in measured strain
The minstrel verse sported again

Song continued.

"Huntsman, rest ' thy chase
While our slumberous spells
Dream not, with the rising sun
Bugles here shall sound reve-
Sleep! the deer is in his den ;
Sleep ' thy hounds are by the
Sleep ' not dream in your lair
How thy gallant steed lay d
Huntsman, rest ' thy chase
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound revealed.

XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd — the stranger
Was there of no account heather
Where oft a hand — guests his
And dream of their forest sweet
But vainly did the minstrel
Its power and fire, for he
Not Ellen's soul could he
The fever of his troubled breast

dreams the image rose
 perils, pains, and woes :
 now flounders in the brake,
 his barge upon the lake ;
 er of a broken host,
 and falls, his honour's lost.
 om my couch may heavenly
 ght
 worst phantom of the night !—
 urn'd the scenes of youth,
 nt undoubting truth ;
 soul he interchanged
 nds whose hearts were long
 anged.
 e, in dim procession led,
 the faithless, and the dead ;
 each hand, each brow as gay,
 parted yesterday.
 t distracts him at the view—
 is senses false or true ?
 ne of death, or broken vow,
 l a vision now ?

XXXIV.

, with Ellen in a grove
 d to walk, and speak of love ;
 'd with a blush and sigh,
 as warm, his hopes were high.
 t her yielded hand to clasp,
 d gauntlet met his grasp :
 atom's sex was changed and
 me,
 head a helmet shone ;
 larged to giant size,
 rken'd cheek and threatening
 es,
 y visage, stern and hoar,
 still a likeness bore.—
 , and, panting with affright,
 he vision of the night.
 th's decaying brands were red,

And deep and dusky lustre shed,
 Half showing, half concealing, all
 The uncouth trophies of the hall.
 Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye
 Where that huge falchion hung on high,
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless
 throng,
 Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
 Wasted around their rich perfume :
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
 The aspens slept beneath the calm ;
 The silver light, with quivering glance,
 Play'd on the water's still expanse,—
 Wild were the heart whose passions'
 sway
 Could rage beneath the sober ray !
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
 While thus he communed with his
 breast :—

“ Why is it, at each turn I trace
 Some memory of that exiled race ?
 Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
 But she must bear the Douglas eye ?
 Can I not view a Highland brand,
 But it must match the Douglas hand ?
 Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
 But still the Douglas is the theme ?
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind
 Not even in sleep is will resign'd.
 My midnight orisons said o'er,
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.”
 His midnight orisons he told,
 A prayer with every bead of gold,
 Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,
 And sunk in undisturb'd repose ;
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
 And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

I.

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
 All Nature's children feel the matin spring
 Of life reviving, with reviving day ;

And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
 Wafting the stranger on his way again,
 Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
 Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-bane !

II.

Song.

" Not faster yonder rowers' might
 Flings from their oars the spray,
 Not faster yonder rippling bright,
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,
 Melts in the lake away,
 Than men from memory erase
 The benefits of former days ;
 Then, stranger, go ! good speed the
 while,
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

" High place to thee in royal court,
 High place in battle line,
 Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,
 The honour'd meed be thine !
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
 And lost in love and friendship's smile
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

Song continued.

" But if beneath yon southern sky
 A plaided stranger roam,
 Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
 Pine for his Highland home ;
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show
 The care that soothes a wanderer's woe ;
 Remember then thy hap ere while,
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

" Or if on life's uncertain main
 Mishap shall mar thy sail ;
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
 Beneath the fickle gale ;
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
 On thankless courts, or friends estranged.
 But come where kindred worth shall
 smile,
 To greet thee in the lonely isle."

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
 The shallop reach'd the mainland
 And ere his onward way he took,
 The stranger cast a lingering look,
 Where easily his eye might reach
 The Harper on the islet beach,
 Reclined against a blighted tree,
 As wasted, grey, and worn as he
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was raised to beam
 As from the rising sun to claim
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,
 Seem'd watching the awakening fire,
 So still he sate, as those who wait
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate,
 So still, as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair ;
 So still, as life itself were fled,
 In the last sound his harp had sped.

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sate and smiled—
 Smiled she to see the stately drake
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
 While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach
 Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach,
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knew
 Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose,
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
 And stop and turn to wave anew ;
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
 Show me the fair would scorn to spurn
 And prize such conquest of her eye.

VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,
 It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not
 But when he turn'd him to the glae
 (One courteous parting sign she saw)

the knight would say,
 prize of festal day
 by the brightest fair,
 jewel in her hair,
 his bosom swell,
 the mute farewell.
 misty mountain-guide,
 tag-hounds by his side,
 maid, unconscious still,
 wind slowly round the hill;
 lately form was hid,
 in her bosom chid—
 "O vain and selfish maid!"
 aiding conscience said,—
 Malcolm idly hung
 the phrase of southern

Malcolm strain'd his eye,
 to see him thine to spy.—
 "Ane," aloud she cried,
 minstrel by her side,—
 from thy moody dream!
 the heroic theme,
 with a noble name;
 the glory of the Græme!"
 Her lip the word had rush'd,
 the conscious maiden blush'd;
 in hall and bower,
 the Græme was held the

VII.

waked his harp—three
 unknown martial chimes,
 in high heroic pride
 murmurs died.
 "Did'st, O noble maid,"
 "either'd hands, he said,
 "did'st me wake the strain,
 "wont to bid in vain.
 "ne a mightier hand
 "y harp, my strings has
 "ords of joy, but low
 "answer notes of woe;
 "d march, which victors
 "ailing for the dead.
 "if mine alone
 "sep prophetic tone!
 "ful fathers said,

This harp, which erst Saint Modan
 swayed,
 Can thus its master's fate foretell,
 Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh'd,
 The eve thy sainted mother died;
 And such the sounds which, while I
 strove
 To wake a lay of war or love,
 Came marring all the festal mirth,
 Appalling me who gave them birth,
 And, disobedient to my call,
 Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd
 hall,
 Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
 Were exiled from their native heaven.—
 Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
 My master's house must undergo,
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
 Brood in these accents of despair,
 No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
 Triumph or rapture from thy string;
 One short, one final strain shall flow,
 Fraught with unutterable woe,
 Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,
 Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX.

Soothing she answer'd him—"Assuage,
 Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age;
 All melodies to thee are known,
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown,
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
 From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,
 At times, unbidden notes should rise,
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
 Entangling, as they rush along,
 The war-march with the funeral song?—
 Small ground is now for boding fear;
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
 My sire, in native virtue great,
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
 Not then to fortune more resign'd,
 Than yonder oak might give the wind;
 The graceful foliage storms may reave,
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.
 For me,"—she stoop'd, and, looking
 round,
 Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the
 ground,—

"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the sea,
May well my simple emblem be.
It links heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Alas, a bard, is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and
smiled.

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning
sway,
Wideth the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hennets throw,
When eagles stop to soothe their woe,
He gazes, though fond regret and pride
Thrust to a rear, then thus replied
"Lovebest and best 'thou little know'st
The rank, the honours, thou hast lost!
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
To see my favourite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And lie ne'er of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"*—

XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden
cried,
(Bright was her accent, yet she sigh'd.)
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worn'st beloved chair and canopy;
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe stithspeer,
Nor that so please I might eat meate
For royal minstrel's lay as thine
As thou for suit's sake proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway
The Saxon scourge, Clan Alpine's pride,
The error of Loch Lennox's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day."—

* The well known cognizance of the Douglas family

The ancient bard began
"Ill last thou chosest
For who, through all
Named Black Sir
smiled."

In Holy-Rood a knight
I saw, when back the
Courtiers gave place
Of the unadorned hero
And since, though
hand

Full sternly kept his
Who else dared give
That I such hated traitor
The Douglas, like a
Disown't be every
Even the rude refuge
Alas, this wild man
Alone might hazard
And now thy murder
Looks for his guard
Full soon may disappear
To back his suit, from
Then, though an exile
Thy father, as the
Be held in reverence
And thought to Roderick
That thou might'st
thread.

Slave of thy will, thou
Yet, O fair maid,
Thy hand is on a

XII.

"Minstrel," the man
Her father's soul glared
"My debts to Roderick
All that a mother could
To Lady Margaret's
Since first an orphan
She set rowdies on her
To her brave chieftain
Of Scotland's king was
A deeper, holier debt
And, could I pay it
Allan! Sir Roderick
My blood, my life,
Rather will Ellen De
A votress in Marston

ough realms beyond the sea,
e world's cold charity,
er was spoke a Scottish word,
the name of Douglas heard,
pilgrim will she rove,
the man she cannot love.

XIV.

kest, good friend, thy tresses
—
ling look, what can it say
l own?—I grant him brave,
Bracklinn's thundering wave;
ous—save vindictive mood,
transport, chafe his blood:
a true to friendly band,
more is to his hand;
at very blade of steel
y for a foe would feel:
a liberal, to fling
clan the wealth they bring,
a by lake and glen they wind,
Lowland leave behind,
e some pleasant hamlet stood,
ashes slaked with blood.
that for my father fought,
as his daughter ought;
clasp it reeking red,
ants slaughter'd in their shed?
ly while his virtues gleam,
e his passions darker seem,
along his spirit high,
ning o'er the midnight sky.
a child,—and children know,
e taught, the friend and foe,—
d at his brow of gloom,
wy plaid, and sable plume;
grown, I ill could bear
ity mien and lordly air:
ou join'st a suitor's claim,
mood, to Roderick's name,
th anguish! or, if e'er
s knew the word, with fear.
ge such odious theme were
st,—
ink'st thou of our stranger
est?"—

XV.

think I of him?—woe the while
ight such wanderer to our isle!

Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For 'Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unsabarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.

If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deem'd of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
Bethink thee of the discord dread,
That kindled when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm
Græme;

Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are
these?

My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's * hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four mann'd and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steer'd full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they pass'd,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave:
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow

* The cotton-grass.

From their loud chanters * down, and
 sweep
 The furrow'd bosom of the deep,
 As, rushing through the lake amain,
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.
 At first the sun, by distance tame,
 Mellow'd along the waters came,
 And, lingering long by cape and bay,
 Wail'd every harsher note away,
 Then bursting bolder on the ear,
 The clan's shrill gathering they could
 hear,

Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
 Of Old Clan Alpine to the fight.
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
 The mastering hundred, shake the glen,
 And hurrying at the signal dread,
 The batter'd earth returns their tread.
 Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
 Express'd their merry marching on,
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,
 With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows,

* The *fife* of the bagpipe.

And mimic din of stroke
 As broadsword upon target
 And groaning pause, ere
 Condensed, the battle yells
 The rapid charge, the rally
 Retreat borne headlong in
 And bursts of triumph, to
 Clan Alpine's conquest
 Nor ended thus the strain;
 Sunk in a moan prolong'd
 And changed the conquest
 swell,

For wild lament o'er those

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased, but
 Were busy with their echoes
 And, when they slept, a voice
 Bade their hoarse chorus
 While loud a hundred clamour'd
 Their voices in their Chief
 Each boatman, bending to
 With measured sweep the
 In such wild cadence, as the
 Makes through December's
 The chorus first call'd All
 "Roderick Vich Alpine, be
 And near, and nearer as the
 Distinct the martial ditty

XIX.

Boat Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

Honour'd and bless'd be the ever green Pine!

Long may the tree in his banner that glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to burgeon, and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back agen,

"Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! heroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,

Blowing in Biltane, in winter to fade,

When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mount,

The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise agen.

"Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! heroe!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear agen,
 " Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
 O, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepmost glen,
 " Roderigh * Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

XXI.

all her joyful female band,
 Lady Margaret sought the strand.
 : on the breeze their tresses flew,
 high their snowy arms they threw,
 : hoing back with shrill acclaim,
 chorus wild, the Chieftain's name ;
 : prompt to please, with mother's
 art,
 arling passion of his heart,
 ame called Ellen to the strand,
 et her kinsman ere he land :
 e, loiterer, come ! a Douglas thou,
 un to wreathe a victor's brow ? " —
 antly and slow, the maid
 welcome summoning obey'd,
 when a distant bugle rung,
 mid-path aside she sprung : —
 Allan-bane ! From mainland cast
 my father's signal blast.
 s," she cried, " the skiff to guide,
 aft him from the mountain-side."
 like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
 rted to her shallop light,
 agerly while Roderick scann'd,
 r dear form, his mother's band,

The islet far behind her lay,
 And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
 With less of earth in them than heaven :
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head !
 And as the Douglas to his breast
 His darling Ellen closely press'd,
 Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
 Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)
 Still held a graceful youth aloof ;
 No ! not till Douglas named his name,
 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
 Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle ;

* Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.

His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away
From his unmi'd eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning
spy

In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee—he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twelve ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as you Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came,
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshall'd crew,
Though the waned crescent own'd my
might,

And in my train troop'd I lord and knight,
Though I arriv'd unaided here to-day,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my
praise,

As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's suffer'd sigh,
A woman gave more keen a pain,
Than aught my let or fortune knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,
O! it eat-beggars and I lost!"

XXV

Delightful praise—like summer rose,
That brighter is the fewer drops grow;
The trustful maiden's cheek appear'd,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm hear'd
The flush of shame from joy to hide
The blushes, the blushes, her ears were red,
The blushes of the maid
The blushes of the maid and when per paid,
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favorite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,
Not though unaided, sought to fly,
And, trust, where such gaze she stood,
Like faded tenderness of the wood,
That of another's partial thought
O'erweigh'd her worth, and the lady aught,
Well enough the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale,

For with each secret
The fond enthusiast

XXVI

Of stature tall, and
But firmly knit, was
The bearded man, and
Did not in grace
His flower than, of so
Could I closely round
Train'd to the chase,
The turning in the
Each pass, by mental
He knew, through Len
Vain was the bound
When Malcolm bent
And scarce that do
with fear,

Outstripp'd in speed
Red tap Ben Lomond
And not a sob's toll
His form, accented
Lively and ardent, for
A father bent, and
Did never have the
It danced as the
As play'd the feather
Yet friends, who near
His sons of wing,
And sons, who saw
When killed by the
Saul, were that youth
Not only should I
Be foremost voiced by
But equal to that of

XXVII

Now back they wend
And, "O my sire,"
"Why urge thy cause
And why so late return?
The rest was in her
"My child, the chase
'Tis matter of noble
An with the gallant
Were it of Douglas?
I met young Malcolm
Far eastward, in Glen
Nor stray'd I safe,
Hunters and horsemen
This youth, though of
Risk'd all, and so

ugh the passes of the wood
y steps, not unpursued ;
rick shall his welcome make,
d spleen, for Douglas' sake.
t he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
ought for me agen."

XXVII.

ick, who to meet them came,
at sight of Malcolm Græme,
n action, word, or eye,
ht in hospitality.
d sport they whiled away
ing of that summer day ;
h noon a courier light
t parley with the knight,
ody aspect soon declared,
were the news he heard.
ght seem'd toiling in his head ;
ie evening banquet made,
embled round the flame,
r, Douglas, and the Græme,
l, too ; then cast around
hen fix'd them on the ground,
ig phrase that might avail
vey unpleasant tale.
his dagger's hilt he play'd,
d his haughty brow, and said :—

XXVIII.

e my speech ;—nor time affords,
lain temper, glozing words.
and father,—if such name
ouchsafe to Roderick's claim ;
our'd mother :—Ellen—why,
l, turn away thine eye ?—
ne ; in whom I hope to know
a noble friend or foe,
: shall give thee thy command,
ng in thy native land, —
—The King's vindictive pride
have tamed the Border-side,
iefs, with hound and hawk
o came
their monarch's silvan game,
es in bloody toils were snared ;
n the banquet they prepared,
their loyal portals flung,
own gateway struggling hung.
es their blood from Meggat's
ad,
row braes, and banks of Tweed,

Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side ;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless, and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes ; his end the same,
The same pretext of silvan game.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
By fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
This by espial sure I know :
Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty colour went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ;
But from his glance it well appear'd,
'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd ;
While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,
The Douglas thus his counsel said :—
" Brave Roderick, though the tempest
roar,

It may but thunder and pass o'er ;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower ;
For well thou know'st, at this grey head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er."—

XXX.

" No, by mine honour," Roderick said.
" So help me Heaven, and my good
blade !
No, never ! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart !

Hear my blunt speech : grant me this
maid

To wife, thy counsel to mine and ;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow .
Like cause of doubt, mistrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief,
When the loud pipes my Lullal tell,
The Larks of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch ;
And, when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of King James !

Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away.
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray,
I meant not all my heart might say .
Small need of inroad, or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foul King, from pathless glen,
Shall bootless turn him home agen."

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber sealed a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean tide's incessant roar,
Dream'd calmly out their dangerous
dream,

Till waken'd by the morning beam ;
When, dazzle'd by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard an unmerited sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale ;—
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Hea'd long to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow ?—
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden rain yawn'd around,
By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought
withstand,

To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye.

And eager rose to speak .
His tongue could barely form
Hail Douglas mark ! the he
Where death seem'd unobtain
For to her cheek, in fervent
One instant rush'd the thro
Then ebbing back, with und
Left its domain as wan as o
"Roderick, enough ! enough
"My daughter cannot be th
Not that the blush to wooer
Nor paleness that of murder
It may not be—forgive her,
Nor hazard ought for our re
Against his sovereign, Doug
Will level a rebellious spear
'Twas I that taught his youth
To rein a steel and wield a
I see him yet, the princely
Not Ellen more my pride
I love him still, lest to my
By hasty wrath, and slanders
O seek the grace you well
Without a cause to mine co

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the
strode ;
The waving of his tartans
And darken'd brow, when
prie
With unan'd disappointment
Seem'd, by the torch's glow
Like the ill Demon of the
Stooping his panicles shatter
Upon the night-lily pilgrim's
But, unrequited love's thy
Plunged deepest its venom
And Roderick, with there an
At length the land of Doug
While eyes, that mock'd at
With bitter drops were run
The death-pangs of long-che
Scarce in that ample breast
But, struggling with his spir
Convulsive heaved its cheek
While every sob—so mute
Was heard distinctly thro
The son's despair, the moth
Ill might the gentle Ellen
She rose, and to her side the
To aid her parting steps, the

XXXIV.

rick from the Douglas broke—
 flame through sable smoke,
 s wreaths, long, dark, and low,
 ad blaze of ruddy glow,
 p anguish of despair
 ierce jealousy, to air.
 wart grasp his hand he laid
 lm's breast and belted plaid :
 ardless boy ! " he sternly said,
 union ! hold'st thou thus at
 ight

n I so lately taught ?
 , the Douglas, and that maid,
 ou for punishment delay'd."
 greyhound on his game,
 with Roderick grappled Græme.
 ny name, if aught afford
 ain safety save his sword !"
 hey strove, their desperate hand
 o the dagger or the brand,
 th had been—but Douglas rose,
 ist between the struggling foes
 t strength :—" Chieftains, fore-
 o !
 e first who strikes, my foe.—
 i, forbear your frantic jar !
 is the Douglas fall'n so far,
 ighter's hand is doom'd the spoil
 a dishonourable broil !"
 and slowly, they unclasp,
 ick with shame, their desperate
 grasp,
 h upon his rival glared,
 t advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.

the brands aloft were flung,
 t on Roderick's mantle hung,
 lcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
 r'd through terrific dream.
 oderick plunged in sheath his
 word,
 l'd his wrath in scornful word :
 afe till morning ; pity 'twere
 eek should feel the midnight air !
 ayeest thou to James Stuart tell,
 k will keep the lake and fell,
 ey, with his freeborn clan,
 eant pomp of earthly man.
 ould he of *Clan-Alpine* know,

Thou canst our strength and passes
 show.—

Malise, what ho !"—his henchman came ;
 " Give our safe-conduct to the Græme."
 Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold,
 " Fear nothing for thy favourite hold ;
 The spot, an angel deign'd to grace,
 Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.
 Thy churlish courtesy for those
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
 As safe to me the mountain way
 At midnight as in blaze of day,
 Though with his boldest at his back,
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—
 Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,
 Nought here of parting will I say.
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,
 So secret, but we meet agen.—
 Chieftain ! we too shall find an hour,"—
 He said, and left the silvan bower.

XXXVI.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand,
 (Such was the Douglas's command,)
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
 Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.
 Much were the peril to the Græme,
 From those who to the signal came ;
 Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
 Himself would row him to the strand.
 He gave his counsel to the wind,
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword
 roll'd,

His ample plaid in tighten'd fold,
 And stripp'd his limbs to such array,
 As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt : " Farewell to thee,
 Pattern of old fidelity !"
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,—
 " O ! could I point a place of rest !
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,
 My uncle leads my vassal band ;
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
 Who loves the chieftain of his name,

Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell,
 Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
 Nor, ere yon pride swallow her dare,—
 I may not give the rest to air.
 Tell Roderick Duu, I loved him nought,
 Not the poor service of a boat,
 To waft me to yon mountain side."
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
 And stoutly steer'd him from the shore;

And Allan strain'd his
 Far 'mid the lake his form
 Darkening across each
 To which the moon her
 Fast as the cormorant
 The swimmer plied each
 Then landing in the moon
 Loud shouted of his
 The Minstrel heard the
 And joyful from the shore

CANTO THIRD.

The Gathering.

I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvellous boyhood legends store,
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
 Look'd feld in fens, dingle, cliff, and dell,
 And solitary heath the signal knew;
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
 What time the warlike gait was keenly wound,
 What time aloft their knitted banner flew,
 While clamorous war pipes yell'd the gathering sound,
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II.

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
 Mildly and soft the western breeze
 Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
 And the gleesell like, like maiden coy,
 Trembled but duple not for joy;
 The mountain shadows on her breast
 Were gentler broken nor at rest;
 In bright uncertainty they be,
 Like future joys to fancy's eye,
 The water lily to the light
 Her chalice rent of silver bright;
 The doe awakes, and to the lawn,
 Begemm'd with dewdrops, led her fawn,

The grey mist left the moor
 The torrent show'd its gleam
 Invisible in flecked sky.
 The hawk sent down her
 The blackbird and the sparrow
 Good-morrow gave to me
 In answer too'd the cuckoo
 Her notes of peace, and

III.

No thought of peace, nor
 Assuaged the storm in Ross
 With sheathed broadsword
 Abrupt he paced the shore
 And eved the rising sun
 His hand on his weapon

a rock, his vassals' care
 mpt the ritual to prepare,
 pand deathful meaning fraught;
 Antiquity had taught
 face meet, ere yet abroad
 ss of Fire should take its road.
 nking band stood oft aghast
 npatient glance he cast ;—
 nce the mountain eagle threw,
 the cliffs of Benvenue,
 ad her dark sails on the wind,
 h in middle heaven reclined,
 broad shadow on the lake,
 the warblers of the brake.

IV.

f wither'd boughs was piled,
 er and rowan wild,
 with shivers from the oak,
 the lightning's recent stroke.
 e Hermit, by it stood,
 ed, in his frock and hood.
 ed beard and matted hair
 l a visage of despair ;
 d arms and legs, seam'd o'er,
 s of frantic penance bore.
 nk, of savage form and face,
 ending danger of his race
 wn from deepest solitude,
 Benharrow's bosom rude.
 the mien of Christian priest,
 id's, from the grave released,
 harden'd heart and eye might
 rook
 an sacrifice to look ;
 ch, 'twas said, of heathen lore
 the charms he mutter'd o'er.
 ow'd creed gave only worse
 dlier emphasis of curse ;
 ant sought that Hermit's prayer,
 e the pilgrim shunn'd with care,
 er huntsman knew his bound,
 nid chase call'd off his hound ;
 lonely glen or strath,
 ert-dweller met his path.
 'd, and sign'd the cross between,
 error took devotion's mien.

V.

i's birth strange tales were told.
 her watch'd a midnight fold,
 p within a dreary glen,

Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,
 In some forgotten battle slain,
 And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain.
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
 To view such mockery of his art !
 The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,
 Which once could burst an iron band ;
 Beneath the broad and ample bone,
 That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,
 A feeble and a timorous guest,
 The field-fare framed her lowly nest ;
 There the slow blind-worm left his slime
 On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time ;
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
 Still wreath'd with chaplet, flush'd and
 full,

For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid
 Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade :
 —She said, no shepherd sought her side,
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
 The virgin snood did Alice wear ;
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
 Her maiden girdle all too short,
 Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
 Or holy church or blessed rite,
 But lock'd her secret in her breast,
 And died in travail, unconfess'd

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
 Was Brian from his infant years ;
 A moody and heart-broken boy,
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,
 Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
 On his mysterious lineage flung.
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
 To wood and stream his hap to wail,
 Till, frantic, he as truth received
 What of his birth the crowd believed,
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire !
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
 The cloister oped her pitying gate ;
 In vain, the learning of the age
 Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page ;
 Even in its treasures he could find
 Food for the fever of his mind.
 Eager he read whatever tells
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,

And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride ;
Tall with fired brain and nerves o'er-
strung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benbarrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child,
Where with black cliffs the torrents fall,
He watch'd the wheeling eddies fall,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the River Demon rise ;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noonday hag, or ghoul grim ;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Sweet with the voices of the dead ;
Far on the future battle heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death :
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,
Shaped forth a disembodied world,
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind ;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine lineage came.
Late in the heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben Shie's howling scream ;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benbarrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ;
The thunderbolt had split the pine,
All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.
He got his lions, and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And perched by Kilerick's ready blade.
Latent the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim
The grisly priest, with murmuring
prayer,
A slender crosslet form'd with care,

A cubit's length in measure laid,
The shaft and limbs were ready made
Whose parents in the forest trace
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine
And, answering Leonard's true
Soothe many a chieftain's exile
The Cross, thus form'd, he laid
With wasted hand, and haggard
And strange and mingled feeling
While his anathema he spoke :

IX.

" Woe to the clansman, who shies
This symbol of sepulchral woes,
Forgetful that its branches green
Where weep the heavens the rhododendron
On Alpine's dwelling low
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust
He ne'er shall mingle with their
But, from his sires and kindred
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe
He paused, the word he said
With forward step and fierce look
On high their naked bran is the
Their clattering targets wildly
And first in murmur low
Then, like the billow in his course
That far to seaward flies his son
And flings to shore his master's
Burst, with loud roar, their answer
" Woe to the traitor, woe
Ben-an's grey scalp the accents
The jovous wolf from covert drive
The exulting eagle scream'd afar
They knew the voice of Alpine

X.

The shout was hush'd on lake and loch
The Monk resumed his matter'd
Dismal and low its accents came
The while he scathed the Cross
flame,
And the few words that track'd
Although the holiest name was
Had more of blasphemy than piety
But when he shook above the cross
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud
" Woe to the wretch, who thus
At this dread sign the ready spear
For, as the flames this symbol
His home, the refuge of his fear

red fate shall know ;
 its roof the volumed flame
 ine's vengeance shall proclaim,
 aids and matrons on his name
 down wretchedness and shame,
 ifamy and woe."
 e the cry of females, shrill
 hawk's whistle on the hill,
 ing misery and ill,
 with childhood's babbling trill
 ses stammer'd slow ;
 ing, with imprecation dread,
 e his home in embers red !
 ed be the meanest shed
 shall hide the houseless head,
 om to want and woe !"
 and shrieking echo gave,
 skin, thy goblin cave !
 grey pass where birches wave,
 ala-nam-bo.

XI.

eper paused the priest anew,
 d his labouring breath he drew,
 ith set teeth and clenched hand,
 s that glow'd like fiery brand,
 ated curse more dread,
 dlier, on the clansman's head,
 mmon'd to his chieftain's aid,
 al saw and disobey'd.
 slet's points of sparkling wood,
 ch'd among the bubbling blood,
 again the sign he rear'd,
 and hoarse his voice was heard :
 lits this Cross from man to man,
 ine's summons to his clan,
 the ear that fails to heed !
 he foot that shuns to speed !
 ens tear the careless eyes,
 make the coward heart their
 rize !
 that blood-stream in the earth,
 his heart's-blood drench his
 earth !
 n hissing gore the spark,
 hou his light, Destruction dark !
 the grace to him denied,
 oy this sign to all beside !"
 ed ; no echo gave agen
 mur of the deep Amen.

XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :
 "Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.
 "The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
 Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed !"
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew ;
 High stood the henchman on the prow,
 So rapidly the barge-men row,
 The bubbles, where they launch'd the
 boat,
 Were all unbroken and afloat,
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,
 When it had near'd the mainland hill ;
 And from the silver beach's side
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,
 When lightly bounded to the land
 The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
 On fleeter foot was never tied.
 Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never braced.
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
 Burst down like torrent from its crest ;
 With short and springing footstep pass
 The trembling bog and false morass ;
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,
 And thread the brake like questing
 hound ;
 The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :
 Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
 Yet by the fountain pause not now ;
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career !
 The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
 Pursuest not maid through greenwood
 bough,
 Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
 With rivals in the mountain race ;
 But danger, death, and warrior deed,
 Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed !

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;
 From winding glen, from upland brown,
 They pour'd each hardy tenant down.

Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;
 He show'd the sign, he nam'd the place,
 And, pressing forward like the wind,
 Left clamour and surprise behind.
 The fisherman forsook the strand,
 The swarthy smith took drink and brand ;
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe
 Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe ;
 The herds without a keeper stray'd,
 The plough was in mud farrow staid,
 The falconer toss'd his hawk away,
 The hunter left the stag at bay ;
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,
 Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms ;
 So swept the tumult and affray
 Along the margin of Achray.
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,
 The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
 Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed ! The lake is past,
 Dunraggan's huts appear at last,
 And prep, like moss-grown rocks, half
 seen,
 Half hidden in the copse so green ;
 There mayst thou rest, thy labour done,
 Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—
 As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
 The henchman shot him down the way.
 What woeful accents load the gale ?
 The funeral yell, the female wail !
 A giant hunter's sport is o'er,
 A valiant warrior fights no more,
 Who in the battle or the chase,
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place !—
 Within the lab, where torches ray
 Supplies the ex-lab'd beams of day,
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
 His stripling son starts in careful by,
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why ;
 The village maids and matrons round
 The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,

Like a summer driel sound,
 When our need was the sound,
 The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall
 But to us comes no cheering
 To Duncan no morrow !
 The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoar,
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory,
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are hoar,
 But our flower was in flush,
 When blighting was near.

Fleet foot on the corner,*
 Sage counsel in council,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy stumble
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever.

XVII.

See Stumach,† who, the Lier
 His master's corpse with wound
 Poor Stumach—whom his least
 Could send like lightning o'er
 Bristles his crest and points his
 As if some stranger step he
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread
 Who comes to sort wither the
 But headlong haste, or deathly
 Urge the precipitate career
 All stand aghast—obedient
 The henchman hurls into the
 Before the dead man's feet he
 Held forth the Cross besmeared
 blood ;

* The master place is Lannick
 Speed forth the signal clansmen

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's
 Sprung forth and seized the
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's lark and broadsword

* Or, corner, the hollow side of the
 game usually sees
 † Faithful, the name of a dog

He saw his mother's eye
In speechless agony,
His open'd arms he flew,
Her lips a fond adieu—
He sobb'd,—“and yet be gone,
Thy dear one, like Duncan's
”

He cast upon the bier,
His eye the gathering tear,
Deep to clear his labouring
Breast,
Aloft his bonnet crest,
The high-bred colt, when, freed,
Shows his fire and speed,
L, and o'er moor and moss
Led with the Fiery Cross.
Was the widow's tear,
His footsteps she could hear ;
He mark'd the henchman's eye
In wonted sympathy,
' She said, “ his race is run,
I have sped thine errand on ;
Thy fall'n,— the sapling bough
Duncraggan's shelter now.
Well, his duty done,
's God will guard my son. —
Many a danger true,
I hest your blades that drew,
And guard that orphan's head !
And women wail the dead.”
On-clang, and martial call,
Through the funeral hall,
The walls the attendant band
Sword and targe, with hurried
;
And flitting energy
From the mourner's sunken eye,
Sounds to warrior dear
To her Duncan from his bier.
Upon that borrow'd force ;
'd his right, and tears their
se.

XIX.

From the Cross of Fire,
Like lightning up Strath-Ire.
And hill the summons flew,
For pause young Angus knew ;
That gather'd in his eye
The mountain-breeze to dry ;
The Teith's young waters roll,
And a wooded knoll,

That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge ;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar :
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd
High,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;
And had he fall'n,—for ever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !
But still, as if in parting life,
Firm he grasp'd the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gain'd,
And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of St Bride.
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear :
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the 'kerchief's snowy band ;
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate ?
The messenger of fear and fate !
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,

The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed
word.

"The master place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just bled to his by holy band,
For the red Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so bathe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divine
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom! it must! it must!
Clan Alpine cease, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay,
Stretch to the race away! away!

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer,
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Perth

What in the racer's bosom stirr'd?
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his ~~visions~~ visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears,
And red for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-tought field return-
ing,

With war's red honours on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and
brae,

Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken,* curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warler's tread,

* *Bracken fern.*

Far, far, from love and life
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid
My couch may be my bloody grave
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet
It will not waken me, Mac

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mac
No fond regret must Norman be
When bursts Clan Alpine on the
His heart must be like-headed
His foot like arrow free, Mac

A time will come with feeling
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee
And if return'd from conquest
How blithely will the evening
How sweet the linnet sing repeat
To my young bride and me

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery brae
Balquidder, speeds the midnight
Rushing, in conflagration strong
Thy deep ravines and fells as
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow
And reddening the dark lakes
Not faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of
The signal roused to martial
The sullen margin of Loch Voil
Waked still Loch Derae, and
source

Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swan-y
Thence southward turn'd its rap
A low Strath-Gartney's valley
The rose in arms each in an
A portion in Clan-Alpine's nam
From the grey sire, whose to
hand

Could hardly buckle on his
To the raw boy, whose shaft an
Were yet scarce terror to the
Each valley, each sequester'd
Mustered its little horde of men
That met as torrents from the
In Highland dales their streams
Still gathering, as they pour alo
A voice more loud, a tide more

Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood,
Each train'd to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still by each martial Græme and Bruce,
In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;
All seem'd at peace.—Now wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scann'd with
care?—

In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequester'd dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurld by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;

But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Grey Superstition's whisper dread
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets
break,

And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighbouring
height,
By the low-levell'd sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,

Hard by where turn'd apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode
It was but with that dawning morn
That Kenneth Edin had proudly sworn
To draw his eye in wars with rear,
N'er think of Ellen Douglas here;
But he who seems a stream with sand,
And hatters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to give
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Live finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost.
For though his anagny heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
The accents of her voice to hear,
And only and he curse the breeze
That wakes to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles to the strain?
It is the harp of Alanbane,
That wakes to music slow and high,
And all the secret hearts disclose
What none would guess when the strings
"Is Fier, or an angel, sings."

XXIX

Hymn to the Virgin.

Are Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though thou be wild,
Thou canst save and thou canst care
Safe away we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and re-
viled
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Are Maria!
Are Maria! unlofted!
Let thy couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of ether piled,
If thy protection I over there,
The many cavern's heavy air
Shall be to me of balm if thou hast
Shall be to me of balm if thou hast
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Are Maria!
Are Maria! stainless styled!
Foul terrors of the earth and air,
From the throned throne of the dead,

Shall flee before thy power
We bow us to our Lord of care
Beneath thy guidance rest
Hear for a maiden's prayer
And for a father hear a prayer

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing
Unmoved in attitude and
As is, as still, Clan Alpine
Stood leaning on his heavy
Until the page with hush
Twice pointed to the sun's
Then when his plaid he rolled
"It is the last time," as the
He muttered thrice, "the
That angel voice shall hush
It was a ghastly thought—
He had hastened down the moon
Sullen he flung him in the
And instant 'cross the lake
They landed in that silvery
And eastward near their home
Till, with the latest beams
The land arrived on Larn
Where muster'd, in the vale
Clan Alpine's men in arms

XXXI.

A various scene the chancing
Some saw, some stood, some
stray'd;
But most, with mantles fold
Were couch'd to rest upon
Scarce to be known by curl
From the deep heather where
So well was match'd the tale
With heath-bell dark and
green;
Unless where, here and there
On lake's point, a glimmer
Like glow worm twinkling
shade.
But when advancing through
They saw the Chieftain's
The rush of we come, sh
Shook the steep of stain
Three times, and take
Three times, and take
It died upon Rochastle's
And so we close the scene

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

I.

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears :
 The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
 I hid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love through future years !"—
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II.

fond conceit, half said, half sung,
 prompted to the bridegroom's
 tongue.

hile he stripp'd the wild-rose spray,
 he and bow beside him lay,
 in a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
 keful sentinel he stood.

!—on the rock a footstep rung,
 instant to his arms he sprung.
 and, or thou diest !—What, Malise ?
 —soon

thou return'd from Braes of Doune.
 thy keen step and glance I know,
 u bring'st us tidings of the foe."—
 while the Fiery Cross hied on,
 listant scout had Malise gone.)
 here sleeps the Chief ?" the hench-
 man said.

art, in yonder misty glade ;
 lone couch I'll be your guide."—
 !—shelterer by his side,
 his slacken'd bow—
 Glenmarkin ! house thee, ho !
 seek the Chieftain on the track,
 watch !—I come back."

III.

ther up the pass they sped :
 at of the foemen ?" Norman said. —
 ting reports from near and far ;
 Brian, — that a band of war
 for he has been ready boune,
 ompt command, to march from
 Doune ;

King James, the while, with princely
 powers,

Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
 Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
 Inured to bide such bitter bout,
 The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;
 But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
 A shelter for thy bonny bride ?"—

"What ! know ye not that Roderick's care
 To the lone isle hath caused repair
 Each maid and matron of the clan,
 And every child and aged man
 Unfit for arms ; and given his charge,
 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,
 But all beside the islet moor,
 That such dear pledge may rest se-
 cure ?"—

IV.

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan
 Bespeaks the father of his clan.
 But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
 Apart from all his followers true ?"—
 "It is, because last evening-tide
 Brian an augury hath tried,
 Of that dread kind which must not be
 Unless in dread extremity,
 The Taghairm call'd ; by which, afar,
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

MALISE.

"Ah ! well the gallant brute I knew
 The choicest of the prey we had,

When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glow'd like fiery spark ;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to Dennan's Kow,
A child might scatheless stroke his
brow."—

V.

NORMAN.

"That bull was slain : his reeking hide
They stretch'd the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief ;—but hush !
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host ?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,*
His morsel claims with sullen croak ?"

MALISE.

—"Peace ! peace ! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury ;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or
hell,
Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow."

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word :—

* Quartered.

"Roderick ! it is a fearful strife,
For man endow'd with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can st
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior
lance,—

'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
This for my Chieftain have I borne !—
The shapes that sought my fearful couch
A human tongue may ne'er avouch ;
No mortal man,—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame !
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll
But borne and branded on my soul ;—
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FUE
MAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE
STRIFE."—

VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broadswords tasted blood
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow :
A spy has sought my land this morn
No eve shall witness his return
My followers guard each pass, from
To east, to west, from hill to sea
Red Murdoch, bribe to his
Has charge to lead his men to
Till, in deep slumber, they lie
He light on the first of his
—But see, whomever he brings
Malise ! what things will he tell ?"

"At Doune, o'er the river's stream
Two Barons pass'd, and I saw them
I saw the Morison's banner
And mark'd the sable plume of M.

ie's soul, high tidings those !
 ear of worthy foes.
 e they on ?"—"To-morrow's
 n
 em here for battle boune."—*
 all it see a meeting stern !—
 :place—say, couldst thou learn
 the friendly clans of Earn ?
 ed by them, we well might bide
 on Benledi's side.

lst not ?—well ! Clan-Alpine's

the Trosachs' shaggy glen ;
 ch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
 maids' and matrons' sight,
 is hearth and household fire,
 child, and son for sire,—
 naid beloved !—But why—
 eeze affects mine eye ?
 ou come, ill-omen'd tear !
 er of doubt or fear ?
 er may the Saxon lance
 ledi from his stance,
 t or terror can pierce through
 ding heart of Roderick Dhu !
 orn as his trusty targe.—
 post—all know their charge."
 ch sounds, the bands advance,
 lswords gleam, the banners
 ce,
 o the Chieftain's glance.
 e from the martial roar,
 Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX.

he Douglas ?—he is gone ;
 sits on the grey stone
 e cave, and makes her moan ;
 ly Allan's words of cheer
 l on her unheeding ear.—
 return—Dear lady, trust !—
 return ;—he will—he must.
 it time to seek, afar,
 ge from impending war,
 i Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
 by the approaching storm.
 boats with many a light,
 e livelong yesternight,
 ce flashes darted forth
 streamers of the north ;
 ttle boune—ready for battle.

I mark'd at morn how close they ride,
 Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side,
 Like wild ducks couching in the fen,
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
 Since this rude race dare not abide
 The peril on the mainland side,
 Shall not thy noble father's care
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare ?"—

X.

ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no ! Pretext so kind
 My wakeful terrors could not blind.
 When in such tender tone, yet grave,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave,
 The tear that glisten'd in his eye
 Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.
 My soul, though feminine and weak,
 Can image his ; e'en as the lake,
 Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,
 Reflects the invulnerable rock.
 He hears report of battle rife,
 He deems himself the cause of strife.
 I saw him redden, when the theme
 Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream
 Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
 Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
 Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen
 aught ?

Oh no ! 'twas apprehensive thought
 For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—
 (Let me be just) that friend so true ;
 In danger both, and in our cause !
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
 Why else that solemn warning given,
 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven !'
 Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
 If eve return him not again,
 Am I to hie, and make me known ?
 Alas ! he goes to Scotland's throne,
 Buys his friend's safety with his own ;—
 He goes to do—what I had done,
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son !"—

XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen !—dearest, nay !
 If aught should his return delay,
 He only named yon holy fane
 As fitting place to meet again.
 Be sure he's safe ; and for the Græme,—
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name !—

My vision'd sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
Of such a wondrous tale I know—
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.”—

ELLEN.

“Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear.”
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis* and merle† are
singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the
hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

“O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

“O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

“Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

“And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd
deer,
To keep the cold away.”—

* Thrush.

† Blackbird.

“O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

“If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet green,
As gay the forest-green.

“And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.”

XIII.

Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's broad
side,

Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who wonn'd within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd chamber,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech
oak,

Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
'The fairies' fatal green?

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hi
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter'd word or ban.

“Lay on him the curse of the with
heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life wo
part,
Nor yet find leave to die.”

XIV.

Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green
wood,
Though the birds have still'd t
singing;

ening blaze doth Alice raise,
Richard is fagots bringing.

gan starts, that hideous dwarf,
The Lord Richard stands,
As he cross'd and bless'd himself,
"not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
That is made with bloody hands."

Then spoke she, Alice Brand,
A woman void of fear,—
If there's blood upon his hand,
But the blood of deer."—

Loud thou liest, thou bold of
mood!

Leaves unto his hand,
Min of thine own kindly blood,
Blood of Ethert Brand."

Forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
Made the holy sign,—
If there's blood on Richard's hand,
Bloodless hand is mine.

I conjure thee, Demon elf,
Him whom Demons fear,
Show us whence thou art thyself,
What thine errand here?"

xv.

Ballad continued.

Merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
The court doth ride by their
monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

Gaily shines the Fairy-land—
All is glistening show,
The idle gleam that December's beam
Dart on ice and snow.

Fading, like that varied gleam,
Our inconstant shape,
Now like knight and lady seem,
Now like dwarf and ape.

As between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
I sunk down in a sinful fray,
Twixt life and death, was snatch'd
away
The joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him
twice—

That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline
grey,
When all the bells were ringing.

xvi.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-
James.

Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a
scream:

"O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?"—

"An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshall'd, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return."—

"The happy path!—what! said he
nought

Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."—

"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here."—

XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honour's weigh'd with death.

Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower"—

"O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I'll tell him all—
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlaw'd and exil'd, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed.—
Still would'st thou speak?—then hear
the truth!

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
If yet he is!—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou has the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.

Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffer'd to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.—
"O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern."
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had cross'd his
brain,
He paus'd, and turn'd, and came again.

XIX.

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!—
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship the embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay;
This signet shall secure thy way;
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me."
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then
gone.

The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He join'd his guide, and wending do
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whoop'd loud
high—
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"

er'd forth—"I shout to scare
from his dainty fare."

l—he knew the raven's prey,
brave steed:—"Ah! gallant
y!

—for me, perchance—'twere
all

had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
, move first—but silently;

or whoop, and thou shalt die!"

nd sullen on they fared,

nt, each upon his guard.

XXI.

und the path its dizzy ledge
a precipice's edge,

! a wasted female form,

by wrath of sun and storm,

'd weeds and wild array,

n a cliff beside the way,

ncing round her restless eye,

ie wood, the rock, the sky,

nought to mark, yet all to spy.

ow was wreath'd with gaudy

room;

sture wild she waved a plume

ers, which the eagles fling

and cliff from dusky wing;

ails her desperate step had sought,

scarce was footing for the goat.

tan plaid she first descried,

ick'd till all the rocks replied;

she laugh'd when near they drew,

i the Lowland garb she knew;

n her hands she wildly wrung,

n she wept, and then she sung—

g!—the voice, in better time,

ce to harp or lute might chime;

v, though strain'd and roughen'd,

till

ildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

Song.

d me sleep, they bid me pray,
say my brain is warp'd and
rung—

sleep on Highland brae,

ot pray in Highland tongue.

e I now where Allan glides,

d my native Devan's tides,

So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,

They made me to the church repair;

It was my bridal morn they said,

And my true love would meet me there.

But woe betide the cruel guile,

That drown'd in blood the morning smile!

And woe betide the fairy dream!

I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?

She hovers o'er the hollow way,

And flutters wide her mantle grey,

As the lone heron spreads his wing,

By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."

"'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,

"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,

Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,

When Roderick foray'd Devan-side.

The gay bridegroom resistance made,

And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade.

I marvel she is now at large,

But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's

charge.—

Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised

his bow:—

"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,

I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far

As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!"—

"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the

Maniac cried,

And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.

"See the grey pennons I prepare,

To seek my true-love through the air!

I will not lend that savage groom,

To break his fall, one downy plume!

No!—deep amid disjointed stones,

The wolves shall batten on his bones,

And then shall his detested plaid,

By bush and brier in mid air staid,

Wave forth a banner fair and free,

Meet signal for their revelry."—

XXIV.

"Hush thec, poor maiden, and be still!"—

"O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—

Mine eye has dried and wasted been,

But still it loves the Lincoln green;

And, though mine ear is all unstrung.

Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away !
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay !

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise, and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fix'd her apprehensive eye ;
Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

"The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes
are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily ;
The bows they bend, and the knives
they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,*
Bearing its branches sturdily ;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded
doe,
She was bleeding deathfully ;
She warn'd him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully !
"He had an eye, and he could heel,
Ever sing warily, warily ;
He had a foot, and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost ;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.—
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the heart aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die !"
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—

* Having ten branches on his antlers.

Murdoch of Alpine ! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need !
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind !
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life !
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couch'd upon the heathery moor
Them couldst thou reach !—it may be—

Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see
The fiery Saxon gains on thee !
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust ;
With foot and hand Fitz-James mu
strain

Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die ;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee ;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd ;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gr
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-strea
tried,—

"Stranger, it is in vain !" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me mo
Of reason's power than years before ;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.—
Seest thou this tress ?—O ! still I've wo
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimm'd
shine.

I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head
My brain would turn !—but it shall wa
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the sta
And thou wilt bring it me again.—

I ! more bright
 parting light !—
 d's honour'd sign,
 rved by mine,
 a darksome man,
 f of Alpine's Clan,
 d shadowy plume,
 nd brow of gloom,
 r weapon strong,
 anche of Devan's

 y pass and fell . . .
 O God ! . . . fare-

II.

ave Fitz-James ;
 t pity's claims,
 ed grief and ire,
 maid expire.
 e my relief,
 nder Chief ! ”
 s tresses fair
 ridgegroom's hair ;
 blood he dyed,
 onnet-side :
 is truth ! I swear,
 wear,
 nbrue
 oderick Dhu !
 as yon faint halloo ?
 they shall know,
 ngerous foe.”
 but guarded way,
 cliffs Fitz-James

is desperate track,
 ce turn'd back.
 d faint, at length,
 l loss of strength,
 hicket hoar,
 and perils o'er :—
 ntures past,
 prove the last !
 ight have guess'd,
 hornet's nest
 varms so soon
 ands at Doune ?—
 v they search me

 nd the shout !—

If further through the wilds I go,
 I only fall upon the foe :
 I'll couch me here till evening grey,
 Then darkling try my dangerous way.”

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell ;
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step, and ear awake,
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;
 And not the summer solstice, there,
 Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze, that swept the wold,
 Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famish'd and chill'd, through ways un-
 known,
 Tangled and steep, he journey'd on ;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
 A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,
 Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
 “Thy name and purpose ! Saxon.
 stand !”
 “A stranger.” “What dost thou re-
 quire ?”—
 “Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.”
 “Art thou a friend to Roderick ?” “No.”
 “Thou dardest not call thyself a foe ?”
 “I dare ! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand.”
 “Bold words !—but, though the beast
 of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend,
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
 Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain ?
 Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they
 lie,
 Who say thou camest a secret spy !”—

"They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick
Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech address'd:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—

Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way.
O'er stock and stone, through watch and
ward,

Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gather'd band,
And spread his plaid upon the ground,
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awak'd their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.

That o'er, the Gael * around him throng'd,
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,

* The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders Saxons, or Saxons.

ding the rich scenes beneath,
 lings of the Forth and Teith,
 the vales between that lie,
 ing's turrets melt in sky ;
 ank in copse, their farthest glance
 at the length of horseman's lance.
 t so steep, the foot was fain
 e from the hand to gain ;
 ed oft, that, bursting through,
 wthorn shed her showers of
 w,—
 nond dew, so pure and clear,
 all but Beauty's tear !

III.

h they came where, stern and
 tep,
 sinks down upon the deep.
 machar in silver flows,
 dge on ridge, Benledi rose ;
 hollow path twined on,
 steep bank and threatening
 one ;
 red men might hold the post
 dihood against a host.
 ed mountain's scanty cloak
 arfish shrubs of birch and oak,
 ngles bare, and cliffs between,
 bes bright of bracken green,
 ther black, that waved so high,
 he copse in rivalry.
 e the lake slept deep and still,
 ers fringed the swamp and hill ;
 both path and hill were torn,
 intry torrents down had borne,
 d upon the cumber'd land
 of gravel, rocks, and sand.
 ne was the road to trace,
 e, abating of his pace,
 y through the pass's jaws,
 i Fitz-James, by what strange
 use
 t these wilds? traversed by few,
 a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

ael, my pass, in danger tried,
 my belt, and by my side ;
 h to tell," the Saxon said,
 at not now to claim its aid.
 re, but three days since, I came,
 d in pursuit of game,

All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill ;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied."
 "Yet why a second venture try?"
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
 Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
 A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
 The merry glance of mountain maid :
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone."—

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not ;—
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar?"
 —"No, by my word ;—of hands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung.
 Which else in Doune had peaceful
 hung."—

"Free be they flung! for we were loth
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast by which you
 show

Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
 Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight :
 Yet this alone might from his part
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wröthful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.

A space he paused, then sternly said,
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his
 blade?"

Heard'st thou, that shameful word and
 blow

Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
 He rights such wrong where it is given,
 If it were in the court of heaven."

"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
 Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
 While Albany, with feeble hand,
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command,
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
 His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,—
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between:—
 These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land.
 Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,
 For fatten'd steer or household bread;
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
 And well the mountain might reply,—
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore!
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.'
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;

While, of ten thousand herds, there st
 But one along yon river's maze,—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his sh
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who
 That plundering Lowland field and
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Rode
 Dhu."

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—*"And, if I sou*
Think'st thou no other could be bron
What deem ye of my path waylaid
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"—
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and tru
I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
I seek, good faith, a Highland mak
Free hadst thou been to come and g
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to
Save to fulfil an augury."—
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy br
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of prid
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's;
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bo
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his hand!"

IX.

"Have, then, thy wish!"—He whis
 shrill,
 And he was answer'd from the hill;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, an
 Bonnets and spears and bended bow
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
 From shingles grey their lances star
 The bracken bush sends forth the d
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,

tuft of broom gives life
 l warrior arm'd for strife.
 le garrison'd the glen
 ith full five hundred men,
 rawning hill to heaven
 mean host had given.
 their leader's beck and will,
 there they stood, and still.
 oose crags whose threatening
 ss
 ing o'er the hollow pass,
 ifant's touch could urge
 long passage down the verge,
 and weapon forward flung,
 mountain-side they hung.
 taineer cast glance of pride
 ledi's living side,
 his eye and sable brow
 tz-James—"How say'st thou
 r?
 Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 n,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

X.

was brave :—Though to his
 rt
 ood thrill'd with sudden start,
 d himself with dauntless air,
 he Chief his haughty stare,
 against a rock he bore,
 r placed his foot before :—
 e, come all ! this rock shall fly
 rm base as soon as I."
 ck mark'd—and in his eyes
 as mingled with surprise,
 ern joy which warriors feel
 worthy of their steel.
 e he stood—then waved his
 d :
 k the disappearing band ;
 or vanish'd where he stood,
 or bracken, heath or wood ;
 d and spear and bended bow,
 ale and copses low ;
 as if their mother Earth
 ow'd up her warlike birth.
 s last breath had toss'd in air,
 nd plaid, and plumage fair,—
 out swept a lone hill-side,
 ith and fern were waving wide:
 last glance was glinted back,

From spear and glaive, from targe and
 jack,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce
 believed
 The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
 And to his look the Chief replied,
 "Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
 But—doubt not aught from mine array.
 Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford :
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
 So move we on ;—I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
 They moved :—I said Fitz-James was
 brave,
 As ever knight that belted glaive ;
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
 With lances, that, to take his life,
 Waited but signal from a guide,
 So late dishonour'd and defied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
 And still, from copse and heather deep,
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,
 The signal whistle heard again.
 Nor breathed he free till far behind
 The pass was left ; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver streaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless
rines

On Hochstetle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his shield,
And to the Lowland warrior said,—
"Hold Saxo!" to his promise just,
With Ayrne has discharged his trust
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and
ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, I era, ah, vengeanceless I stand!
Arm I like best with single brand:
For this is Scotland's forte,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade.
Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy
death."

Yet save thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed I have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, Stratger,
none."

And hear, to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel:
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spurs the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"

"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The tidings are already read,
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark as I still
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,

I plight mine honour, and
That, to thy native sere-ge,
With each advantage shall
That aids thee now to guard

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from
eye—

"Scars thy presumption,
Because a wretched kern
Homage to name—Knox
He yields not, he, to man
Thou addest but fire to my
My clansman's blood—
Not yet prepared!" But
My thought, and heed thy
As that of some vain
Who I deserved my
And whose best boast is
A trait of his fair lady's
"I thank thee, Lowland,
It nerves my heart, I
For I have sworn this
In the best blood that
Now, true, farewell' and
gone."

Yet think not that by thee
Proud Chief" can courtesy
Though not from coise, or
Start at my whistle clashing
Of this small horn one
Would fearful odds against
But fear not—doubt not—
wilt

We try this quarrel hilt to hilt
Then each at once his fa-
Each on the ground was
Each look'd to see, and
As what they ne'er might
Then foot, and point, and
In dubious strife they darkly

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderic
That on the field his target
Whose brazen studs in
Had each his own d
For, train'd about his
It is James's blade was
He practised every
To thrust, to strike, to

expert, though stronger far,
maintain'd unequal war.
As in closing strife they stood,
the Saxon blade drank blood ;
draught, no scanty tide,
big flood the tartans dyed.
Derick felt the fatal drain,
er'd his blows like wintry rain ;
on rock, or castle-roof,
the winter shower is proof,
invulnerable still,
wild rage by steady skill ;
advantage ta'en, his brand
derick's weapon from his
hand,
ward borne upon the lea,
the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

d thee, or by Him who made
 , thy heart's blood dyes my
 e !"—
 ats, thy mercy, I defy !
 at yield, who fears to die."
 ler darting from his coil,
 hat dashes through the toil,
 ntain-cat who guards her
 ng,
 z-James's throat he sprung ;
 ut reck'd not of a wound,
 his arms his foeman round.—
 nt Saxon, hold thine own !
 's hand is round thee thrown !
 erate grasp thy frame might
 ars of brass and triple steel !—
 they strain ! down, down
 go,
 above, Fitz-James below.
 ain's gripe his throat com-
 s'd,
 as planted on his breast ;
 locks he backward threw,
 brow his hand he drew,
 d and mist to clear his sight,
 d aloft his dagger bright !—
 and fury ill supplied
 of life's exhausted tide,
 late the advantage came,
 e odds of deadly game ;
 the dagger gleam'd on high,

Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and
eye.

Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate
strife ;

Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appear'd his last ;
In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—
“ Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly
paid :

Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that faith and valour give.”
With that he blew a bugle note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed ;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse, —
With wonder view'd the bloody spot —
—“ Exclaim not, gallants ! question
not. —

You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight ;
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight ;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high ;—I must be boune,
To see the archer-game at noon ;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

“Stand, Bayard, stand!”—the steed
obey’d,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.

No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid,
 But wreath'd his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
 And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
 Bounded the fiery steed in air,
 The rider sate erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launch'd, along the plain they go.
 They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
 Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight,
 His merry-men follow'd as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past,
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
 They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon:
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike
 fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochter-
 tyre;
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering
 sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
 And on the opposing shore take ground,
 With plash, with scramble, and with
 bound.
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-
 Forth!
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career look'd down.

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd,
 Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
 A signal to his squire he flung,
 Who instant to his stirrup sprang:—
 "Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman
 grey,
 Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
 Of stature tall and poor array?
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
 With which he scales the mountain-side?
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or
 whom?"
 "No, by my word;—a burly groom

He seems, who in the field or chase
 A baron's train would nobly grace.
 "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear sup
 And jealousy, no sharper eye?
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
 That stately form and step I knew
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,
 Treads not such step on Scottish ground,
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint S
 The uncle of the banish'd Earl.
 Away, away, to court, to show
 The near approach of dreaded foe:
 The King must stand upon his guard,
 Douglas and he must meet prepared
 Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds
 and straight
 They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey
 Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,
 Held sad communion with himself:
 "Yes! all is true my fears could frame
 A prisoner lies the noble Grame,
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel
 The vengeance of the royal steel.
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—
 God grant the ransom come not late!
 The abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of heaven
 —Be pardon'd one repining tear!
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear
 How excellent!—but that is by,
 And now my business is—to die.
 —Ye towers! within whose circuit d
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
 That oft hast heard the death-axe so
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom
 —But hark! what blithe and jolly
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
 And see! upon the crowded street
 In motley groups what masquers meet
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum
 And merry morrice-dancers come.
 I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day
 James will be there; he loves such sh

good yeoman bends his bow,
 Hugh wrestler foils his foe,
 where, in proud career,
 worn tilter shivers spear.
 to the Castle-park,
 ny prize;—King James shall
 k
 tamed these sinews stark,
 ce so oft, in happier days,
 wonder loved to praise."

XXI.

gates were open flung,
 ring draw-bridge rock'd and
 3,
 loud the flinty street
 e coursers' clattering feet,
 down the steep descent
 ind's King and nobles went,
 along the crowded way
 e and loud huzza.
 James was bending low,
 te jennet's saddlebow,
 cap to city dame,
 ed and blush'd for pride and
 ne.
 he simperer might be vain,—
 the fairest of the train.
 e greets each city sire,
 e each pageant's quaint attire,
 e dancers thanks aloud,
 s and nods upon the crowd,
 d the heavens with their
 aims,—
 e the Commons' King, King
 ies!"
 e King throng'd peer and
 ght,
 dame and damsel bright,
 y steeds ill brook'd the stay
 ep street and crowded way.
 ne train you might discern
 ring brow and visage stern;
 oles mourn'd their pride re-
 in'd,
 lean burgher's joys disdain'd;
 , who, hostage for their clan,
 from home a banish'd man,
 ight upon their own grey
 er,
 ng woods, their feudal power,

And deem'd themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
 Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout.
 There morricers, with bell at heel,
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill.
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
 His first shaft centred in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take
 A silver dart, the archer's stake;
 Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy,—
 No kind emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to archer wight,
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes,
 Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came.
 —For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bare.
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppress'd;
 Indignant then he turn'd him where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had
 shown,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky,

A rood beyond the farthest mark ;
 And still in Stirling's royal park,
 The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past,
 To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
 And moralize on the decay
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
 The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
 The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd
 A purse well fill'd with pieces broad.
 Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
 And threw the gold among the crowd,
 Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
 And sharper glance, the dark grey man ;
 Till whispers rose among the throng,
 That heart so free, and hand so strong,
 Must to the Douglas blood belong ;
 The old men mark'd and shook the head,
 To see his hair with silver spread,
 And wink'd aside, and told each son,
 Of feats upon the English done,
 Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
 Was exiled from his native land.
 The women prais'd his stately form,
 Though wreck'd by many a winter's
 storm ;

The youth with awe and wonder saw
 His strength surpassing Nature's law.
 Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
 Till murmur rose to clamours loud.
 But not a glance from that proud ring
 Of peers who circled round the King.
 With Douglas held communion kind,
 Or call'd the banish'd man to mind ;
 No, not from those who, at the chase,
 Once held his side the honour'd place,
 Begirt his board, and, in the field,
 Found safety underneath his shield ;
 For he, whom royal eyes disown,
 When was his form to courtiers known !

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
 And bade let loose a gallant stag,
 Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
 Two favourite greyhounds should pull
 down,
 That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.

But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
 Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide
 The fleetest hound in all the North,—
 Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
 She left the royal hounds mid-way,
 And dashing on the antler'd prey,
 Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
 And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
 The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
 By strange intruder broken short,
 Came up, and with his leash unbound
 In anger struck the noble hound.
 —The Douglas had endured, that morn'
 The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn
 And last, and worst to spirit proud,
 Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
 But Lufra had been fondly bred,
 To share his board, to watch his bed,
 And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck
 In maiden glee with garlands deck ;
 They were such playmates, that with
 name

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
 His stifled wrath is brimming high,
 In darken'd brow and flashing eye ;
 As waves before the bark divide,
 The crowd gave way before his stride ;
 Needs but a buffet and no more,
 The groom lies senseless in his gore.
 Such blow no other hand could deal.
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,
 And brandish'd swords and staves amain
 But stern the Baron's warning—"Back
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !
 Beware the Douglas.—Yes ! behold,
 King James ! The Douglas, doom'd
 old,
 And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war,
 A willing victim, now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his
 friends."—

"Thus is my clemency repaid ?
 Presumptuous Lord !" the Monarch said
 "Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know :

Monarch's presence brook
low, and haughty look?—
the Captain of our Guard!
fender fitting ward.—
he sports!"—for tumult rose,
en 'gan to bend their bows,—
f the sports!" he said, and
m'd,
our horsemen clear the
ind."

XXVII.

ar wild and misarray
fair form of festal day.
men prick'd among the crowd,
r threats and insult loud;
re borne the old and weak,
us fly, the women shriek;
with shaft, with staff, with bar,
r urge tumultuous war.
and Douglas darkly sweep
spears in circle deep,
scale the pathway steep;
he rear in thunder pour
with disorder'd roar.
the noble Douglas saw
ions rise against the law,
leading soldier said,—
of Hyndford! 'twas my blade,
thhood on thy shoulder laid;
ood deed, permit me then
ith these misguided men.

XXVIII.

ntle friends! ere yet for me,
he hands of fealty.
y honour, and my cause,
e to Scotland's laws.
so weak as must require
your misguided ire?
ffer causeless wrong,
selfish rage so strong,
f public weal so low,
nean vengeance on a foe,
ls of love I should unbind,
t my country and my kind?
elieve, in yonder tower
soothe my captive hour,
those spears our foes should
id,
kindred gore are red;
in fruitless brawl begun,
at mother wails her son;

For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless'd him who stay'd the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his
train.

"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common
fool?"

Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning
note;

With like acclaim they hail'd the day,
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar—
What from our cousin, John of Mar?"—
"He prays, my liege, your sports keep
bound

Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
Most sure for evil to the throne,—
The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summon'd his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand array'd.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster march'd, and soon
Your grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
I should have earlier look'd to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
—Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy need.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war:
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight;
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost

Will soon dissolve the mountain host
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging sto
Bear Mar our message, Braco; fly!"
He turn'd his steed,—*"My liege, I bid,*
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn
The turf the flying courser spurn'd,
And to his towers the King return'd

XXXIII.

Ill with King James' mood that day,
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sadden'd town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms:—the Douglas too,
They mourn'd him pent within the hold
"Where stout Earl William was of old
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle press'd;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town.
Till closed the Night her pennons brown

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O ! what scenes of woe,
 Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam !
 The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream ;
 The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
 The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream ;
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

In the towers of Stirling rang
 Soldier-step and weapon-clang,
 Drums, with rolling note, foretell
 To weary sentinel.
 In narrow loop and casement
 Light barr'd,
 Beams sought the Court of Guard,
 Struggling with the smoky air,
 And the torches' yellow glare.
 Fortless alliance shone
 Lights through arch of blacken'd
 stone,
 Now'd wild shapes in garb of war,
 Deform'd with beard and scar,
 Guard from the midnight watch,
 Ever'd with the stern debauch ;
 The oak table's massive board,
 Red with wine, with fragments
 stored,
 Tankards drain'd, and cups o'er-
 thrown,
 All in what sport the night had flown.
 Weary, snored on floor and bench ;
 Labour'd still their thirst to quench ;
 Chill'd with watching, spread
 their hands
 The huge chimney's dying brands,
 Round them, or beside them flung,
 Every step their harness rung.

III.

They drew not for their fields the sword,
 Tenants of a feudal lord,
 And won'd the patriarchal claim
 To maintain in their leader's name ;
 But tilters they, from far who roved,
 By battle which they loved.
 The Italian's clouded face,
 The warthy Spaniard's there you trace ;
 The mountain-loving Switzer there
 Freely breathed in mountain-air ;
 And, *remembering there despised the soil,*

That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;
 Their rolls show'd French and German
 name ;

And merry England's exiles came,
 To share, with ill-conceal'd disdain,
 Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
 All brave in arms, well train'd to wield
 The heavy halberd, brand, and shield ;
 In camps licentious, wild, and bold ;
 In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd ;
 And now, by holytide and feast,
 From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,
 Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
 Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their
 words,
 Their hands oft grappled to their swords ;
 Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
 Of wounded comrades groaning near,
 Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
 Bore token of the mountain sword,
 Though, neighbouring to the Court of
 Guard,

Their prayers and feverish wails were
 heard ;

Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
 And savage oath by fury spoke !—
 At length up-started John of Brent,
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent ;
 A stranger to respect or fear,
 In peace a chaser of the deer,
 In host a hardy mutineer,
 But still the boldest of the crew,
 When deed of danger was to do.
 He grieved, that day, their games cut
 short,

And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,
 And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl !
 And, while a merry catch I troll,
 Let each the buxom chorus bear,
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V.

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees * out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.

A soldier to the portal went,—

"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And,—beat for jubilee the drum!

A maid and minstrel with him come."

Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and in plaid

All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.

"What news?" they roar'd:—"I only
know,

From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable

As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast."—

"But whence thy captives, friend? such
spoil

As theirs must needs reward thy toil.

Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;

Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!

Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,

The leader of a juggler band."—

* *Bacchanalian* interjection, borrowed from
the Dutch.

VII.

"No, comrade;—no such fort
After the fight these sought
That aged harper and the gi
And, having audience of the
Mar bade I should purvey t
And bring them hitherward
Forbear your mirth and rue
For none shall do them
harm."—

"Hear ye his boast?" c
Brent,

Ever to strife and jangling

"Shall he strike doe besic

And yet the jealous nigg

To pay the forester his fe

I'll have my share howe'

Despite of Moray, Mar,

Bertram his forward step

And, burning in his ven

Old Allan, though unfit

Laid hand upon his dag

But Ellen boldly stepp

And dropp'd at once the

So, from his morning

The sun of May, thro'

tears.

The savage soldiery,

As on descended an

y Brent, abash'd and tamed,
admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

spoke,—“Soldiers, attend !
was the soldier's friend ;
m in camps, in marches led,
him in the battle bled.
he valiant, or the strong,
le's daughter suffer wrong.”—
De Brent, most forward still
at or good or ill,—
me of the part I play'd :
an outlaw's child, poor maid !
I by forest laws,
Needwood knows the cause.
—if Rose be living now,”—
his iron eye and brow,—
ar such age, I think, as thou.
ny mates ;—I go to call
in of our watch to hall :
my halberd on the floor ;
at steps my halberd o'er,
maid injurious part,
hall quiver in his heart !—
se speech, or jesting rough ;
w John de Brent. Enough.”

IX.

tain came, a gallant young,—
ardine's house he sprung,)
he yet the spurs of knight ;
is mien, his humour light,
gh by courtesy controll'd,
is speech, his bearing bold.
orn maiden ill could brook
ing of his curious look
less eye ;—and yet, in sooth,
wis was a generous youth ;
s lovely face and mien,
o the garb and scene,
tly bear construction strange,
oose fancy scope to range.
: to Stirling towers, fair maid !
o seek a champion's aid,
white, with harper hoar,
t damosel of yore ?
igh quest a knight require,
e venture suit a squire ?”—
eye flash'd ;—she paused and
d,—
ave I to do with pride !—

—Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and
strife,

A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.”

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and alter'd look ;
And said,—“This ring our duties own ;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,
Lady, in aught my folly fail'd.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour ;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way.”
But, ere she follow'd, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took ;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold ;—
“Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O forget its ruder part !
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar.”
With thanks,—'twas all she could—the
maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent :—
“My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face !
His minstrel I,—to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.

With the Chief's birth begins our care;
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
 His earliest feat of field or chase,
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse,—
 A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse.
 Then let me share his captive lot;
 It is my right—dear! I not—
 "Little we reck," said John of Brent,
 "We South men men, of long descent;
 Nor wot we how a name—a word—
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
 Yet kind my noble lan'lord's part,
 God bless the house of Beaudesert!
 And, but I loved to drive the deer,
 More than to guide the labouring steer,
 I had not dwelt an eaterst here
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me,
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led
 Through gated arch and passage dread.
 Portals they pass'd where, deep within,
 Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely
 Stored,

Lay w'arlike mail, and headsmen's
 sword,

And many a hideous engine grim,
 For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
 By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame
 And sin to give their work a name.
 They halted at a low-brow'd porch,
 And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
 While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,
 And made the bar unhasp its hold.

They enter'd—'twas a prison room
 Of stern security and gloom,
 Yet not a dungeon, for the day
 Through lofty gratings found its way,
 And rude and antique garniture
 Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor;
 Such as the rugged days of old
 Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.

"Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st
 remain

Till the Leech visit him again.

Strict is his charge, the warder
 To tend the noble prisoner well,
 Retiring then the lady he drew,
 And the lock's unarm'd guard
 Roused at the sound, from below
 A captive feebly rais'd his head,
 The wondering Minstrel look'd
 And knew—

Not his dear lord, but Rodend
 For, come from where he
 fought,

They, erring, deem'd the Chief he

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prow
 Shall never stem the billows more,
 Deserted by her gallant band,
 Amid the breakers lies stranded;
 So, on his couch, lay Rodend,
 And oft his fever'd limbs he
 In toss and tug, as when her side
 He rocking in the advancing tide
 That shake her frame with
 heat,

Yet cannot heave her from her bed,
 O' how unlike her course he
 Or his free step on his ancestral
 Soon as the Minstrel he could
 say

"What of thy lady?"—of my
 My mother?—Douglas?—tell me
 Have they been run'd in my fall
 Ah, yes!—or wherefore art thou
 Yet speak—speak boldly,—
 fear"

(For Allan, who his mood well
 Was choked with grief and terror)

"Who fought—who fled?—Oh
 be brief,

Some might for they had lost
 Chief

Who basely live—who bravely
 "O, calm thee, Chief!" the
 cried,

"Ellen is safe;"—"For that
 Heaven!"—

"And hopes are for the Douglas
 The Lady Margaret too is well

And, for thy clan, on field or
 Has never harp of minstrel told

Of combat fought so true and bold
 Thy stately line is yet unbent,

Though many a goodly bough is

XIV.

chieftain rear'd his form on high,
 ever's fire was in his eye;
 astly, pale, and livid streaks
 er'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.
 ark, Minstrel! I have heard thee
 play,
 measure bold, on festal day,
 lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
 arper play, or warrior hear! . . .
 tiring air that peals on high,
 termid's race our victory.—
 it!—and then, (for well thou canst,)
 om thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
 ne the picture of the fight,
 met my clan the Saxon might.
 en, till my fancy hears
 ang of swords, the crash of spears!
 grates, these walls, shall vanish
 then,
 e fair field of fighting men,
 y free spirit burst away,
 t soar'd from battle fray.”
 embling Bard with awe obey'd,—
 on the harp his hand he laid;
 on remembrance of the sight
 tness'd from the mountain's height,
 what old Bertram told at night,
 en'd the full power of song,
 ore him in career along;—
 allop launch'd on river's tide,
 slow and fearful leaves the side,
 hen it feels the middle stream,
 downward swift as lightning's
 beam.

XV.

Battle of Beal' an Duine.

Minstrel came once more to view
 stern ridge of Benvenue,
 he parted, he would say
 all to lovely Loch Achray—
 shall he find, in foreign land,
 a lake, so sweet a strand!—
 e is no breeze upon the fern,
 or ripple on the lake,
 her eyry nods the erne,
 he deer has sought the brake:
 small birds will not sing aloud,
 e springing trout lies still,

So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill.
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread,
 Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread?
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance
 That on the thicket streams,
 Or do they flash on spear and lance
 The sun's retiring beams?
 —I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 That up the lake comes winding far!
 To hero bound for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array!

XVI.

“Their light-arm'd archers far and near
 Survey'd the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frown'd,
 Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
 The stern battalia crown'd.
 No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum;
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
 The sullen march was dumb.
 There breathed no wind their crests
 to shake,
 Or wave their flags abroad;
 Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
 That shadow'd o'er their road.
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe,
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirr'd the roe;
 The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
 High-swelling, dark, and slow.
 The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

“At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,

all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
 d peal'd the banner-cry of hell !
 North from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear :
 For life ! for life ! their plight they ply—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued ;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood ?—
 ' Down, down,' cried Mar, ' your
 lances down !

Bear back both friend and foe !'—
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levell'd low ;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
 ' We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel* cows the game !
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.'—

XVIII.

" Bearing before them, in their course,
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below ;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurl'd them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang !
 But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
 — ' My banner-man, advance !
 I see,' he cried, ' their column shake.—
 Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,

* A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding
 a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought
 immense quantities of deer together, which
 usually made desperate efforts to break through
 the *Tinchel*.

Upon them with the lance !'—
 The horsemen dash'd among the re
 As deer break through the broo
 Their steeds are stout, their swo
 are out,

They soon make lightsome roo
 Clan-Alpine's best are backw
 borne—

Where, where was Roderick th
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And reflux through the pass of
 The battle's tide was pour'd ;
 Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling sp
 Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black a
 steep

Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass :
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight agai

XIX.

" Now westward rolls the battle's d
 That deep and doubling pass withi
 — Minstrel, away ! the work of fat
 Is bearing on : its issue wait,
 Where the rude Trosachs' dread d
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
 Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast
 The sun is set ;—the clouds an
 The lowering scowl of heav
 An inky hue of livid blue
 To the deep lake has given
 Strange gusts of wind from m
 glen
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk
 I heeded not the eddying surge
 Mine eye but saw the Trosachs
 Mine ear but heard the sullen
 Which like an earthquake s
 ground,
 And spoke the stern and desp
 That parts not but with parti
 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to
 The dirge of many a passing
 Nearer it comes—the dim
 The martial flood disgorg

But not in mingled tide ;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side ;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shatter'd band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand ;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

XX.

" Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried—' Behold yon isle !—
See ! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand :
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile ;—

My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.
Forth from the ranks a spearman springs,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,

He plunged him in the wave :—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue

A mingled echo gave ;

The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.

'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven :
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swell'd they high.
To mar the Highland marksman's eye :
For round him shower'd, mid rain and
hail,

The vengeful arrows of the Gael—
In vain—He nears the isle—and lo !
His hand is on a shallop's bow.

—Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with
flame ;—

I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,

A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand :—
It darken'd,—but amid the moan
(Of waves, I heard a dying groan ;—
Another flash !—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

" ' Revenge ! revenge ! ' the Saxons
cried,

The Gaels' exulting shout replied.

Despite the elemental rage,

Again they hurried to engage ;

But, ere they closed in desperate fight,

Bloody with spurring came a knight,

Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,

Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.

Clarion and trumpet by his side

Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,

While, in the Monarch's name, afar

An herald's voice forbade the war.

For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,

Were both, he said, in captive hold."

—But here the lay made sudden stand,

The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand !

Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy

How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy :

At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,

With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;

That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong

Varied his look as changed the song ;

At length, no more his deafen'd ear

The minstrel melody could hear ;

His face grows sharp, his hands are

clench'd,

As if some pang his heartstrings

wrench'd ;

Set are his teeth, his fading eye

Is sternly fix'd on vacancy ;

Thus, motionless, and motionless, drew

His parting breath, and Roderick

departed.

Old Allan-bane look'd on aghast,

While grim and still his spirit stood ;

But when he saw that life was fled,

He pour'd his warning o'er the dead.

XXII.

Tament.

" And art thou cold and lonely laid,
Thy former's dream, thy people's

Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's
shade!

For thee shall none a requiem say?—
For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.—
O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine."—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remain'd in lordly bower apart,
Where play'd, with many-colour'd
gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or if she look'd, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawn'd the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claim'd with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,

Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts had
tray'd.—

Those who such simple joys have known
Are taught to prize them when they
gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV.

Song of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free.
For that's the life is meet for me.
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime.
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.
No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes.
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew.
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
'That life is lost to love and me!'"

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turn'd her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was
near.

She turn'd the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.

come, brave Fitz-James!" she
aid;
nay an almost orphan maid
deep debt"——"O say not so!
to gratitude you owe.
ie, alas! the boon to give,
thy noble father live;
it be thy guide, sweet maid,
Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
nt he, though ire and pride
his better mood aside.
Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
his court at morning prime."
ating heart, and bosom wrung,
brother's arm she clung.
ne dried the falling tear,
tly whisper'd hope and cheer;
ering steps half led, half staid,
a gallery fair and high arcade,
his touch, its wings of pride
l arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

'twas brilliant all and light,
ging scene of figures bright;
d on Ellen's dazzled sight,
n the setting sun has given
usand hues to summer even,
m their tissue, fancy frames
knights and fairy dames.

Fitz-James her footing staid;
aint steps she forward made,
ow her drooping head she raised,
rful round the presence gazed;
she sought, who own'd this state,
ided Prince whose will was fate!—
ed on many a princely port,
vell have ruled a royal court;
y a splendid garb she gazed,—
rn'd bewilder'd and amazed,
stood bare; and, in the room,
nes alone wore cap and plume.
each lady's look was lent;
each courtier's eye was bent;
ars and silks and jewels sheen,
d, in simple Lincoln green,
tre of the glittering ring,—
owdown's Knight is Scotland's
King.

XXVII.

ath of snow, on mountain-breast,
rom the rock that gave it rest,

Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands,—
She show'd the ring—she clasp'd her
hands.

O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant
look!

Gently he raised her,—and, the while,
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
And bade her terrors be dismiss'd:—

"Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-
James

The fealty of Scotland claims.

To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.

Ask nought for Douglas;—yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous
tongue,

I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.

We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamour
loud;

Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.

I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—
But, lovely infidel, how now?

What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepp'd between—"Nay, Douglas,
nay,

Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
—Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,

'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-
James.

Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."—
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
"Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft,
drew

My spell bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy monarch's life to mountain glave!"—
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deem'd the monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.

"Forbear thy suit:—the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings,
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his
brand:—

My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live:—
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turn'd her from the King
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
The suit that stain'd her glowing cheek.—

"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force
And stubborn justice holds her course—
Malcolm, come forth!"—and, at the
word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland
Lord.

"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant's
From thee may Vengeance claim her due
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"—
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung
Then gently drew the glittering hand,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp !
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string !
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !



**THE
VISION OF DON RODERICK.**

*Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, tervis,
Vex humana valet!*—CLAUDIAN.

TO
JOHN WHITMORE, ESQ.
AND TO THE COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS
FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS,
IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,
THIS POEM,
THE VISION OF DON RODERICK,
Composed for the benefit of the Fund under their management,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY
WALTER SCOTT.



PREFACE

TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly d in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic of Spain, when the invasion of the Moors was impending, had the time descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that his curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dom I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed c of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invas the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the pe occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embrac state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuga the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to th humanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treach BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unwar and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succor may be further proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to memorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and imp picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one wh already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology f inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commem Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of LORD PRESIDENT BLAIR LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had no to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and, I may with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no co share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, h am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1812.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire
May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war ;
Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star ?
Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range ;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge !

II.

Yes ! such a strain, with all o'er-pouring measure,
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around ;
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

III.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age ?
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last ; for Homer's rage
A theme ; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band !

IV.

Ye mountains stern ! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose ;
Ye torrents ! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes ;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids flung ;
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattræth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung ?

V.
 O ' if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
 As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
 When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
 Like trumpet jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
 If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
 Then lend the note to him has loved you long!
 Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
 That floats your solitary wastes along,
 And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.
 For not till now, how oft so'er the task
 Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
 From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
 In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;
 Careless he gave his numbers to the air,
 They came unsought for, if applauses came;
 Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
 Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
 Immortal be the verse — forgot the poet's name.

VII.
 Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tost:
 "Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
 Capricious swerving now, may soon be lost,
 Like the light flickering of a cottage fire,
 If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
 Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:
 Age after age has gul'd or dross'd to sore,
 Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
 Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

VIII.
 "Decay'd our old traditional lore,
 Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
 By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn-hood,
 Or round the range of Minchmore's haunted spring,
 Save where their legends grey land shepherds sing,
 That now scarce with a list'ning ear but thine,
 Of fairs obscure, and Border ravaging,
 And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
 Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.
 "No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
 Gives with unstinted beam ethereal flame,
 Where the rude villager, his labour done,
 In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name,
 Whether Olafia's charms his tribute claim,
 Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;
 Or whether, kindling at the ueens of Orkney,
 He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
 Oll Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet.

X.

“Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose ;
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain.

XI.

“There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sunburnt native's eye ;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Iberia ! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune fought and died.

XII.

“And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine ;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign ;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.
Go, seek such theme !”—The Mountain Spirit said
With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obey'd.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK

I.

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night ;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp ;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd between.

III.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold :
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport :—
“ What ! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away ?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay ? ”
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last.

V.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
 An ear of fearful wonder to the King ;
 The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
 So long that sad confession witnessing :
 For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
 Such as are loathly utter'd to the air,
 When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring,
 And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear,
 And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
 The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd :
 But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
 Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.
 While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
 Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
 That mortal man his bearing should behold,
 Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shook,
 Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's look.

VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,
 As many a secret sad the King bewray'd ;
 As sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd tale,
 When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.—
 "Thus royal Witiza was slain,"—he said ;
 "Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I."
 Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade.—
 "Oh rather deem 'twas stern necessity !
 Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

"And if Florinda's shrieks alarm'd the air,
 If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
 And on her knees implored that I would spare,
 Yet, reverend Priest, thy sentence rash refrain !
 All is not as it seems—the female train
 Know by their bearing to disguise their mood :"—
 But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
 Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
 He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate stood.

IX.

"O harden'd offspring of an iron race !
 What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say ?
 What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface
 Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away !
 For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,
 Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast ?
 How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,
 Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be lost."

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

X.

Then kindled the dark tyrant in his mood,
 And to his brow return'd his dauntless gloom;
 "And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood,
 For treason treachery, for dishonour doom!
 Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
 Show, for thou canst give forth the fated key,
 And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
 Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
 His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."

XI.

"Ill-fated Prince! recall the desperate word,
 Or pause ere yet the omen thou he'st
 Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
 Never to former Monarch entrance-way;
 Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
 Save to a King, the last of all his line,
 What time his empire begins to decay,
 And treason digs beneath her fatal mine,
 And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine."

XII

"Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;
 Lead on!" The ponderous key the old man took,
 And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
 By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
 Then when in a gateway bent his look;
 And as the key the desperate King essay'd,
 Low munter'd thunders the Cathedral shook,
 And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort made,
 Till the huge bolts roll'd back and the loud hinges bray'd.

XIII

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
 Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
 Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,
 Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
 A pale light, as of the dawning, shone
 Through the sad bounds, but whence they could not spy
 For window to the upper air was none;
 Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
 Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV

Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,
 Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place;
 Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
 Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
 Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
 That lived and sinn'd before the avenging flood;
 This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
 This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
 Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of mood.

XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
 Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
 As if its ebb he measured by a book,
 Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand ;
 In which was wrote of many a fallen land,
 Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven :
 And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
 "Lo, DESTINY and TIME ! to whom by Heaven
 The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away ;
 And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
 That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
 As one that startles from a heavy sleep.
 Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
 At once descended with the force of thunder,
 And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
 The marble boundary was rent asunder,
 And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
 Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,
 Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
 As by some skilful artist's hand portray'd :
 Here, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade,
 And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye ;
 There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
 Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high,
 Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage
 Pass'd forth the band of masquers trimly led,
 In various forms, and various equipage,
 While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed ;
 So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
 Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
 Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,
 And issue of events that had not been ;
 And, ever and anon, strange sounds were heard between.

XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeated female shriek !—
 It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
 For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—
 Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
 Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
 The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelie's yell,
 Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
 Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
 "*The Moor !*" he cried, "*the Moor !—ring out the Tocsin bell !*"

XX

"They come ! they come ! I see the groaning lands
 White with the turbans of each Arab horde ,
 Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
 Alla and Mahomet their battle word,
 The choice they yield, the Kuran or the Sword—
 See how the Christians rush to arms again !—
 In yonder shout the voice of conflict roared,
 The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
 Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause of Spain

XXI.

' By Heaven, the Moors prevail ! the Christians yield ?
 Their coward leader gives for flight the sign :
 The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
 Is not yon steed Orelia ? Yes, tis mine !
 But never was she turn'd from battle line :
 Lo ! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone !
 Curses pursue the slave, and wrath divine !
 Rivers ingulph him "—" "Hush," in shuddering tone,
 The Prelate said, "rash Prince, yon vision'd form's thine own

XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the fier's course ;
 The dangerous ford the Kingly likeness tried ;
 But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse,
 Swept like beaughted peasant down the tide ,
 And the proud Moslemah sprang far and wide,
 As numerous as the native locust band ;
 Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,
 With naked scimitars mete out the land,
 And for the bondsmen base the freeborn natives brand

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose
 The loveliest maidens of the Christian line ;
 Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes,
 Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine ;
 Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
 By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
 And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
 Echo'd, for holy hymn and organ tone,
 The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick ?—Lien as one who spies
 Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable wool,
 And hears around his children's piercing cries,
 And sees the pale assistants stand aloof,
 While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
 His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief,
 And while above him rous the crumbling roof,
 He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
 Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief

XXV.

That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd his fatal glass
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings ;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings ;
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,
Hazars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land as evening seem'd to set,
The Imaum's chant was heard from mosque or minaret.

XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of flame ;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke,
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone !
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known ;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regain'd their heritage ;
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii those of Spain for many an age ;
This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was hight.

XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a chief of old,
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly gest ;
His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,
Morena's eagle plume adorn'd his crest,
The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.
Fierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his gage ;
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archimage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame :
Yet was that barefoot Monk more proud than he :
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till *ermined* Age and Youth in arms renown'd,
ouring his scourge and haircloth, meekly kiss'd the ground.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
 Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veild his crest,
 Victorious still in bull feast or in fight,
 Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
 Stoop'd ever to that Anchorite's behest ;
 Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong.
 But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
 And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
 For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Of his proud galleys sought some new-found world,
 That latest sees the sun, or first the morn,
 Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils be hurl'd,
 Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,
 Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrabs worn,
 Wrought of rare gems, but trok'n, rent, and foul ;
 Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
 Bedabbled all with blood—With grisly scowl
 The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath his cowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
 Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise ;
 And at his word the choral hymns awake,
 And many a hand the silver censer sways,
 But with the incense breath these censers raise,
 Mix steams from corpses smoldering in the fire ;
 The groans of prison'd victims mix the lays,
 And shrieks of agony confound the quire ;
 While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes expire.

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
 As once again revolved that measured sand ;
 Such sounds as when, for silvan dance ; prepared,
 Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band ;
 When for the light bolero ready stand
 The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met,
 He converses of his broader'd cap and band,
 She of her netted laces and light corsette,
 Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became ;
 For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,
 And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
 Lay stretch'd, full loath the weight of arms to brook ;
 And soften'd BIGOTRY, upon his book,
 Patter'd a task of little good or ill ;
 But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,
 Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
 And rung from village-green the merry seguidille.

XXXV.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
 Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold ;
 And, careless, saw his rule become the spoil
 Of a loose Female and her minion bold.
 But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
 From court intrigue, from bickering faction far ;
 Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was told,
 And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
 Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening star.

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand,
 When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
 Came slowly overshadowing Israel's land,
 A while, perchance, bedeck'd with colours sheen,
 While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
 Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
 Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
 And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud,
 Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howl'd aloud :—

XXXVII.

Even so, upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
 Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
 And HE, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
 And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
 Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,
 By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
 Until he won the passes of the land ;
 Then burst were honour's oath, and friendship's ties !
 He clutch'd his vulture grasp, and call'd fair Spain his prize.

XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore ;
 And well such diadem his heart became,
 Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
 Or check'd his course for piety or shame ;
 Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
 Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
 Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name ;
 Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
 Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.

XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came,
 The spark, that, from a suburb-hovel's hearth
 Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
 Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
 And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—
 The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
 That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
 And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

XI.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form ;
 Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
 With which she beckon'd him through fight and storm,
 And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
 Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trode.
 Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
 So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
 It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,
 Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,
 Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's moan ;
 As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
 By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon.
 Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,
 As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
 To war beneath the Youth of Macedon :
 No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,
 He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend unmask'd.

XLIH.

That Prelate mark'd his march— On banners blazed
 With battles won in many a distant land,
 On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed ;
 "And hopest thou, then," he said, "thy power shall stand !
 O ! thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
 And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood ;
 And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand,
 Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
 And by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood !"

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
 A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
 And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
 While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile !"
 Not that he loved him—No !—In no man's weal,
 Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart ;
 Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
 That the poor puppet might perform his part,
 And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
 Not long the silence of amazement hung,
 Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused ;
 For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
 Exclaim'd, "To arms !"—and fast to arms they sprung.
 And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land !
 Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
 As burst the awakening Nazarite his band,
 When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd his dreadful hand.

XLV.

That Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown
These martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard a while his substituted throne—
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their own.

XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall ;
Stately Seville responsive war-shot flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall ;
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure ;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure ;
While nought against them bring the unpractised foe.
Save hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands for Freedom's blow.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but, O ! they march not forth
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their Eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign !
Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain ;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade and brand,
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'rous hand ;
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw
Midst ruins *they had made*, the spoilers' corpses knew.

I.

What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
 Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,
 How oft the Pannet banners rose or fell,
 So, if honour'd in defeat as victory?
 For that sad pageant of events to be
 Show'd every form of fight by field and flood,
 Slaughter and Rann, shouting forth their glee,
 Beheld, while riding on the tempest scud,
 The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd with blood.

II.

Then Zaragoza blighted be the tongue
 That names thy name without the honour due?
 For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung,
 Of faith so fully proved, so firmly true?
 Mine, say, and thine, thy sister'd Rann knew,
 Each art of war's extremity had known,
 Twice from thy half sack'd streets the foe withdrew,
 And when at length stern fate decreed thy down,
 They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

III.

Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains,
 Luthrall'd thou canst not be! Arise, and claim
 Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
 For what thou worshippest! thy sainted dame,
She of the Column, honour'd be her name
 Be it, whate'er their creed, who honour love!
 And like the sacred relics of the flame,
 That gave some martyr to the less above,
 To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!

IV.

Not thine alone such wreck! Gerona fair!
 Faithful to death thy heroes shall be sung,
 Manning the towers, while over their heads the air
 Swift as the smoke from raging furnace hung,
 Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung.
 Now briefly glitt'ring by the cannon's flare,
 Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the launch was flung,
 And red'ning now with conflagration's glare,
 While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

V.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
 While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky,
 And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,
 Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,—
 Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
 In which old Athos's heart and tongue unite,
 Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
 Whether it ban the wine-cup or the light,
 And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light.

LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.
From mast and stern St George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial cheer.

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight !
The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come !

LVII.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light ;
Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown —
For yon fair hands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with the Laws.

LIX.

And, O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid ;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid !

LX.

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee :
Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough nature's children, humorous as she :
And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle !—the Hero is thine own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with lightning blaze :—
But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise ?
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs room ?
And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's tomb :

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl'd,
To Freedom and Revenge awakes an injured World !

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own :
Yet Fate resigns to worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun.
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain !

CONCLUSION.

I.

"WHO shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie?
Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

II.

"Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-cross powers!"
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;—
Behind their wasteful march a reeking wilderness.

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force;
And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons from their walls, might sum
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,

As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
 But in the middle path a Lion lay !
 At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
 Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight ;
 Beacons of infamy, they light the way
 Where cowardice and cruelty unite
 To damn with double shame their ignominious flight !

VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath !
 Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
 What wanton horrors mark'd their wreckful path !
 The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
 The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
 Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
 Woman to infamy;—no crime forgot,
 By which inventive demons might proclaim
 Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's great name !

VII.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
 With horror paused to view the havoc done,
 Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
 Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
 Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
 Exult the debt of sympathy to pay ;
 Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
 Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
 Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worthless lay.

VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
 Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain !
 Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
 Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain ?
 Vainglorious fugitive ! yet turn again !
 Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
 Flows Honour's Fountain,* as foredoom'd the stain
 From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—
 Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here !

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid ;
 Those chief that never heard the lion roar !
 Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,
 Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore !
 Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more ;
 Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole ;
 Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
 Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
 And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

* The literal translation of *Fuentes d' Honore*.

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain !
And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.

XI.

Go, baffled boaster ! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own ;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown,
By British skill and valour were outvied ;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON !
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

XII.

But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a hard, unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won ?
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave ;
And he, perchance, the minstrel-note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes ! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame :
Hark ! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
And Red Barosa shouts for dauntless GRÆME !
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame !
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors crown'd !

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield —
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD !

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
 Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,
 Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
 He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
 But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
 Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
 Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
 He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
 And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
 Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
 Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;
 Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
 From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
 The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
 Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;
 He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
 And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,
 Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
 Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
 Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
 By Wallace's side it rung the Southron's knell,
 Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its fame,
 Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
 But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
 Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of GRENÉ!

XVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
 (With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)
 By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,
 And landward now I drive before the gale,
 And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
 And nearer now I see the port expand,
 And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
 And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
 I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land.

R O K E B Y:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

THIS POEM,

The Scene of which is laid in his beautiful demesne of Rokby,

IS INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, BY

WALTER SCOTT.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, shifts to the adjacent Fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.

The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and the beginning of the Sixth Century.

The Date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious narrative now presented to the Public.

ROKEBY.

as two years and a half after the publication of the "Lady of the Lake" Scott gave his next poem to the world. During that interval he had moved from Westfield to Abbotsford, and the beginning of a great change was perceptible in the aspirations of his life. He had passed his fortieth year, his family was growing up around him; already the two boys had reached an age when, both destined to active life, they would soon have to quit the paternal roof, and had begun to speculate on their future. In the Introduction which he wrote for the 1830 edition of his poetical works, he speaks as though he had in a large measure given up field-sports, and taken to the quieter and more sedate occupation of planting, on account of advancing years and the absence of his sons, who used to be his companions in coursing and hunting. But it is evident that his choice of a new amusement had a deeper meaning than he then avowed or probably was conscious of.

In planting he had always, no doubt, entertained a strong partiality. Even in childhood, he says, his sympathies were stirred by reading the account of one's "Leasowes," and in after life there was nothing which seemed to afford him so much pride and pleasure as in watching the naked hill-sides gradually clothed with the saplings he had planted. "You can have no idea," said Scott to Captain Basil Hall, "of the exquisite delight of a planter; he is like a painter on his colours: at every moment he sees his effects coming out. There is no other occupation comparable to this. It is full of past, present, and future interest. I look back to the time when there was not a tree here, only bare ground. I look round, and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, I may say, I have lost each of which, have received my personal attention. I remember five years ago looking forward, with the most delighted expectation, to this very hour, and each year has passed, the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same thing now. I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only taken care of, and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike fishing, or even painting, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, never interrupted, but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, with continually augmenting interest." But he could hew as well as plant. He was expert with the axe, and one of the pleasantest sights of Abbotsford was to see Sheriff and Tam Purdie, in their shirt-sleeves, thinning the woods, while the hound, looked gravely on.

It was not difficult to discover in this love of planting the germ of the ambition to which he now began to yield himself—to be a laird, and found a family. It was under the modest title of cottage, or farm, that he spoke of Abbotsford; but his plans were expanding, and the farm-house was gradually acquiring the dimensions and proportions of a mansion. Everything which flattered his sense of being a proprietor was dear to him. It was not enough that he had bought an estate; he sought to make it his own in a more peculiar manner by converting the farm into a gentleman's seat, and by calling into existence the woods which

were to cover the nakedness of the land. Both in the Introduction of 1830 and in his private letters he speaks contemptuously of farming, and places planting far above it as a nobler and more elevating pursuit. But one cannot but suspect that this feeling was not unconnected with the fact that farming was the occupation of the mere tenant, while planting was the business of the landlord.

Of course, as Scott's schemes assumed a grander form, so his expenditures increased. That it was a feeling of necessity and not inclination that led him to the composition of "Rokeby," is almost avowed in the Introduction of 1830. He there speaks as though he would have been content to have devoted himself entirely to his estate, and to have allowed the poetical field to lie fallow, had it not been for certain peremptory circumstances which again compelled him to take up the pen. "As I am turned improver on the earth of this every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated." In plain words, he sat down to write a poem in order to get the money for his house and plantations. To his friend Morritt, in confiding the first idea of "Rokeby," Scott was frank enough on this point. "I want," he says, "to build my cottage a little better than my limited finances will permit out of my ordinary income; and although it is very true that an author should not hazard his reputation, yet, as Bob Acres says, I really think reputation should take some care of the gentleman in return."

In undertaking the work for the reasons thus explicitly avowed, Scott was quite conscious of his lack of poetic glow and impulse. The poem, apart from its merits, has a peculiar interest for the reader who studies it as a piece of careful literary manufacture, and takes notice of the deliberate business-like way in which it was produced. Three such successes as those of the "Minstrel," "Marmion," and the "Lady of the Lake," might have made a vain man reckless and a timid man cowardly—the one would have been terrified by the sound himself had made, the other would have presumed upon his acknowledged powers. But Scott was neither vain nor timid. He looked at the matter with a calm practical eye. He thought he understood the popular taste, but he was quite aware that there had been an unprecedented run of fortune in favour of his cards, and that he could not calculate on its continuance. His safety, he saw, lay in playing the game with a novel combination.

Determined not to throw away a chance, Scott was very cautious in the choice of a subject, and very elaborate in working out the story which he at length decided on adopting. His first conception of a poem of which Bruce should be the hero was discarded for the time (it afterwards appeared as the "Lord of the Isles"), even after he had written some of it, for fear the subject was not novel enough to catch the public taste. Hitherto he had taken his stand on Scottish ground; he now resolved to venture southwards in search of the incidents and scenery of his new poem. He was no stranger, however, to the country which he set himself to depict. Rokeby was the seat of his intimate friend Mr. Morritt; he had visited it more than once; he returned expressly to freshen his recollection of the district, and to note its aspect more carefully and narrowly; and his friend supplied him with an ample store of legendary and topographical information. Impressed with the conviction that the greater the degree of novelty he could infuse into the poem the greater would be its chances of success, he resolved upon another experiment in his treatment of the story, besides transferring the theatre from Scotland to England. The force in the "Ilay," he tells us, is thrown upon *style*; in "Marmion," on *description*; in the "Lady of the Lake," on *incident*. He now determined to make the portraiture of *character*, without excluding either *incident or description*, the chief feature of "Rokeby."

The next point to be settled was the period in which the action should be laid. Scott was unfortunate in choosing the period of the Parliamentary Civil War. His friend, Mr. Morritt, at once detected the error, and urged him strongly to throw back the date of the story to the Wars of the Roses. That would give the bard, he suggested, more freedom in the introduction of ghosts and similar superstitious effects; it would enable him to represent the district at a time when its leading men, the lords of Barnard Castle and Rokeby, were playing a nobler and more distinguished part than in the Commonwealth; and, "civil war for civil war, the first had two poetical sides, and the last only one; for the Roundheads, though I always thought them politically right, were sad materials for poetry; even Milton cannot make much of them." One may not be disposed to endorse the view that there was no poetry in the Puritans, but there can be little doubt that Scott's sympathies were warped in this respect, and that he did not catch the true spirit of the time. It might almost be assumed that he himself was conscious of this, for, except for a chance phrase here and there, we might read the poem from beginning to end without discovering in what period of English history the incidents were supposed to happen. There is nothing peculiarly characteristic of either Puritans or Cavaliers in the personages introduced upon the stage; and Scott might just as well have taken his friend's advice, and gone back to the feud of the Roses at once. Those who seek for a picture of England in the heat of the great strife between Court and Parliament, will be disappointed. If, however, the reader is willing to take the narrative on its own merits, without reference to its historical value, he will find it by no means destitute of interest and beauty. An author has a right to claim that he shall be tested by the standard of what he sought to accomplish; and in this instance it should be remembered that it was character and not history which Scott applied himself to depict. Mortham and Rokeby, Bertram and O'Neale, must be taken (to compare small things with great) on the same terms as we take Lear and Hamlet, without reference to the exact time in which they lived—as studies of that human nature, which is the same in every age.

The dedication of the work to Mr. Morritt, and the elaborate descriptions which it contained of the estate and castle of Rokeby, gave rise to some sarcasm on the part of London wits, who did not know the affectionate friendship which lent the place an especial charm to Scott's partial eye. Moore, for instance, in his "Two-penny Post-bag," has a hit at Scott as a bard who—

"Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming by long quarto stages to town,
And begining with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay),
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

The only way to rival the enterprising northern Minstrel is, Moore suggests:—

"To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him;
Who by means of quick proofs—no revises, long coaches—
May do a few villas before Scott approaches."

There were, however, as we have seen, many agreeable associations which gave Scott a special interest in Rokeby. Nor were natural attractions wanting. Even now, when swarthy industry and exacting agriculture have done so much to efface the picturesque features of the country, there is much to charm the lover of natural scenery, and the spirited fidelity of the poet's descriptions can still be recognised. Having outlined his characters, as it were, in the front of his poetical picture, Scott went to Rokeby to fill in the background. He had already visited the spot, and its beauties had made a deep impression on his mind; brightened, doubtless, by the grateful recollections of his host's kindness and geniality. In a letter to Elli

(July 8, 1809), he describes it as "one of the most enviable places I have ever seen, it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation, with the romantic variety of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our Northern scenery." Rokeby is a modern mansion, on the site of an ancient castle, in the midst of a pleasant park in which two rapid and beautiful streams, the Greta and the Tees, unite their waters. The scattered ruins of John Balliol's stately home, Barnard Castle, are to be found on a high bank overlooking the Tees. The castle has a chequered history. Edward took it from Balliol. It passed in succession to the Beauchamps of Warwick, and the Staffords of Buckingham. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of holding in check the Lancastrian faction of the Northern counties. Subsequently we find it in the possession of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and it was forfeited to the crown after the insurrection against Queen Elizabeth in the eleventh year of her reign, and afterwards passed to Carr, the Earl of Somerset, James's the First's favourite, and Sir Harry Vane the elder. So that it was, doubtless, occupied in the Parliamentary interest during the civil war. Mortham Castle is now a farmhouse. It stands on the bank of the Greta, near the point where the stream issues from a narrow dell into more open country. Traces of a still older time are also to be found in this neighbourhood. Not far from Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the River Greta and the brook called the Tutta. Roman altars and monuments have also been turned up in the vicinity.

Mr. Morritt has left an interesting account of Scott's second visit to Rokeby, when he was collecting materials for his poem. The morning after he arrived, he said, "You have often given me materials for romance; now I want a good robber's cave and an old church of the right sort." So the two friends started on the quest, and Scott found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignall, and the ruined abbey of Egglestone. Nor did Scott neglect even the minutest features of the scene. He took note of the little plants and ferns that grew about, saying that in nature no two scenes were ever exactly alike; and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded.

Here we see Scott studying from nature—it is interesting to turn to the companion picture of the artificer at work. While composing "Rokeby" Scott gave an occasional hour to the "Bridal of Triermain" and the "Lord of the Isles," and found time for his planting as well. And all the while the clank of the trowel and the hammer were ringing in his ears, and he was fretted with the schemes for his new house, and the means of raising money for them. "As for the house and the poem," he said himself, "there are twelve masons hammering at the one, and a poor noodle at the other." The building being unfinished, he had no room for himself and sat at his desk near a window looking out at the river, undisturbed by the noise and bustle on the other side of the old bed-curtain, which separated his sanctum from the rest of the only habitable portion of the house.

ROKEBY.

ROKBY.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud ;
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes as a guilty dream,
When Conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goals sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame.
Shifting that shade, to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow ;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north.
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the plashing rain-drop fall,
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

II.

Those towers, which in the changeful
gleam
Throw murky shadows on the stream,
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest.
The emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion driven,
Rival the flitting rack of heaven.
Ere sleep stern OSWALD's senses tied,
Oft had he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought
By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings true and fancies vain,
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past.

Conscience, anticipating time,
Already rues the enacted crime,
And calls her furies forth, to shake
The sounding scourge and hissing snail,
While her poor victim's outward form
Bear witness to his mental woes,
And show what lesson may be read
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

III.

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings trace
Strange changes in his sleeping face,
Rapid and ominous as these
With which the moonbeams tinge
Tees.

There might be seen of shame the blush,
There anger's dark and fiercer flush,
While the perturbed sleeper's hand
Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or broadsword,
Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh,
The tear in the half-opening eye,
The pallid cheek and brow, confessing
That grief was busy in his breast :
Nor paused that mood—a sudden start
Impell'd the life-blood from the heart,
Features convulsed, and mutterings drear
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead,
That pang the painful slumber broke,
And Oswald with a start awoke.

IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close
His eyelids in such dire repose ;
He woke,—to watch the lamp, and
From hour to hour the castle-bell
Or listen to the owlet's cry,
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme
With which the warder cheats the time,
And envying think, how, when the
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done.

on his straw, and fancy-free,
is like careless infancy.

V.

ward sounds a distant tread,
wald, starting from his bed,
ught it, though no human ear,
en'd by revenge and fear,
er distinguish horse's clank,
reach'd the castle bank.
h and plain the sound appears,
der's challenge now he hears,
nking chains and levers tell,
r the moat the drawbridge fell,
the castle court below,
re heard, and torches glow,
nalling the stranger's way,
for the room where Oswald lay;
was,—“Tidings from the host,
it—a messenger comes post.”
he tumult of his breast,
er Oswald thus express'd—
ood and wine, and trim the fire;
ie stranger, and retire.”

VI.

nger came with heavy stride;
ion's plumes his visage hide,
buff-coat, an ample fold,
his form's gigantic mould.
der answer deigned he
ld's anxious courtesy,
dd, by a disdainful smile,
nd scorn'd the petty wile,
wald changed the torch's place,
that on the soldier's face
l lustre might be thrown,
his looks, yet hide his own.
t, the while, laid low aside
erous cloak of tough bull's hide,
ie torch glanced broad and clear
let of a cuirassier;
m his brows the casque he drew,
the dank plume dash'd the dew.
oves of mail relieved his hands,
ad them to the kindling brands,
ning to the genial board,
a health, or pledge, or word
and social reverence said,
ie drank, and fiercely fed;
rom ceremony's sway,
h'd wolf that tears his prey.

VII.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse, that lent
His brow a fiercer hardiment.
Now Oswald stood a space aside,
Now paced the room with hasty stride,
In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that uncouth repast,
Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,
And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.
Then did his silence long proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching clime,
And toil, had done the work of time,
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared.
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd.
The eye that seem'd to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blench'd;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

IX.

But yet, though BERTRAM'S harden'd
look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plough'd them with impressions
strong.

All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
 Light folly, past with youth away,
 But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
 The weeds of vice without their flower.
 And yet the soil in which they grew,
 Had it been tamed when life was new,
 Had depth and vigour to bring forth
 The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.
 Not that, e'en then, his heart had known
 The gentler feelings' kindly tone;
 But lavish waste had been refined
 To bounty in his chasten'd mind,
 And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
 Been lost in love of glory's meed,
 And, frantic then no more, his pride
 Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,
 Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,
 Still knew his daring soul to soar,
 And mastery o'er the mind he bore;
 For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,
 Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.
 And this felt Oswald, while in vain
 He strove, by many a winding train,
 To lure his sullen guest to show,
 Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,
 While on far other subject hung
 His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.
 Yet nought for that his guest did deign
 To note or spare his secret pain,
 But still, in stern and stubborn sort,
 Return'd him answer dark and short,
 Or started from the theme, to range
 In loose digression wild and strange,
 And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,
 By query close, direct reply.

XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause
 Of Commons, Covenant and Laws,
 And Church Reform'd—but felt rebuke
 Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,
 Then stammer'd—"Has a field been
 fought?"

Has Bertram news of battle brought?
 For sure a soldier, famed so far
 In foreign fields for feats of war,
 On eve of fight ne'er left the host,
 Until the field were won and lost."

"Here, in your towers by circling
 You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease
 Why deem it strange that others
 To share such safe and easy honours
 From fields where danger, death,
 Are the reward of civil broil?"

"Nay, mock not, friend! since
 know
 The near advances of the foe,
 To mar our northern army's wont
 Encamp'd before beleaguering York
 Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lead
 And must have fought—how was
 day?"—

XII.

"Would'st hear the tale?—On a
 heath

Met, front to front, the ranks of
 Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and
 Fired was each eye, and flush'd each
 On either side loud clamours ring
 'God and the Cause!'—'God and
 King!'

Right English all, they rush'd to
 With nought to win, and all to
 I could have laugh'd—but lack'd
 time—

To see, in phrenesy sublime,
 How the fierce zealots fought and
 For king or state, as humour led
 Some for a dream of public good
 Some for church-tippet, gown and
 Draining their veins, in death to
 A patriot's or a martyr's name.—
 Led Bertram Risingham the head
 That counter'd there on adverse
 No superstitious fool had I
 Sought El Dorados in the sky!
 Chili had heard me through her
 And Lima open'd her silver gates,
 Rich Mexico I had march'd through
 And sack'd the splendours of Peru
 Till sunk Pizarro's daring name,
 And Cortez, thine, in Bertram's face
 "Still from the purpose wilt thou
 Good gentle friend, how went the

XIII.

"Good am I deem'd at trumpet
 And good where goblets dance the

gentle ne'er was join'd, till now,
 ugg'd Bertram's breast and
 row.—

sume. The battle's rage
 the strife which currents wage,
 Drinoco, in his pride,
 the main no tribute tide,
 nst broad ocean urges far
 sea of roaring war ;
 n ten thousand eddies driven,
 ows sling their foam to heaven,
 pale pilot seeks in vain,
 olls the river, where the main.
 us upon the bloody field,
 ying tides of conflict wheel'd
 ous, till that heart of flame,
 pert, on our squadrons came,
 against our spears a line
 nts, fiery as their wine ;
 rs, though stubborn in their zeal,
 despite began to reel.
 ould'st thou more?—in tumult
 ost,
 ders fell, our ranks were lost.
 and men, who drew the sword
 h the Houses and the Word,
 d forth from hamlet, grange,
 and down,
 o the crosier and the crown,
 tark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore,
 er shall rail at mitre more.—
 ired it, when I left the fight,
 he good Cause and Commons'
 right."—

XIV.

trous news !" dark Wycliffe said ;
 ed despondence, bent his head,
 troubled joy was in his eye,
 ill-feign'd sorrow to belie.—
 trous news !—when needed most,
 e not that your chiefs were lost ?
 ete the woful tale, and say,
 ll upon that fatal day ;
 eaders of repute and name
 by their death a deathless fame ?
 my direst foeman's doom,
 s shall dew his honour'd tomb.—
 wer ?—Friend, of all our host,
 now'st whom I should hate the
 most,
 thou too, once, wert wont to hate,
 vest me doubtful of his fate."—

With look unmoved—"Of friend or foe,
 Aught," answer'd Bertram, "would'st
 thou know,

Demand in simple terms and plain,
 A soldier's answer shalt thou gain ;
 For question dark, or riddle high,
 I have nor judgment nor reply."

XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd,
 Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast ;
 And brave, from man so meanly born,
 Roused his hereditary scorn.
 "Wretch ! hast thou paid thy bloody
 debt ?

PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he yet ?
 False to thy patron or thine oath,
 Trait'rous or perjured, one or both.
 Slave ! hast thou kept thy promise plight,
 To slay thy leader in the fight ?"
 Then from his seat the soldier sprung,
 And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung ;
 His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
 Forced the red blood-drop from the
 nail—

"A health !" he cried ; and, ere he quaff'd,
 Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and
 laugh'd—

—"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy
 heart !

Now play'st thou well thy genuine part !
 Worthy, but for thy craven fear,
 Like me to roam a bucanier.
 What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,
 If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine ?
 What carest thou for beleaguer'd York,
 If this good hand have done its work ?
 Or what though Fairfax and his best
 Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast,
 If Philip Mortham with them lie,
 Lending his life-blood to the dye ?—
 Sit, then ! and as 'mid comrades free
 Carousing after victory,
 When tales are told of blood and fear,
 That boys and women shrink to hear,
 From point to point I frankly tell
 The deed of death as it befell.

XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I forego,
 Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe ;
 And when an insult I forgive,
 Then brand me as a slave, and live !—

Philip of Mortham is with those
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes ;
(Or whom more sure revenge attends,
If number'd with ungrateful friends,
As was his wont, ere battle glow'd,
Along the marshall'd ranks he rode,
And wore his visor up the while.
I saw his melancholy smile,
When, full opposed in front, he knew
Where ROKBY'S kindred banner flew.
'And thus,' he said, 'will friends
divide !'—

I heard, and thought how, side by side,
We two had turn'd the battle's tide,
In many a well-debated field,
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's
shield.

I thought on Darien's deserts pale,
Where death bestrides the evening gale ;
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fenceless faced the deadly dew ;
I thought on Quariana's cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortham to the shore ;
And, when his side an arrow found,
I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound.
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,
To sweep away my purpose strong.

XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent ;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.
When Mortham bade me, as of yore,
Be near him in the battle's roar,
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow ;
Lost was the war in inward strife,
Debating Mortham's death or life.
'Twas then I thought, how, lured to
come,

As partner of his wealth and home,
Years of piratic wandering o'er,
With him I sought our native shore.
But Mortham's lord grew far estranged
From the bold heart with whom he
ranged ;

Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,
Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years ;
The wily priests their victim sought.
And damn'd each free-born deed and
thought.

Then must I seek another home,
My license shook his sober dome ;
If gold he gave, in one wild day
I revell'd thrice the sum away.
An idle outcast then I stray'd,
Unfit for tillage or for trade.
Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance
Useless and dangerous at once.
The women fear'd my hardy look,
At my approach the peaceful shook ;
The merchant saw my glance of flame
And lock'd his hoards when Bertram
came ;
Each child of coward peace kept far
From the neglected son of war.

XVIII.

"But civil discord gave the call,
And made my trade the trade of all.
By Mortham urged, I came again
His vassals to the fight to train.
What guerdon waited on my care ?
I could not cant of creed or prayer ;
Sour fanatics each trust obtain'd,
And I, dishonour'd and disdain'd,
Gain'd but the high and happy lot,
In these poor arms to front the shot !
All this thou know'st, thy gestures tell
Yet hear it o'er, and mark it well.
'Tis honour bids me now relate
Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.

XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that slow
part,
Glance quick as lightning through the
heart.

As my spur press'd my courser's side,
Philip of Mortham's cause was tried,
And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd,
His plea was cast, his doom was fix'd.
I watch'd him through the doubtful fray,
That changed as March's moody day,
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,
Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our flank.
'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke, and
strife,

Where each man fought for death or life,
'Twas then I fired my petronel,
And Mortham, steed and rider, fell.
One dying look he upward cast,
Of wrath and anguish—'twas his last.

not that there I stopp'd, to view
Of the battle should ensue ;

I clear'd that bloody press,
Northern horse ran masterless ;
Ton and Mitton told the news,
Hops of Roundheads choked the
Ouse,

any a bonny Scot, aghast,
g his palfrey northward, past,
g the day when zeal or meed
ired their Lesley o'er the Tweed.
en I reach'd the banks of Swale,
mour learn'd another tale ;
is barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,
romwell has redeem'd the day :
ether false the news, or true,
l, I reckon as light as you."

XX.

en by Wycliffe might be shown,
is pride startled at the tone
ch his complice, fierce and free,
d guilt's equality.

othest terms his speech he wove,
less friendship, faith, and love ;
ed and vow'd in courteous sort,
ertram broke professions short.

liffe, be sure not here I stay,
arcely till the rising day ;
d by the legends of my youth,
not an associate's truth.

t my native dales prolong
rcy Rede the tragic song,
d forward to his bloody fall,
rsonfield, that treacherous Hall ?
y the Pringle's haunted side,
epherd sees his spectre glide.

ear the spot that gave me name,
oated mound of Risingham,
e Reed upon her margin sees

Woodburne's cottages and trees,
ancient sculptor's art has shown
tlaw's image on the stone ;

ch'd in strength, a giant he,
quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.

ow he died, that hunter bold,
ameless monarch of the wold,

ge and infancy can tell,
other's treachery he fell.

warn'd by legends of my youth,
t to no associate's truth.

XXI.

"When last we reason'd of this deed,
Nought, I bethink me, was agreed,
Or by what rule, or when, or where,
The wealth of Mortham we should share ;
Then list, while I the portion name,
Our differing laws give each to claim.
Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,
Her rules of heritage must own ;
They deal thee, as to nearest heir,
Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair,
And these I yield :—do thou revere
The statutes of the Bucanier.

Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn
To all that on her waves are borne,
When falls a mate in battle broil,
His comrade heirs his portion'd spoil ;
When dies in fight a daring foe,
He claims his wealth who struck the
blow ;

And either rule to me assigns
Those spoils of Indian seas and mines,
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark ;
Ingot of gold and diamond spark,
Chalice and plate from churches borne,
And gems from shrieking beauty torn,
Each string of pearl, each silver bar,
And all the wealth of western war.
I go to search, where, dark and deep,
Those Trans-atlantic treasures sleep.
Thou must along—for, lacking thee,
The heir will scarce find entrance free ;
And then farewell. I haste to try
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy ;
When cloy'd each wish, these wars afford
Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."

XXII.

An undecided answer hung
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.
Despite his craft, he heard with awe
This ruffian stabber fix the law ;
While his own troubled passions veer
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear :—
Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,
And fear'd to wend with him alone.
At length, that middle course to steer,
To cowardice and craft so dear,
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow
His absence from the fortress now ;

WILFRID on Bertram should attend,
His son should journey with his friend."

XXIII.

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,
And wreathed to savage smile his frown.
"Wilfrid, or thou—'tis one to me,
Whichever bears the golden key.
Yet think not but I mark, and smile
To mark, thy poor and selfish wile !
If injury from me you fear,
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee
here ?

I've sprung from walls more high than
these,

I've swam through deeper streams than
Tees.

Might I not stab thee ere one yell
Could rouse the distant sentinel ?
Start not—it is not my design,
But, if it were, weak fence were thine ;
And, trust me, that, in time of need,
This hand hath done more desperate
deed.

Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son ;
Time calls, and I must needs be gone."

XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part
Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart ;
A heart too soft from early life
To hold with fortune needful strife.
His sire, while yet a hardier race
Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,
On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,
For feeble heart and forceless hand ;
But a fond mother's care and joy
Were centred in her sickly boy.
No touch of childhood's frolic mood
Show'd the elastic spring of blood ;
Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,
But turn'd from martial scenes and light,
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight,
To ponder Jacques' moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain ;
And weep himself to soft repose
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,

But loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake ;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff and copse and sky ;
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont ; and there his dream
Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme,
Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring.
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sad he sunk to earth again.

XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell :
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught
The art unteachable, untaught ;
He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame ;
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again ;
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.
So mused his life away—till died
His brethren all, their father's pride.
Wilfrid is now the only heir
Of all his stratagems and care,
And destined, darkling, to pursue
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.
To love her was an easy hest,
The secret empress of his breast ;
To woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In pity to her gentle slave :
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,
And praise, the poet's best reward !
She read the tales his taste approved,
And sung the lays he framed or loved.
Yet, loath to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,
In kind caprice she oft withdrew
The favouring glance to friendship due.
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

XXVIII.

ie suit of Wilfrid stand,
ar's loud summons waked the
nd.

anners, floating o'er the Tees,
oreboding peasant sees ;
rt oft they braved of old
lering Scot's incursion bold :
g defiance in their pride,
als now and lords divide.

fair hall on Greta banks,
ght of Rokeby led his ranks,
ie valiant northern Earls,
w the sword for royal Charles.
, by marriage near allied,—
r had been Rokeby's bride,
ong before the civil fray,
ul grave the lady lay,—

Mortham raised his band,
ch'd at Fairfax's command :
ycliffe, bound by many a train
ed art with wily Vane,
npt to brave the bloody field,
rnard's battlements his shield,
hem with his Lunedale powers,
he Commons held the towers.

XXIX.

ly heir of Rokeby's Knight
his halls the event of fight ;
land's war rever'd the claim
unprotected name,
ed, amid its fiercest rage,
d and womanhood and age.
rid, son to Rokeby's foe,
dear privilege forego,
's side, in evening grey,
upon Matilda's way,
with fond hypocrisy,
ess step and vacant eye ;
each anxious look and glance,
he meeting all to chance,
ig as a fair excuse,
s, the pencil, or the muse ;
ig to give, to sing, to say,
dern tale, some ancient lay.
ile the long'd-for minutes last,—
utes quickly over-past !—
g each expression free,
or careless courtesy,
ndly look, each softer tone,
or fancy when alone.

All this is o'er—but still, unseen,
Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,
To watch Matilda's wonted round,
While springs his heart at every sound.
She comes !—'tis but a passing sight,
Yet serves to cheat his weary night ;
She comes not—He will wait the hour,
When her lamp lightens in the tower ;
'Tis something yet, if, as she past,
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.
“What is my life, my hope ?” he said ;
“Alas ! a transitory shade.”

XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove
For mastery in vain with love,
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum
Of present woe and ills to come,
While still he turn'd impatient ear
From Truth's intrusive voice severe.
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,
In all but this, unmoved he view'd
Each outward change of ill and good :
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,
Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child ;
In her bright car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side,
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,
Flung her high spells around his seat,
Bathed in her dews his languid head,
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,
For him her opiates gave to flow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
And placed him in her circle, free
From every stern reality,
Till, to the Visionary, seem
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe ! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind ;
And woe to those who train such youth,
And spare to press the rights of truth,
The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel !
O teach him, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past ;
Remind him of each wish pursued,
How rich it glow'd with promised good ;
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd !

Tell him, we play unequal game,
 Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;
 And, ere he strip him for her race,
 Show the conditions of the chase:
 Two sisters by the goal are set,
 Cold Disappointment and Regret;
 One disenchant the winner's eyes,
 And strips of all its worth the prize.
 While one augments its gaudy show,
 More to enhance the loser's woe.
 The victor sees his fairy gold,
 Transformed, when won, to drossy mold,
 But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
 And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

XXXII.

More would'st thou know—yon tower
 survey,
 Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,
 Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow
 gleam
 Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,
 And yon thin form!—the hectic red
 On his pale cheek unequal spread;
 The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,
 The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.—
 See, he looks up;—a woful smile
 Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,—
 'Tis fancy wakes some idle thought,
 To gild the ruin she has wrought;
 For, like the bat of Indian brakes,
 Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
 And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
 She drinks his life-blood from the vein.
 Now to the lattice turn his eyes,
 Vain hope! to see the sun arise.
 The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,
 Still howls by fits the stormy blast;
 Another hour must wear away,
 Ere the East kindle into day,
 And hark! to waste that weary hour,
 He tries the minstrel's magic power.

XXXIII.

Song.

TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
 Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
 Hail, though the mists that o'er thee
 stream
 Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!

How should thy pure and peaceful eye
 Untroubled view our scenes below,
 Or how a tearless beam supply
 To light a world of war and woe!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now
 As once by Greta's fairy side;
 Each little cloud that dimm'd thy brow
 Did then an angel's beauty hide.
 And of the shades I then could chide
 Still are the thoughts to memory dear
 For, while a softer strain I tried,
 They hid my blush, and calm'd my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene
 Was form'd to light some lonely dale
 By two fond lovers only seen,
 Reflected from the crystal well,
 Or sleeping on their mossy cell,
 Or quivering on the lattice bright,
 Or glancing on their couch, to tell
 How swiftly wanes the summer night.

XXXIV.

He starts—a step at this lone hour!
 A voice!—his father seeks the tower,
 With haggard look and troubled brow
 Fresh from his dreadful conference.
 "Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep address?
 Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.
 Mortham has fall'n on Marston-moor
 Bertram brings warrant to secure
 His treasures, bought by spoil and blood
 For the state's use and public good.
 The menials will thy voice obey;
 Let his commission have its way,
 In every point, in every word."—
 Then, in a whisper,—“Take thy sword
 Bertram is—what I must not tell
 I hear his hasty step—farewell!”

CANTO SECOND.

I.

FAR in the chambers of the west,
 The gale had sigh'd itself to rest;
 The moon was cloudless now and clear
 But pale, and soon to disappear.
 The thin grey clouds wax dimly light
 On Brusleton and Houghton height;
 And the rich dale, that eastward lay
 Waited the waking touch of day.

To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore's shapcless
 swell,
And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell,
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;
While, as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd walls.
High crown'd he sits, in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower
 high,
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye!—
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapours from the stream;
And ere he paced his destined hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that, from the side,
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way,
O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

III.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin's son;
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd,
Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?

Who, wandering there, hath sought
 change

Even for that vale so stern and stran
Where Cartland's Crag, fantastic re
Through her green copse like spires
 sent?

Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin stra
List to the deeds of other days;
'Mid Cartland's Crag thou show'st
 cave,

The refuge of thy champion brave;*
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lend each scene the interest high
Which genius beams from Beauty's e

IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight
Which sun-rise shows from Barnar
 height,

But from the towers, preventing day,
With Wilfrid took his early way,
While misty dawn, and moonbeam pa
Still mingled in the silent dale.
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone,
The southern bank of Tees they wor
Their winding path then eastward ca
And Egliston's gray ruins pass'd;
Each on his own deep visions bent,
Silent and sad they onward went.
Well may you think that Bertram's mo
To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude;
Well may you think bold Risingham
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame
And small the intercourse, I ween,
Such uncongenial souls between.

V.

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer wa
Through Rokeby's park and chase th
 lay,
And, skirting high the valley's ridge,
They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridg
Descending where her waters wind
Free for a space and unconfined,

* Cartland Crag, near Lanark, celebra
as among the favourite retreats of Sir W
Wallace.

As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood
glen,
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.
There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,
Raised by that Legion long renown'd,
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,
"Stern sons of war!" sad Wilfrid sigh'd,
"Behold the boast of Roman pride!
What now of all your toils are known?
A grassy trench, a broken stone!"—
This to himself; for moral strain
To Bertram were address'd in vain.

VI.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh
Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high
Were northward in the dawning seen
To rear them o'er the thicket green.
O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd
Beside him through the lovely glade,
Lending his rich luxuriant glow
Of fancy, all its charms to show,
Pointing the stream rejoicing free,
As captive set at liberty,
Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,
And clamouring joyful on her road;
Pointing where, up the sunny banks,
The trees retire in scatter'd ranks,
Save where, advanced before the rest,
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,
As champions, when their band is broke,
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
The bulwark of the scatter'd host—
All this, and more, might Spenser say,
Yet waste in vain his magic lay.
While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,
Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

VII.

The open vale is soon pass'd o'er,
Rokeby, though high, is seen no more;
Sinking nigh Greta's thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode!
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell;
It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone grey
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,

Yielding, along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and
wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chase her waves to spray
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and grey.
Now waving all with greenwood spray
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven;
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,
And wreathed its garland round the
crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
When revell'd loud the feudal rout,
And the arch'd halls return'd their shout,
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore.
And so the ivied banners gleam,
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

IX.

Now from the stream the rocks recede
But leave between no sunny mead,
No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,
Oft found by such a mountain strand
Forming such warm and dry retreat,
As fancy deems the lonely seat,
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
His rosary might love to tell.
But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew
A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled so
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.
Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast
The earth that nourish'd them to blast

r knew that swarthy grove
 ant hue that fairies love ;
 ng green, nor woodland flower,
 thin its baleful bower :
 : and sable earth receives
 arpet from the leaves,
 m the withering branches cast,
 l the ground with every blast.
 ow the sun was o'er the hill,
 rk spot 'twas twilight still,
 on Greta's farther side
 ggling beams through copse-
 od glide ;
 and savage contrast made
 yle's deep and funeral shade,
 bright tints of early day,
 immering through the ivyspray,
 posing summit lay.

X.

peasant shunn'd the dell ;
 rstitution wont to tell
 a grisly sound and sight,
 is path at dead of night.
 ristmas logs blaze high and
 de,
 iders speed the festal tide ;
 riosity and Fear,
 and Pain, sit crouching near,
 hood's cheek no longer glows,
 ge maidens lose the rose.
 ling interest rises higher,
 e closes nigh and nigher,
 ldering glance is cast behind,
 moans the wintry wind.
 hat fitting scene was laid
 wild tales in Mortham glade ;
 had seen, on Greta's side,
 im light fierce Bertram stride,
 spot, at such an hour, —
 d by Superstition's power,
 ll have deem'd that Hell had
 ren
 er's ghost to upper heaven,
 lfrid's form had seem'd to glide
 pale victim by his side.

XI.

to village swains alone
 unearthly terrors known ;
 o rank nor sex confined
 in *ague of the mind* :

Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
 'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,
 Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,
 Beneath its universal sway.
 Bertram had listed many a tale
 Of wonder in his native dale,
 That in his secret soul retain'd
 The credence they in childhood gain'd :
 Nor less his wild adventurous youth
 Believed in every legend's truth ;
 Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale,
 Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,
 And the broad Indian moon her light
 Pour'd on the watch of middle night,
 When seamen love to hear and tell
 Of portent, prodigy, and spell :
 What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,
 How whistle rash bids tempests roar,
 Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
 Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light ;
 Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form
 Shoots like a meteor through the storm ;
 When the dark scud comes driving hard,
 And lower'd is every top-sail yard,
 And canvass, wove in earthly looms,
 No more to brave the storm presumes !
 Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
 Top and top-gallant hoisted high,
 Full spread and crowded every sail,
 The Demon Frigate braves the gale ;
 And well the doom'd spectators know
 The harbinger of wreck and woe.

XII.

Then, too, were told, in stifled tone,
 Marvels and omens all their own ;
 How, by some desert isle or key,
 Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,
 Or where the savage pirate's mood
 Repaid it home in deeds of blood,
 Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear
 Appall'd the listening Bucanier,
 Whose light-armed shallop anchored lay
 In ambush by the lonely bay.
 The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,
 Ring from the moonlight groves of cane ;
 The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,
 Who wearies memory for a prayer.
 Curses the road-stead, and with gale
 Of early morning lifts the sail,
 To give, in thirst of blood and prey,
 A legend for another bay.

XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child,
 Train'd in the mystic and the wild,
 With this on Bertram's soul at times
 Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes;
 Such to his troubled soul their form,
 As the pale Death-ship to the storm,
 And such their omen dim and dread,
 As shrieks and voices of the dead,—
 That pang, whose transitory force
 Hover'd 'twixt horror and remorse—
 That pang, perchance, his bosom press'd,
 As Wilfrid sudden he address'd :—
 "Wilfrid, this glen is never trod
 Until the sun rides high abroad;
 Yet twice have I beheld to-day
 A Form, that seem'd to dog our way;
 Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee,
 And shroud itself by cliff or tree.
 How think'st thou?—Is our path way-
 laid?"

Or hath thy sire my trust betray'd?
 If so"—Ere, starting from his dream,
 That turn'd upon a gentler theme,
 Wilfrid had roused him to reply,
 Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
 "Whatever thou art, thou now shalt
 stand!"—

And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV.

As bursts the levin in its wrath,
 He shot him down the sounding path;
 Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,
 To his loud step and savage shout.
 Seems that the object of his race
 Hath seal'd the cliffs; his frantic chase
 Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis bent
 Right up the rock's tall battlement;
 Straining each sinew to ascend,
 Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend.
 Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay,
 Views, from beneath, his dreadful way:
 Now to the oak's warp'd roots he clings,
 Now trusts his weight to ivy strings;
 Now, like the wild-goat, must he dare
 An unsupported leap in air;
 Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,
 You mark him by the crashing bough,
 And by his corslet's sullen clank,
 And by the stones spurn'd from the bank,

And by the hawk scared from her nest,
 And ravens croaking o'er their guest,
 Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay
 The tribute of his bold essay.

XV.

See, he emerges!—desperate now
 All farther course—Yon beetling brow
 In craggy nakedness sublime,
 What heart or foot shall dare to climb
 It bears no tendril for his clasp,
 Presents no angle to his grasp:
 Sole stay his foot may rest upon,
 Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.
 Balanced on such precarious prop,
 He strains his grasp to reach the top.
 Just as the dangerous stretch he makes
 By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes
 Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,
 It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descends
 And downward holds its headlong way
 Crashing o'er rock and copsewood spray
 Loud thunders shake the echoing dell:
 Fell it alone?—alone it fell.
 Just on the very verge of fate,
 The hardy Bertram's falling weight
 He trusted to his sinewy hands,
 And on the top unharm'd, he stands

XVI.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued;
 At intervals, where roughly hew'd,
 Rude steps ascending from the dell
 Render'd the cliffs accessible.
 By circuit slow he thus attain'd
 The height that Risingham had gain'd
 And when he issued from the wood,
 Before the gate of Mortham stood.
 'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
 On battled tower and portal grey:
 And from the grassy slope he sees
 The Greta flow to meet the Tees;
 Where, issuing from her darksome b
 She caught the morning's eastern ray
 And through the softening vale below
 Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy glow
 All blushing to her bridal bed,
 Like some shy maid in convent bred
 While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay
 Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII.

weetly sung that roundelay ;
 nmer morn shone blithe and gay ;
 ning beam, and wild-bird's call,
 not Mortham's silent hall.
 er, by the low-brow'd gate,
 the wonted niche his seat ;
 paved court no peasant drew ;
 to their toil no menial crew ;
 iden's carol was not heard,
 er morning task she fared :
 oid offices around,
 ot a hoof, nor bay'd a hound ;
 er steed, with shrilling neigh,
 the lagging groom's delay ;
 n'd, undress'd, neglected now,
 ey'd walk and orchard bough ;
 e the master's absent care,
 e neglect and disrepair.
 f the gate, an arrow flight,
 ghty elms their limbs unite,
 canopy, to spread
 lone dwelling of the dead ;
 r huge boughs in arches bent
 massive monument,
 ver in ancient Gothic wise,
 any a scutcheon and device :
 pent with toil and sunk in gloom,
 stood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII.

ish'd like a flitting ghost !
 his tomb," he said, "'twas lost—
 ab, where oft I deem'd lies stored
 ham's Indian wealth the hoard.
 e, the aged servants said
 lamented wife is laid ;
 ghtier reasons may be guess'd
 r lord's strict and stern behest,
 ne should on his steps intrude,
 er he sought this solitude.—
 ent mariner I knew,
 me I sail'd with Morgan's crew,
 t, 'mid our carousals, spake
 igh, Frobisher, and Drake ;
 ous hearts ! who barter'd, bold,
 nglish steel for Spanish gold.
 ot, would his experience say,
 or comrade with your prey ;
 e some charnel, when, at full,
 on gilds skeleton and skull :

There dig, and tomb your precious heap ;
 And bid the dead your treasure keep ;
 Sure stewards they, if fitting spell
 Their service to the task compel.
 Lacks there such charnel ?—kill a slave,
 Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave ;
 And bid his discontented ghost
 Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—
 Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween,
 Is in my morning vision seen."

XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend wild,
 In mingled mirth and pity smiled,
 Much marvelling that a breast so bold
 In such fond tale belief should hold ;
 But yet of Bertram sought to know
 The apparition's form and show.—
 The power within the guilty breast,
 Oft vanquished, never quite suppress'd,
 That unsubdued and lurking lies
 To take the felon by surprise,
 And force him, as by magic spell,
 In his despite his guilt to tell,—
 That power in Bertram's breast awoke ;
 Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke ;
 "'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to
 head !

His morion, with the plume of red,
 His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham,
 right

As when I slew him in the fight."—
 "Thou' slay him ?—thou ?"—With con-
 scious start

He heard, then mann'd his haughty
 heart—

"I slew him ?—I !—I had forgot
 Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.
 But it is spoken—nor will I
 Deed done, or spoken word, deny.
 I slew him ; I ! for thankless pride ;
 'Twas by this hand that Mortham died."

XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,
 Averse to every active part,
 But most averse to martial broil,
 From danger shrunk, and turn'd from
 toil ;
 Yet the meek lover of the lyre
 Nursed one brave spark of noble fire ;

Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,
His blood beat high, his hand wax'd
strong.

Not his the nerves that could sustain,
Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain ;
But, when that spark blazed forth to
flame,

He rose superior to his frame.
And now it came, that generous mood ;
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
"Should every fiend, to whom thou'rt
sold,

Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold. —
Arouse there, ho ! take spear and sword !
Attach the murderer of your lord !"

XXI.

A moment, fix'd as by a spell,
Stood Bertram — It seem'd miracle,
That one so feeble, soft, and tame,
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.
But when he felt a feeble stroke,
The fiend within the ruffian woke !
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand,
To dash him headlong on the sand,
Was but one moment's work, — one more
Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore ;
But, in the instant it arose,
To end his life, his love, his woes,
A warlike form, that mark'd the scene,
Presents his rapier sheathed between,
Parries the fast-descending blow,
And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe ;
Nor then unscabbarded his brand,
But, sternly pointing with his hand,
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,
And motion'd Bertram from his sight.
"Go, and repent," — he said, "while time
Is given thee ; add not crime to crime."

XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,
As on a vision Bertram gazed !
'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,
His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,
His look and accent of command,
The martial gesture of his hand,
His stately form, spare-built and tall,
His war-bleach'd locks — 'twas Mortham
all.

Through Bertram's dizzy brain
A thousand thoughts, and a
His wavering faith received
The form he saw as Mortham
But more he fear'd it, if it was
His lord, in living flesh and
What spectre can the charm
So dreadful as an injured friend
Then, too, the habit of command
Used by the leader of the band
When Risingham, for many years
Had march'd and fought in
sway,

Tamed him — and, with reverence
Backwards he bore his sullied
Oft stopp'd, and oft on Mortham
And dark as rated mastiff growl
But when the tramp of steeds
Plunged in the glen, and disappeared
Nor longer there the Warrior
Retiring eastward through the forest
But first to Wilfrid warning
"Tell thou to none that Mortham

XXIII.

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's ear
Hinting he knew not what to do
When nearer came the court
And, with his father at their head
Of horsemen arm'd a gallant band
Rein'd up their steeds before
"Whence these pale looks,
he said :

"Where's Bertram ? — Why
blade ?"

Wilfrid ambiguously replied
(For Mortham's charge his hand)
"Bertram is gone — the villain
Avouch'd him murderer of the king
Even now we fought — but,
tread

Announced you nigh, the felon
In Wycliffe's conscious eye :
A guilty hope, a guilty fear
On his pale brow the dewdrops
And his lip quiver'd as he spoke

XXIV.

"A murderer ! — Philip Mortham
Amid the battle's wildest tide
Wilfrid, or Bertram raves, or
Yet, grant such strange confessions

were vain—let him fly far—
must sleep in civil war.”
at Youth rode near his side,
okeby's page, in battle tried ;
orn, an embassy of weight
ght to Barnard's castle gate,
ow'd now in Wycliffe's train,
rer for his lord to gain.
d, whose arch'd and sable neck
lred wreaths of foam bedeck,
not against the curb more high
at Oswald's cold reply ;
his lip, implored his saint,
e old faith)—then burst re-
rariant :—

xxv.

he beheld his bloody fall,
base traitor's dastard ball,
n I thought to measure sword,
tuous hope ! with Mortham's
rd.
l the murderer 'scape who slew
er, generous, brave, and true ?
while on the dew you trace
ks of his gigantic pace ?
the sun that dew shall dry,
ingham shall yield or die.—
t the castle 'larum bell !
he peasants with the knell !
ie disperse—ride, gallants, ride !
e wood on every side.
mong you one there be,
ours Mortham's memory,
dismount and follow me !
your crests sit fear and shame,
suspicion dog your name !”

xxvi.

to earth young REDMOND
rung ;
n earth the harness rung
y men of Wycliffe's band,
ted not their lord's command.
d his spurs from buskins drew,
tle from his shoulders threw,
ls in his belt he placed,
en-wood gain'd, the footsteps
aced,
like huntsman to his hounds,
er, hark !”—and in he bounds.
eard was Oswald's anxious cry,
on ! yes—pursue him—fly—

But venture not, in useless strife,
On ruffian desperate of his life,
Whoever finds him, shoot him dead ! *
Five hundred nobles for his head !”

xxvii.

The horsemen gallop'd, to make good
Each path that issued from the wood.
Loud from the thickets rung the shout
Of Redmond and his eager rout ;
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,
And envying Redmond's martial fire,
And emulous of fame.—But where
Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir ?
He, bound by honour, law, and faith,
Avenger of his kinsman's death ?—
Leaning against the elmin tree,
With drooping head and slacken'd knee,
And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd
hands,

In agony of soul he stands !
His downcast eye on earth is bent,
His soul to every sound is lent ;
For in each shout that cleaves the air,
May ring discovery and despair.

xxviii.

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd
The morning sun on Mortham's glade ?
All seems in giddy round to ride,
Like objects on a stormy tide,
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,
Imperfectly to sink and swim.
What 'vail'd it, that the fair domain,
Its battled mansion, hill, and plain,
On which the sun so brightly shone,
Envied so long, was now his own ?

* MS.—*To the Printer*.—“On the disputed line, it may stand thus—

‘Whoever finds him, strike him dead ;’
Or,

‘Who first shall find him, strike him dead.’

But I think the addition of *felon*, or any such word, will impair the strength of the passage. Oswald is too anxious to use epithets, and is hallooing after the men, by this time entering the wood. The simpler the line the better. In my humble opinion, *shoot* him dead, was much better than any other : it implies, *Do not even approach him ; kill him at a distance*. I leave it, however, to you, only saying, that I never shun common words when they are to the purpose. As to your criticisms, I cannot but attend to them, because they touch passages with which I am myself discontented.—W S.”

The lowest dungeon, in that hour,
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,
Had been his choice, could such a doom
Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb !
Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear
To each surmise of hope or fear,
Murmur'd among the rustics round,
Who gather'd at the 'larum sound ;
He dared not turn his head away,
E'en to look up to heaven to pray,
Or call on hell, in bitter mood,
For one sharp death-shot from the wood !

XXIX.

At length o'erpast that dreadful space,
Back straggling came the scatter'd chase ;
Jaded and weary, horse and man,
Return'd the troopers, one by one.
Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,
All trace was lost of Bertram's way,
Though Redmond still, up Brignall wood,
The hopeless quest in vain pursued. —
O, fatal doom of human race !
What tyrant passions passions chase !
Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone,
Avarice and pride resume their throne ;
The pang of instant terror by,
They dictate thus their slave's reply :—

XXX.

“ Ay—let him range like hasty hound !
And if the grim wolf's lair be found,
Small is my care how goes the game
With Redmond, or with Risingham. —
Nay, answer not, thou simple boy !
Thy fair Matilda, all so coy
To thee, is of another mood
To that bold youth of Erin's blood.
Thy ditties will she freely praise,
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase ;
In a rough path will oft command—
Accept at least—thy friendly hand ;
His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd,
Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid,
While conscious passion plainly speaks
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.
Whene'er he sings, will she glide nigh,
And all her soul is in her eye ;
Yet doubts she still to tender free
The wonted words of courtesy.
These are strong signs !—yet wherefore
Sigh,
And wipe, effeminate, thine eye ?

Thine shall she be, if thou
The counsels of thy sire art

XXXI.

“ Scarce wert thou gone,
light
Brought genuine news of M
Brave Cromwell turn'd the
And conquest bless'd the
Three thousand cavaliers I
Rupert and that bold Mar
Nobles and knights, so pr
Must fine for freedom and
Of these, committed to my
Is Rokeby, prisoner at lar
Redmond, his page, arrive
He reaches Barnard's tow
Right heavy shall his rans
Unless that maid compour
Go to her now—be bold o
While her soul floats 'twixt
It is the very change of tid
When best the female hear
Pride, prejudice, and mod
Are in the current swept to
And the bold swain, who
May lightly row his bark t

CANTO THIRD

I.

THE hunting tribes of air :
Respect the brethren of the
Nature, who loves the clai
Less cruel chase to each a
The falcon, poised on soar
Watches the wild-duck by
The slow-hound wakes the
The greyhound presses on
The eagle pounces on the
The wolf devours the fleec
Even tiger fell, and sullen
Their likeness and their li
Man, only, mars kind Nat
And turns the fierce pursu
Plying war's desultory tra
Incursion, flight, and amb
Since Nimrod, Cush's mig
At first the bloody game t

II.

The Indian, prowling for
Who hears the settlers tra

ows in distant forest far
is red brethren of the war;
en each double and disguise
e the pursuit he tries,
uching now his head to hide,
swampy streams through rushes
lide,
vering with the wither'd leaves
t-prints that the dew receives;
ll'd in every silvan guile,
not, nor tries, such various wile,
ngham, when on the wind
ne loud pursuit behind.
sdale his youth had heard
t her wily dalesmen dared,
looken-edge, and Redswair high,
e rung and blood-hound's cry,
cing Jedwood-axe and spear,
l'sdale riders in the rear;
ll his venturous life had proved
ons that his childhood loved.

III.

he shown, in climes afar,
tribute of roving war;
rpen'd ear, the piercing eye,
ck resolve in danger nigh;
ed, that in the flight or chase,
op'd the Charib's rapid race;
ady brain, the sinewy limb,
s, to climb, to dive, to swim;
n frame, inured to bear
re inclemency of air,
s confirm'd to undergo
's faint chill, and famine's throe.
rts he proved, his life to save,
oft by land and wave,
waca's desert shore,
re La Plata's billows roar,
ft the sons of vengeful Spain
the marauder's steps in vain.
rts, in Indian warfare tried,
ve him now by Greta's side.

IV.

hen, in hour of utmost need,
ved his courage, art, and speed.
ow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,
arted forth in rapid race,
bling back in mazy train,
d the trace the dews retain;
ombe the rocks projecting high,
le the pursuer's eye;

Now sought the stream, whose brawling
sound
The echo of his footsteps drown'd.
But if the forest verge he nears,
There trample steeds, and glimmer
spears;

If deeper down the copse he drew,
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,
Beating each cover while they came,
As if to start the silvan game.
'Twas then—like tiger close beset
At every pass with toil and net,
'Counter'd, where'er he turns his glare,
By clashing arms and torches' flare,
Who meditates, with furious bound,
To burst on hunter, horse, and hound,—
'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose,
Prompting to rush upon his foes:
But as that crouching tiger, cow'd
By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd,
Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud,
Bertram suspends his purpose stern,
And crouches in the brake and fern,
Hiding his face, lest foemen spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

V.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace
Of the bold youth who led the chase;
Who paused to list for every sound,
Climb' every height to look around,
Then rushing on with naked sword,
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye;
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek;
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond
speak.

A form more active, light, and strong,
Ne'er shot the ranks of war along;
The modest, yet the manly mien,
Might grace the court of maiden queen;
A face more fair you well might find,
For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,
The charm of regularity;
But every feature had the power
To aid the expression of the hour:
Whether gay wit, and humour sly,
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye;
Or bended brow, and glance of fire,
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire;

Or soft and sadden'd glances show
Her ready sympathy with woe ;
Or in that wayward mood of mind,
When various feelings are combined,
When joy and sorrow mingle near,
And hope's bright wings are check'd by
fear,

And rising doubts keep transport down,
And anger lends a short-lived frown ;
In that strange mood which maids ap-
prove

Even when they dare not call it love :
With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade.

VI.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew :
And much he marvel'd that the crew,
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead
Were by that Mortham's foeman led ;
For never felt his soul the woe,
That wails a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong,
That wrecks a generous foeman's wrong.
But small his leisure now to pause ;
Redmond is first, whatever the cause :
And twice that Redmond came so near
Where Bertram couch'd like hunted deer,
The very boughs his steps displace,
Rustled against the ruffian's face,
Who, desperate, twice prepared to start,
And plunge his dagger in his heart !
But Redmond turn'd a different way,
And the bent boughs resumed their sway,
And Bertram held it wise, unseen,
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.
Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Watches with red and glistening eye,
Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,
With forked tongue and venom'd fang
Instant to dart the deadly pang ;
But if the intruders turn aside,
Away his coils unfolded glide,
And through the deep savannah wind,
Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

VII.

But Bertram, as he backward drew,
And heard the loud pursuit renew,
And Redmond's hollo on the wind,
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—

" Redmond O'Neale ! were thou
Alone this day's event to try,
With not a second here to see,
But the grey cliff and oaken tree,
That voice of thine, that shout
loud,

Should ne'er repeat its summons
No ! nor e'er try its melting power
Again in maiden's summer bower.
Eluded, now behind him die,
Faint and more faint each hostile
He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a harsher tone
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by
And on the dale, so lone and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

VIII.

He listen'd long with anxious heart
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,
And, while his stretch'd attention gl
Refused his weary frame repose.
'Twas silence all—he laid him down
Where purple heath profusely
And throatwort with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme his cushion
There, spent with toil, he listless
The course of Greta's playful tide
Beneath, her banks now eddying
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shone.
Matching in hue the favourite gem
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.
Then, tired to watch the currents
He turned his weary eyes away,
To where the bank opposing show
Its huge, square cliffs through s
wood.

One, prominent above the rest,
Rear'd to the sun its pale grey
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude, and sable yew ;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
Fragments, that, from its frontlet
Were mantled now by verdant th
Such was the scene's wild majesty,
That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing e

IX.

In mood he lay reclined,
 In his stormy mind,
 On deed, the fruitless guilt,
 On's blood by treason spilt;
 It seem'd, so dire and dread,
 Had power to wake the dead.
 Wondering on his life betray'd
 Ald's art to Redmond's blade,
 Hero's purpose to withhold,
 'd it, Mortham's promised gold,
 And full revenge he vow'd
 Redmond, forward, fierce, and
 Proud;
 On Wilfrid—on his sire
 Ed vengeance, swift and dire!—
 In mood, (as legends say,
 He believed that simple day,)
 Enemy of Man has power
 Not by the evil hour,
 And a wretch, prepared to change
 His redemption for revenge!
 High his vows, with such a fire
 Most and intense desire
 Vengeance dark and fell, were made,
 Might reach hell's lowest shade,
 Over clouds the grove embrown'd,
 Ever thunders shook the ground;—
 None knew his vassal's heart,
 And temptation's needless art.

X.

Winged with the direful theme,
 Mortham's form—Was it a dream?
 He seen, in vision true,
 Why Mortham whom he slew?
 In living flesh appear'd
 Why man on earth he fear'd?—
 The mystic cause intent,
 That on the cliff were bent,
 And at once a dazzling glance,
 Beam flash'd from sword or lance.
 He started as for fight,
 A foeman was in sight;
 And the cushat's murmur hoarse,
 And the river's sounding course;
 Fertile woodlands lay,
 Shining in the summer ray.
 And, like lion roused, around,
 Lank again upon the ground.
 But, he thought, some fitful beam,
 Shone sudden from the sparkling stream;

Then plunged him from his gloomy train
 Of ill-connected thoughts again,
 Until a voice behind him cried,
 "Bertram! well met on Greta side."

XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,
 As instant sunk the ready brand;
 Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood
 To him that issued from the wood:
 "Guy Denzil!—is it thou?" he said;
 "Do we two meet in Scargill shade!—
 Stand back a space!—thy purpose show,
 Whether thou comest as friend or foe.
 Report hath said, that Denzil's name
 From Rokeby's band was razed with
 shame."—

"A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,
 Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,
 Of my marauding on the clowns
 Of Calverley and Bradford downs.
 I reckon not. In a war to strive,
 Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,
 Suits ill my mood; and better game
 Awaits us both, if thou'rt the same
 Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,
 Who watch'd with me in midnight dark,
 To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.
 How think'st thou?"—"Speak thy pur-
 pose out;
 I love not mystery or doubt."—

XII.

"Then list.—Not far there lurk a crew
 Of trusty comrades, stanch and true,
 Glean'd from both factions—Round-
 heads, freed
 From cant of sermon and of creed;
 And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,
 Spurn at the bonds of discipline.
 Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,
 A warfare of our own to hold,
 Than breathe our last on battle-down,
 For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.
 Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
 A chief and leader lack we yet.—
 Thou art a wanderer, it is said;
 For Mortham's death, thy steps way-
 laid,
 Thy head at price—so say our spies,
 Who range the valley in disguise.

Join then with us — though wild debate
And wrangling rend our infant state,
Each to an equal path to bow,
Will yield to chief renown'd as thou." —

XIII.

"Even now," thought Bertram, "passion stirr'd,
I call'd on hel, and I all has heard '
What lack I, vengeance to command,
But of staunch comrades such a band?
This Denzil, vow'd to every evil,
Might teach a lesson to the devil
We'll be it so: each knave and fool
Shall serve as my revenge's tool."
Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,
But tell me where thy comrades be?"
"Not far from hence," Guy Denzil said,
"Descend, and cross the river's bed,
Where rises yonder cliff so grey."
"Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the way."

Then mutter'd, "It is best make sure;
Guy Denzil's faith was never pure."
He follow'd down the steep descent,
Then through the Greta's streams they went,
And when they reach'd the farther shore,
They stood the lonely cliff before.

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The fluting o'er a marmur'd din,
But when they pass'd the whirling spray,
And brambles, from its base away,
He saw, appearing to the ear,
A little entrance, low and square,
Like opening bell of heaven's gate,
Dark, winding through the living stone.
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here,
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth,
Resounded voices of bustling mirth
Of old, the merry strut and rule,
In slaty rock the peasant hew'd,
And Baginall's woods, and Scargill's
wave,
Even now, o'er many a sister cave,
Where, far within the darksome rift,
The water never flys then there,
But warily, and heedward there,
And the deserted none was made

The banquet hall and fortress led
Of Denzil, and his desperate crew,
There, too, was a tedious reveling
There, on his sordid pallet
Guy Denzil, the great
Still in his chamber, the great
Regret was there, his eyes
With vain repining on the past;
Among the haisters waited
Sorrow and unrepentant fear,
And thus, heavily, to heavy sleep
With his own rest, the great
While Bertram showed, and the
The Master Friend that Master

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again
To greet the leader of the train
Behold the proud, by the pale moon
Tha struggles with the earthy
By what strange features known,

To single out and mark her own
Yet some there are, whose tears
Less acceptly stamp her own
See yon pale stripping, where
A mother's pride, a father's joy
Now, against the vault's rude
chimed,

An early image fills his mind
The cottage, once his sire's, he
Embower'd upon the banks of
He views sweet Winstan's
scene,

And shares the dance on Gamford
A tear is springing but the rest
Of some wild tale, or brutal
Hath to loud laughter staid the
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feat
Fast flies his dream with da
air,

As one victorious o'er Despair,
He bids the ruddy cup be round
Till sense and sorrow both are dead
And soon, in merry wassal he,
The life of all their revels,
Feels his loud song! The m
found

His blossoms on the wildest grove
Mid noxious weeds at random
Themselves ad profile and

perate merriment he sung,
ern to the chorus rung ;
gled with his reckless glee
e's bitter agony.

XVI.

Song.

gnall banks are wild and fair,
Greta woods are green,
I may gather garlands there,
d grace a summer queen.
I rode by Dalton-hall,
th the turrets high,
en on the castle wall
singing merrily,—

CHORUS.

gnall banks are fresh and fair,
Greta woods are green ;
er rove with Edmund there,
reign our English queen.”—

den, thou would'st wend with me,
ave both tower and town,
st must guess what life lead we,
dwell by dale and down ?
thou canst that riddle read,
ad full well you may,
the greenwood shalt thou speed,
lithe as Queen of May.”—

CHORUS.

g she, “ Brignall banks are fair,
Greta woods are green ;
er rove with Edmund there,
reign our English queen.

XVII.

you, by your bugle horn,
by your palfrey good,
ou for a ranger sworn,
ep the king's greenwood.”—
nger, lady, winds his horn,
'tis at peep of light ;
st is heard at merry morn,
mine at dead of night.”—

CHORUS.

g she, “ Brignall banks are fair,
Greta woods are gay ;
I were with Edmund there,
ign his Queen of May !

“ With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.”—

“ I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

“ And, O ! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May !

XVIII.

“ Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die ;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I !
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

“ Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.”

When Edmund ceased his simple song,
Was silence on the sullen throng,
Till waked some ruder mate their glee
With note of coarser minstrelsy.
But, far apart, in dark divan,
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,
Of import foul and fierce, design'd,
While still on Bertram's grasping mind
The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung ;
Though half he fear'd his daring tongue,
When it should give his wishes birth,
Might raise a spectre from the earth !

XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told :
When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold ;
For, train'd in license of a court,
Religion's self was Denzil's sport ;
Then judge in what contempt he held
The visionary tales of eld !
His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd
The unbeliever's sneering jest.

"'Twere hard," he said, "for sage or seer,

To spin the subject of your fear ;
Nor do I boast the art renown'd,
Vision and omen to expound.
Yet, fain if I must needs afford
To spectre watching treasure hoard,
As ban beg keeps his master's roof,
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen all his ghostly haunt,
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Rokeby castle hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil,
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil?"—

XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame
Lower'd on the brow of Rasingham
He blush'd to think, that he should seem
Assertor of an airy dream,
And gave his wrath another theme.
"Denil," he says, "though lowly laid,
Wrong not the memory of the dead ;
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look
Thy very soul, Gay Denzil, shook !
And when he tax'd thy breach of word
To you fair Rose of Allensford,
I saw thee crouch like chasten'd hound,
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath found.

Ner dare to call his foreign wealth
The spoil of pracy or stealth ;
He won it bravely with his brand,
When Spain waged warfare with our land.
Mark, too, I brook no idle jeer,
Nor couple Bertran's name with fear ;
Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For I believe, not tremble not
Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard
Thou denist at Rokeby castle stored ;
Or think'st that Mortham would bestow
His treasure with his faction's foe?"

XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill timed
wrath ;

Rather he would have seen the earth
Give to ten thousand spectres birth,
Than venture to awake the flame
The deadly wrath of Rasingham.

Submit he answer'd,—"**M**

mind,

Thou know'st, to joy was all my
In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free
A lusty reveller was he ;
But since return'd from over sea
A sullen and a silent mood
Hath numb'd the current of his
Hence he refused each kindly
To Rokeby's hospitable hall,
And our stout knight, at dawn
Who loved to hear the bagpipe
Nor less, when eve his oaks
To see the ruddy cup go round
Took umbrage that a friend so
Refused to share his chase and
Thus did the kindred barons
Ere they divided in the war
Yet, trust me, friend, Mortham
Of Mortham's wealth is desir'd

XXII.

"Destined to her ! to you sh^d
The prize my life had well
When 'gainst Laroche, by day
I fought, my patron's word to
Denzil, I knew him long, yet
Knew him that joyous cavalier
Whom youthful friends in
Call'd soul of gallantry and
A moody man, he sought
Desperate and dark, who rose
And rose, as men with a
By scornful life and all his
On each adventure risk he
As danger for itself he
On his sad brow ne'er mirth
Could e'er one wrinkled kn^d
Ill was the omen if he
For 'twas in per^d stern and wil
But when he laugh'd each
Might hold our fortune des^t
Foremost he fought in every
Then scornful turn'd him to
Nay, often strove to bar the
Between his comrades and
Preaching, even then, to such
Hot with our dear-bought vict^{ry}
Of mercy and humanity.

XXIII.

"I loved him well—His redden
His gallant leading, won my heart

For each victorious fight,
That wrangled for his right,
And his portion of the prey
Which edier mates had torn away :
And storm thrice saved his life,
He amid our comrades' strife. —
I loved thee ! Well hath proved
My danger, how I loved !
I mourn no more thy fate,
In life, in death ingrate.
"You canst !" he look'd around,
Only stamp'd upon the ground—
With thy bearing proud and high,
This morn it met mine eye,
I me, if thou darest, the lie !"
Said—then, calm and passion-
less,
Denzil with his tale proceed.

XXIV.

Now, to thee I need not tell,
Thou hast cause to wot so well,
Perdition's nets were twined
In the Lord of Mortham's mind ;
He drove thee from his tower,
He found in Greta's bower,
Speech, like David's harp, had
Way,
In his evil fiend away.
Not if her features moved
Grance of the wife he loved ;
Could gaze upon her eye,
Mood soften'd to a sigh.
In no living mortal sought
Sign of his secret thought,
Every thought and care confess'd
In his niece's faithful breast ;
There aught of rich and rare,
In ocean, or in air,
Might deck Matilda's hair.
Still bound him unto life ;
It awoke the civil strife,
Which bore, by his commands,
Offers, with their iron bands,
Mortham's vault, at midnight deep,
One bower in Rokeby-Keep,
Was with gold and plate of pride,
If he in battle died." —

XXV.

Denzil, as I guess, lays train,
On-handed chests to gain ;

Else, wherefore should he hover here,
Where many a peril waits him near,
For all his feats of war and peace,
For plunder'd boors, and harts of greese ?
Since through the hamlets as he fared,
What hearth has Guy's maraudings spared,
Or where the chase that hath not rung
With Denzil's bow, at midnight strung ?"
"I hold my wont—my rangers go,
Even now to track a milk-white doe.
By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair,
In Greta wood she harbours fair,
And when my huntsman marks her way,
What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey ?
Were Rokeby's daughter in our power,
We rate her ransom at her dower." —

XXVI.

"'Tis well !—there's vengeance in the
thought,
Matilda is by Wilfrid sought ;
And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 'tis said,
Pays lover's homage to the maid.
Bertram she scorn'd—If met by chance,
She turn'd from me her shuddering
glance,
Like a nice dame, that will not brook
On what she hates and loathes to look ;
She told to Mortham she could ne'er
Behold me without secret fear,
Foreboding evil :—She may rue
To find her prophecy fall true !—
The war has weeded Rokeby's train,
Few followers in his halls remain ;
If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,
We are enow to storm the hold ;
Bear off the plunder, and the dame,
And leave the castle all in flame." —

XXVII.

"Still art thou Valour's venturous son !
Yet ponder first the risk to run :
The menials of the castle, true,
And stubborn to their charge, though few,
The wall to scale—the moat to cross—
The wicket-grate—the inner fosse" —
—"Fool ! if we blench for toys like these,
On what fair guerdon can we seize ?
Our hardest venture, to explore
Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,
And the best prize we bear away,
The earnings of his sordid day." —
"A while thy hasty taunt forbear :

In sight of road more sure and fair,
Thou would'st not choose, in blindfold
wrath,

Or wantonness, a desperate path?
List, then;—for vantage or assault,
From gilded vane to dungeon vault,
Each pass of Rokeby-house I know:
There is one postern, dark and low,
That issues at a secret spot,
By most neglected or forgot.
Now, could a spial of our train
(On fair pretext admittance gain,
That sally-port might be unbarr'd:
Then, vain were battlement and ward!"—

XXVIII.

"Now speak'st thou well :—to me the
same

If force or art shall urge the game;
Indifferent, if like fox I wind,
Or spring like tiger on the hind.—
But, hark! our merry men so gay
Troll forth another roundelay."—

Song.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;*
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."—

XXIX.

"What youth is this, your band am
The best for minstrelsy and song?
In his wild notes seem aptly met
A strain of pleasure and regret."—
"Edmund of Winston is his name:
The hamlet sounded with the same
Of early hopes his childhood gave,—
Now center'd all in Brignall cave!
I watch him well—his wayward co
Shows oft a tincture of remorse.
Some early love-shaft grazed his hear
And oft the scar will ache and smart.
Yet is he useful;—of the rest,
By fits, the darling and the jest,
His harp, his story, and his lay,
Oft aid the idle hours away:
When unemploy'd, each fiery mate
Is ripe for mutinous debate.
He tuned his strings e'en now—again
He wakes them, with a blither strain.

XXX.

Song.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

* MS.—*To the Printer*.—"The abruptness as to the song is unavoidable. The music of the drinking party could only operate as a sudden interruption to Bertram's conversation, however naturally it might be introduced among the feasters, who were at some distance.

"*Fain*, in old English and Scotch, expresses I think, a propensity to give and receive pleasurable emotions, a sort of fondness which may be without harshness, I think, be applied to a person in the act of blooming. You remember 'Jock the fow and Jenny fain.'—W.S."

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
 The mother, she ask'd of his household and home :
 "Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still ;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
 But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
 He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

XXXI.

u see'st that, whether sad or gay,
 ningles ever in his lay.
 hen his boyish wayward fit
 , he hath address and wit ;
 s a brain of fire, can ape
 lialect, each various shape."—
 then, to aid thy project, Guy—
 ho comes here?"—"My trusty spy.
 Hamlin! hast thou lodged our
 deer?"—
 e—but two fair stags are near.
 h'd her, as she slowly stray'd
 Egliston up Thorsgill glade ;
 ilfrid Wycliffe sought her side,
 en young Redmond, in his pride,
 own to meet them on their way :
 as it seem'd, was theirs to say :
 s time to pitch both toil and net,
 their path be homeward set."
 ried and a whisper'd speech
 ertram's will to Denzil teach ;
 turning to the robber band,
 our, the bravest, take the brand.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

WHEN Denmark's raven soar'd on high,
 Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
 Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
 Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,
 And the broad shadow of her wing
 Blacken'd each cataract and spring,
 Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
 Thundering o'er Caldron and High-
 Force ;
 Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
 Fix'd on each vale a Runic name,
 Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,
 And gave their Gods the land they
 won.
 Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,
 And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
 And Woden's Croft did title gain
 From the stern Father of the Slain ;
 But to the Monarch of the Mace,
 That held in fight the foremost place,
 To Odin's son, and Sifia's spouse,
 Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,

Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the fell the Thunderer's name.

II.

Yet Scold or Kempter'er'd, I wren,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sorry gale,
And the little brook that strolls along
Its plovered with summer song,
To the grim God of blood and scar,
The gory King of Northern War,
O, better were its banks assign'd
To sports of a gentler kind!
For where the thicket-groups recede,
And the path promises the mead,
The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light-fairies' lively feet,
Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown,
Might make proud Oberon a throne,
While, hidden in the thicket nigh,
Puck should brood o'er his frolics shy;
And woe to profuse the wood-vetch clings
Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,
Its pale and azure pencil flower
Should canopy Titania's bower.

III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade;
But, skirting every sunny glade,
In a variety of green
The woodland lends its sylvan screen.
Hoary, yet leafy, fawns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke,
And towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire;
The drooping ash and birch, between,
Hang their fortress o'er the green,
And all beneath, at random grow
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
The gossamer odours on the wind
Such varied group Urbion's land
Round Him, of Tarsus nobly plann'd,
What time he gave proud Athens own
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown!
The grey Philosophy stood nigh,
Though bent by age, in spirit high:
There rose the scar-seamed veteran's
spear,
There Gorian Beauty bent to hear,
While Childhood at her foot was placed,
Or clung delighted to her waist.

IV.

"And rest we here," Maol said,
And sat her in the varying shade,
"Come, sister, we will make
To friendship due and friendly aid;
Thou, Winifred, ever kind, must be
Thy counsel to thy sister true;
And, Raymond, thou, at my request,
No farther urge thy desperate quest,
For to my care a charge is left,
Dangerous to one of such estate,
Wolnigh in orphan, and alone,
Captive her sire, her house left
Wildfire, with wanted kindred gone,
Beside her on the turf she placed,
Then paused, with downcast head,
Nor bade young Redmond seat himself
Her conscious diffidence he saw,
Drew backward as in modest awe,
And sat a little space removed,
Unmarked to gaze on her he loved.

V.

Wreathed in its dark brown ring,
Half hid Maol's forehead lay,
Half hid and half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue,
The rose, with faint and feeble
Slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sang, or quivered
Or heard the praise of those she loved,
Or when of interest was expressed
Aught that wakes feeling in her,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivall'd the blush of a young day.
There was a soft and persuasive gaze
A cast of thought upon her face
That suited well the forehead hid
The eyelash dark, and downcast,
The mild express on spoke of mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned,
'Tis that which Roman art has
To mark their maiden Queen of beauty
In hours of sport, that mood gave
To Fancy's light and frolic play,
And when the dance, or tale, or
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full of her doting sire would call
His Maol the merriest of them.

of war, and civil crime,
but ill such festal time,
soft pensiveness of brow
pen'd into sadness now.
on field her father ta'en,
hands dispersed, brave Mortham
lain,
very ill her soul foretold,
wald's thirst of power and gold,
ing thoughts that she must part
oft vision of her heart,—
r'd around the lovely maid,
en her dejection's shade.

VI.

not heard—while Erin yet
against the Saxon's iron bit—
not heard how brave O'Neale
sh blood imbrued his steel,
St George's cross blazed high
ners of his Tanistry,
Essex gave the foil,
n'd a prince on Ulster's soil?
arose his victor pride,
at brave Marshal fought and
ed,
on-Duff to ocean bore
ows red with Saxon gore.
st in that disastrous fight,
and Mortham proved their might.
ad they fallen amongst the rest,
touch'd a chieftain's breast;
ist he to great O'Neale;
k'd his followers' bloody zeal,
ter took the kinsmen bold,
e them to his mountain-hold,
em each silvan joy to know,
onard's cliffs and woods could
ow,
with them Erin's festal cheer,
them the chase of wolf and deer,
en a fitting time was come,
l unransom'd sent them home,
with many a gift, to prove
ous foe's respect and love.

VII.

eed away. On Rokeby's head
uch of early snow was shed;
enjoy'd, by Greta's wave,
e which James the Peaceful gave,
Mortham far beyond the main,
his fierce wars on Indian Spain. —

It chanced upon a wintry night,
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,
In Rokeby hall the cups were fill'd,
And by the huge stone chimney sate,
The Knight in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate,
And sore for entrance and for aid
A voice of foreign accent pray'd.
The porter answer'd to the call,
And instant rush'd into the hall
A Man, whose aspect and attire
Startled the circle by the fire.

VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,
His vesture show'd the sinewy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent folded round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.
He clasp'd a burden to his heart,
And, resting on a knotted dart,
The snow from hair and beard he shook,
And round him gazed with wilder'd look.
Then up the hall, with staggering pace,
He hasten'd by the blaze to place,
Half lifeless from the bitter air,
His load, a Boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby, next, he louted low,
Then stood erect his tale to show,
With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.
“Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear!
Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear;
He graces thee, and to thy care
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.
He bids thee breed him as thy son.
For Turlough's days of joy are done;
And other lords have seized his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand;
And all the glory of Tyrone
Is like a morning vapour flown.
To bind the duty on thy soul,
He bids thee think on Erin's bowl!
If any wrong the young O'Neale,
He bids thee think of Erin's steel.
To Mortham first this charge was due,
But, in his absence, honours you.—

Now is my master's message by,
And Ferraught will contented die."

IX.

His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew pale,
He sunk when he had told his tale;
For, hid beneath his mantle wide,
A mortal wound was in his side,
Vain was all aid in terror wild,
And sorrow, scream'd the orphan Child.
Poor Ferraught rais'd his wastful eyes,
And faintly strove to soothe his cries,
All reckless of his dying pain,
He blest, and blest him o'er again.
And kiss'd the little hands outspread,
And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head,
And, in his native tongue and phrase,
Pray'd to each saint to watch his days;
Then all his strength together drew,
The charge to Rokery to renew
When half was falter'd from his breast,
And half his living signs express'd,
"Bless the O Neale!" he faintly said,
And thus the faithful spirit fled.

X.

"I was long ere soothing might prevail
Upon the Child to end the tale.
And then he said, that from his home
His grandfere had been forced to roam,
Which had not been if Redmond's hand
Had but his strength to draw the brand,
The brand of Lennagh More the Red,
That hung beside the grey wolf's head.
"I was told in his broken phrase descried,
His foster father was his guide,
Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore
Letters, and girts a goodly store;
But ruffians met them in the wood,
Ferraught in battle boldly stood,
Till worn out and o'erpower'd at length,
And strippos of all, his failing strength
Just bore him here—and then the child
Renew'd again his moaning wild

XI.

The tear, down childhood's cheek that
flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan Child
Soon on his new protector smiled.

With dimpled cheek and
Through his dark curls
But blithest laugh'd at
When Rokery's name
"I was his, with care
Matilda's tottering steps
His native lays, his
To soothe her infant ear
And priarose twine'd with
To form a chaplet for her
By lawn, by grove, by brook
The children still were his
And good Sir Richard smil'd
The early knot so kindly

XII.

But summer months bring
From bud to bloom, from
And years draw on our
From child to boy, from
And soon in Rokery's
A gallant be in master's
He loves to wake the field
In his dark haven on
And loves, against the
To draw the shaft, or lift
Yet more he loves, in
The hazel's streaming
And down its chaster'd
Where young Matilda
And she, whose veil receiv
Is alter'd too, and know
Assumes a mistress's
Her Redmond's danger
chide;

Yet listens still to hear his
How the grim wild be
How at his fall the h
Till rock and greenwood
Then blesses her, that
A pasture of such savage

XIII.

But Redmond knew to
So well with praise of
And knew so well ex
Gives long interest to
And knew so well, e'er
His spirit's wild roman
That, while she blam'd,
fear'd,
She loved each ventur

when drifted snow and rain
and hall their steps restrain,
they explor'd the page
ing bard or gifted sage ;
ed the evening fire beside,
strel art alternate tried,
adsome harp and lively lay
ter-night flit fast away :
m their childhood blending still
ort, their study, and their skill,
of the soul they prove,
not think that it was love.
gh they dared not, envious Fame
ed to give that union name ;
en so often, side by side,
ar to year the pair she eyed,
ometimes blamed the good old
night,
of ear and dim of sight,
ies his purpose would declare,
ing O'Neale should wed his heir.

XIV.

of Wilfrid rent disguise
adage from the lovers' eyes ;
lain that Oswald, for his son,
okeby's favour wellnigh won.
st they meet with change of cheer,
tual looks of shame and fear ;
ust Matilda stray apart,
ol her disobedient heart :
edmond now alone must rue
e he never can subdue.
ions rose, and Rokeby sware,
l's son should wed his heir ;
edmond, nurtured while a child
y a bard's traditions wild,
ught the lonely wood or stream,
ish there a happier dream,
len won by sword or lance,
e regions of romance ;
unt the heroes of his line,
Jial of the Pledges Nine,
Dymas wild, and Geraldine,
onnan-more, who vow'd his race
r to the fight and chase,
rsed him, of his lineage born,
sheathe the sword to reap the corn,
e the mountain and the wold,
ud himself in castled hold.
uch examples hope he drew,
ighten'd as the trumpet blew.

XV.

If brides were won by heart and blade,
Redmond had both his cause to aid,
And all beside of nurture rare
That might beseem a baron's heir.
Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife,
On Rokeby's Lord bestow'd his life,
And well did Rokeby's generous Knight
Young Redmond for the deed requite.
Nor was his liberal care and cost
Upon the gallant stripling lost :
Seek the North Riding broad and wide,
Like Redmond none could steed bestride ;
From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,
Like Redmond none could wield a brand ;
And then, of humour kind and free,
And bearing him to each degree
With frank and fearless courtesy,
There never youth was form'd to steal
Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son ;
And when the days of peace were done,
And to the gales of war he gave
The banner of his sires to wave,
Redmond, distinguish'd by his care,
He chose that honour'd flag to bear,
And named his page, the next degree
In that old time to chivalry.
In five pitch'd fields he well maintain'd
The honour'd place his worth obtain'd,
And high was Redmond's youthful name
Blazed in the roll of martial fame.
Had fortune smiled on Marston fight,
The eve had seen him dubb'd a knight ;
Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife,
Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the life,
But when he saw him prisoner made,
He kiss'd and then resign'd his blade,
And yielded him an easy prey
To those who led the Knight away ;
Resolved Matilda's sire should prove
In prison, as in fight, his love.

XVII.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watery ray, an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.
As Redmond on the turf reclined,
The past and present fill'd his mind :

"It was not thus," Affection said,
 "I dream'd of my return, dear maid !
 Not thus, when from thy trembling hand,
 I took the banner and the brand,
 When round me, as the bugles blew,
 Their blades three hundred warriors
 drew,
 And, while the standard I unroll'd,
 Clash'd their bright arms, with clamour
 bold.

Where is that banner now ?—its pride
 Lies whelm'd in Ouse's sullen tide !
 Where now these warriors ?—in their
 gore,

They cumber Marston's dismal moor !
 And what avails a useless brand,
 Held by a captive's shackled hand,
 That only would his life retain,
 To aid thy sire to bear his chain !"
 Thus Redmond to himself apart ;
 Nor lighter was his rival's heart ;
 For Wilfrid, while his generous soul
 Disdain'd to profit by control,
 By many a sign could mark too plain,
 Save with such aid, his hopes were
 vain.—

But now Matilda's accents stole
 On the dark visions of their soul,
 And bade their mournful musing fly,
 Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall,
 How Mortham shunn'd my father's hall ;
 A man of silence and of woe,
 Yet ever anxious to bestow
 On my poor self whate'er could prove
 A kinsman's confidence and love.
 My feeble aid could sometimes chase
 The clouds of sorrow for a space ;
 But oftener, fix'd beyond my power,
 I mark'd his deep despondence lower.
 One dismal cause, by all unguess'd,
 His fearful confidence confess'd ;
 And twice it was my hap to see
 Examples of that agony,
 Which for a season can o'erstrain
 And wreck the structure of the brain.
 He had the awful power to know
 The approaching mental overthrow.
 And while his mind had courage yet
 To struggle with the dreadful fit,

The victim writhed against its thro
 Like wretch beneath a murderer's b
 This malady, I well could mark,
 Sprung from some direful cause and
 But still he kept its source conceal
 Till arming for the civil field ;
 Then in my charge he bade me hol
 A treasure huge of gems and gold,
 With this disjointed dismal scroll,
 That tells the secret of his soul,
 In such wild words as oft betray
 A mind by anguish forced astray."

XIX.

MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

"Matilda ! thou hast seen me start,
 As if a dagger thrill'd my heart,
 When it has happ'd some casual ph
 Waked memory of my former days.
 Believe, that few can backward cast
 Their thoughts with pleasure on the p
 But I !—my youth was rash and vai
 And blood and rage my manhood st
 And my grey hairs must now descen
 To my cold grave without a friend !
 Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown
 Thy kinsman, when his guilt is kno
 And must I lift the bloody veil,
 That hides my dark and fatal tale !
 I must—I will—Pale phantom, cea
 Leave me one little hour in peace !
 Thus haunted, think'st thou I have
 Thine own commission to fulfil ?
 Or, while thou point'st with gesture fi
 Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody he
 How can I paint thee as thou wert
 So fair in face, so warm in heart !—

XX.

"Yes, she was fair !—Matilda, tho
 Hast a soft sadness on thy brow ;
 But hers was like the sunny glow,
 That laughs on earth and all below
 We wedded secret—there was nee
 Differing in country and in creed ;
 And when to Mortham's tower she c
 We mentioned not her race and na
 Until thy sire, who fought afar,
 Should turn him home from foreign
 On whose kind influence we relied
 To soothe her father's ire and pride

ths we lived retired, unknown,
t one dear friend alone,
ng friend—I spare his shame,
write the villain's name !
asses I might forget,
in vengeance for the debt
brother worm to me,
al to God's clemency,
ed me penitential time,
ne off amid my crime.—

XXI.

y smile to all she lent,
er husband's friend 'twas bent
that from its harmless glee,
ch misconstrued villany.
in his presumptuous love,
al snare the traitor wove.
sat—the flask had flow'd,
l with heat unwonted glow'd,
ough the alley'd walk we spied
ried step my Edith glide,
beneath the verdant screen,
nwilling to be seen.
annot paint the fiendish smile
'd the traitor's cheek the while !
I question'd of the cause ;
a cold and artful pause,
ay'd it might not chafe my
ood—
as a gallant in the wood !'
been shooting at the deer ;
-bow (evil chance !) was near :
ly weapon of my wrath
and, hasting up the path,
w grove my wife I found,
er's arms her neck had bound !
his heart—the bow I drew—
he shaft—'twas more than true !
ny Edith's dying charms
her murder'd brother's arms !
in secret to inquire
, and reconcile her sire.

XXII.

l my rage—the villain first,
raft my jealousy had nursed ;
at in far and foreign clime
e the vengeance of his crime.
ner of the slaughter done
own to few, my guilt to none ;

Some tale my faithful steward framed—
I know not what—of shaft mis-aim'd ;
And even from those the act who knew,
He hid the hand from which it flew.
Untouch'd by human laws I stood,
But GOD had heard the cry of blood !
There is a blank upon my mind,
A fearful vision ill-defined,
Of raving till my flesh was torn,
Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn—
And when I waked to woe more mild,
And question'd of my infant child—
(Have I not written, that she bare
A boy, like summer morning fair ?)—
With looks confused my menials tell
That armed men in Mortham dell
Beset the nurse's evening way,
And bore her, with her charge, away.
My faithless friend, and none but he,
Could profit by this villany ;
Him then, I sought, with purpose dread
Of treble vengeance on his head !
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's wound
Some faint relief from wandering found ;
And over distant land and sea
I bore my load of misery.

XXIII.

“ 'Twas then that fate my footsteps led
Among a daring crew and dread,
With whom full oft my hated life
I ventured in such desperate strife,
That even my fierce associates saw
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.
Much then I learned, and much can show,
(Of human guilt and human woe,
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my
own !—
It chanced, that after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay ;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wounded and the dead,
While, sense in toil and wassail drown'd,
My ruffian comrades slept around,
There came a voice—its silver tone
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—
'Ah, wretch !' it said, ' what makes
thou here,
While unavenged my bloody bier,
While unprotected lives mine heir,
Without a father's name and care ?'

XXIV.

"I heard obey'd—and homeward drew;
The fiercest of our desperate crew
I brought, at time of need to aid
My purposed vengeance, long delay'd.
But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,
That better hopes and thoughts has given,
And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught,
Mercy by mercy must be bought.
Let me in my very rejoice—
I've seen his face—I've heard his voice—
I call'd of him my only child—
As he disown'd the theft, he smil'd;
That very calm and calm look,
That fiendish sneer his visage took,
As when he said, in scornful mood,
'There's a giant in the wood'—
I did not slay him as he stood
All praise be to my Maker given!
Long sustenance is one path to heaven."

XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,
When something in the thicket stirr'd
Up Redmond's rage, the villain Guy,
(For he it was that lurk'd so nigh)
Drew back—he durst not cross his steel
A moment's space with brave O'Neale,
For all the treasured gold that rests
In Mortham's iron-banded chests.
Redmond resumed his seat, he said,
Some roe was rustling in the shade.
Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw
His timorous comrade backward draw;
"A trusty mate art thou, to fear
A single arm, and I am so near!
Yet have I seen thee mark a deer.
Give me thy carbine—I'll show
An art that thou wilt gladly know,
How thou may'st safely quell a foe."

XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew
The spreading hush and hazels through,
Till he had Redmond fall in view;
The gun he levell'd—Mark like this
Was Bertram never known to miss,
When far opposed to aim there sat
An object of his mortal hate
That day young Redmond's death had
seen,
But twice Matilda came between

The carbine and Redmond's
Just ere the spring's finger
A deadly oath the ruin'd swore
But yet his fell design forbore
"It ne'er," he mutter'd "shall
That thus I scath'd thee, laugh
Then moved to seek more open
When to his side Guy Denzil
"Bertram forbear!—we are
For ever, if thou fire the gun.
By all the fiends, an armed foe
Descends the dell, of foot and
We perish if they hear a shot.
Madman! we have a safer plot.
Nay, friend, be ruled, and hear
Behold, down yonder follow
The warlike leader of the band
Comes with his broadsword
Bertram look'd up—he saw
That Denzil's fears had come
Then curs'd his fortune and
Threaded the woodlands under
And gain'd the cave on Creta

XXVII.

They whom dark Bertram, in
Doom'd to captivity or death,
Their thoughts to one sad thought
Saw not nor heard the anxious
Heedless and unconcern'd they
While on the very verge of fate
Heedless and unconcern'd they
When Heaven the murderer
strat'd,
As ships drift darkling down
Not see the shelves o'er which
Uninterrupted thus they heard
What Mortham's closing tale
It spoke of wealth as of a lost
ly fortune on a wretch beset
In bitter mockery of hate,
His careless woes to aggravate
But yet he pray'd Matilda's care
Might save that treasure for his
His Edith's son—for still he re
As confident his life was saved,
In frequent vision, he averr'd,
He saw his face, his voice he he
Then argued calm—I had murder'd
The blood, the corpses, had been
Some had pretended, too, to me
On Windermere a stranger back

rew, with jealous care, yet mild,
a female and a child.
hese faint proofs he told and
ress'd,
em'd to kindle in his breast ;
inconsistent, vague, and vain,
l his judgment and his brain.

XXVIII.

lemn words his story close :—
n witness for me, that I chose
in this sad civil fight,
y no cause but England's right.
try's groans have bid me draw
d for gospel and for law ;—
ghted, I fling arms aside,
c my son through Europe wide.
th, on which a kinsman nigh
casts a grasping eye,
e may unsuspected lie.

my death Matilda hears,
retain her trust three years ;
from me, the treasure claim,
is Mortham's race and name.
it leave her generous hand,
v in bounty o'er the land ;
he wounded prisoner's lot,
the peasant's ruin'd cot ;
s, acquired by fight afar,
tigate domestic war."

XXIX.

erous youths, who well had
nown
ham's mind the powerful tone,
high mind, by sorrow swerved,
npathy his woes deserved ;
frid chiet, who saw reveal'd
ortham wish'd his life conceal'd,
s, doubtless, to pursue
emes his wilder'd fancy drew.
ful he heard Matilda tell,
e would share her father's cell,
ner of captivity,
r his prison-house should be ;
ved to think that Rokeby-hall,
led, and forsook by all,
rapine and to stealth,
v no safeguard for the wealth
d by her kinsman kind,
such noble use design'd.
arnard Castle then her choice,"
nquired with hasty voice,

" Since there the victor's laws ordain
Her father must a space remain ?"
A flutter'd hope his accents shook,
A flutter'd joy was in his look.
Matilda hasten'd to reply,
For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye ;—
" Duty," she said, with gentle grace,
" Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place ;
Else had I for my sire assign'd
Prison less galling to his mind,
Than that his wild-wood haunts which
sees

And hears the murmur of the Tees,
Recalling thus, with every glance,
What captive's sorrow can enhance ;
But where those woes are highest, there
Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care."

XXX.

He felt the kindly check she gave,
And stood abash'd — then answer'd
grave :—

" I sought thy purpose, noble maid,
Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid.
I have beneath mine own command,
So wills my sire, a gallant band,
And well could send some horsemen
wight

To bear the treasure forth by night,
And so bestow it as you deem
In these ill days may safest seem."—

" Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she
said :

" O, be it not one day delay'd !
And, more thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold,
In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,
Safest with thee." — While thus she
spoke,

Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke,
The same of whose approach afraid,
The ruffians left their ambushade.
Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,
Then look'd around as for a foe.

" What mean'st thou, friend," young
Wycliffe said,

" Why thus in arms beset the glade ?"—
" That would I gladly learn from you ;
For up my squadron as I drew,
To exercise our martial game
Upon the moor of Barninghame,

A stranger told you were waylaid,
Surrounded, and to death betray'd.
He had a leader's voice, I ween,
A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.
He bade me bring you instant aid ;
I doubted not, and I obey'd."

XXXI.

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed,
Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed ;
While Redmond every thicket round
Track'd earnest as a questing hound,
And Denzil's carbine he found ;
Sure evidence, by which they knew
The warning was as kind as true.
Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed
To leave the dell. It was agreed,
That Redmond, with Matilda fair,
And sitting guard, should home repair ;
At nightfall Wilfrid should attend,
With a strong band, his sister-friend,
To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers
To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,
Secret and safe the banded chests,
In which the wealth of Mortham rests.
This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,
Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

THE sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still,
To those that gaze from Toller-hill ;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows ;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold array'd,
Streaks yet a while the closing shade,
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given.
Thus aged men, full loath and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till memory lends her light no more.

II.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,
Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,

Where, sunk within their banks profound,
Her guardian streams to meeting wound
The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
Of noontide made a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.
Hoarse into middle air arose
The vespers of the roosting crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the Genii of the stream ;
For louder clamour'd Greta's tide,
And Tees in deeper voice replied,
And fitful waked the evening wind,
Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.
Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul
Felt in the scene a soft control,
With lighter footstep press'd the ground
And often paused to look around ;
And, though his path was to his love,
Could not but linger in the grove,
To drink the thrilling interest dear,
Of awful pleasure check'd by fear.
Such inconsistent moods have we,
Even when our passions strike the lea.

III.

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past,
The opening lawn he reach'd at last.
Where, silver'd by the moonlight rays,
The ancient Hall before him lay.
Those martial terrors long were fled
That frown'd of old around its head
The battlements, the turrets gray,
Seem'd half abandon'd to decay ;
On Barbican and keep of stone
Stern Time the foeman's work had done.
Where banners the invader braved,
The harebell now and wallflower waved
In the rude guard-room, where of yore
Their weary hours the warders wore
Now, while the cheerful fagots blaze
On the paved floor the spindle plays
The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The moat is ruinous and dry,
The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en,
Show'd danger's day revived again
The court-yard wall show'd marks of
The fall'n defences to repair,

ch strength as might withstand
of marauding band.
once more were taught to bear
ling drawbridge into air,
ill question'd o'er and o'er,
I oped the jealous door,
he entered, bolt and bar
their place with sullen jar;
e cross'd the vaulted porch,
ey porter raised his torch,
him o'er, from foot to head,
hall his steps he led.
old hall, of knightly state,
seem'd and desolate.

through transom-shafts of
e,
s'd the latticed oriels, shone,
mournful light she gave,
vault seem'd funeral cave.
I banner waved no more
of stag and tusks of boar,
ering arms were marshall'd
,
hose silvan spoils between.
, those ensigns, borne away,
id Rokeby's brave array,
e lost on Marston's day!
id there the moonbeams fall
our yet adorns the wall,
of size, uncouth to sight,
s in the modern fight!
n relic of the wars,
y by neglected scars.

V.

on to greet him came,
hem light the evening flame;
r parting was prepared,
l but for Wilfrid's guard.
eluctant to unfold
avarice of gold,
that lest jealous eye
their precious burden pry,
it best the castle gate
hen the night wore late;
ore he had left command
he trusted of his band,
hould be at Rokeby met,
the midnight-watch was set.
ond came, whose anxious care
as busied to prepare

All needful, meetly to arrange
The mansion for its mournful change.
With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased,
His cold unready hand he seized,
And press'd it, till his kindly strain
The gentle youth return'd again.
Seem'd as between them this was said,
"A while let jealousy be dead;
And let our contest be, whose care
Shall best assist this helpless fair."

VI.

There was no speech the truce to bind,
It was a compact of the mind,
A generous thought, at once impress'd
On either rival's generous breast.
Matilda well the secret took,
From sudden change of mien and look;
And—for not small had been her fear
Of jealous ire and danger near—
Felt, even in her dejected state,
A joy beyond the reach of fate.
They closed beside the chimney's blaze,
And talk'd, and hoped for happier days,
And lent their spirits' rising glow
A while to gild impending woe;—
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
The bickering fagot sparkled bright,
And gave the scene of love to sight,
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,
Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow,
Her nut-brown curls and forehead high,
And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye.
Two lovers by the maiden sate,
Without a glance of jealous hate;
The maid her lovers sat between,
With open brow and equal mien;
It is a sight but rarely spied,
Thanks to man's wrath and woman's
pride.

VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,
A knock alarm'd the outer gate,
And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,
The tinkling of a harp was heard.
A manly voice of mellow swell,
Bore burden to the music well:—

Song.

"Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast;

I have wander'd all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray!
Gentle hearts, of gentle kin,
Take the wandering harper in!"

But the stern porter answer gave,
With "Get thee hence, thou strolling
knave!"

The king wants soldiers; war, I trow,
Were meet for trade for such as thou."
At this unkind reproach, again
Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain.

Song resumed.

"Bid not me, in battle field,
Buckler lift, or broadsword wield!
All my strength and all my art
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel string."

The porter, all unmoved, repli'd, -
"Depart in peace, with Heaven to guide;
If longer by the gate thou dwell,
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well."

VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look,
The harper's part young Wilfrid took:
"These notes so wild and freely thrill,
They show no vulgar minstrel's skill;
Hard were his task to seek a home
More distant, since the night is come;
And for his faith I dare engage—
Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age;
His gate, once readily display'd,
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,
Now even to me, though known of old,
Did but reluctantly unfold."—

"O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime,
An evil of this evil time.

He seems dependent on his care
The safety of his patron's heir,
Nor judges meet to ope the tower
To guest unknown at parting hour,
Urging his duty to excess
Of rough and staid born faithfulness.
For this poor harper, I would fain
He may relax—Hark to his strain!"

IX.

Song resumed.

"I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright,

Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grun the maids to scare;
Dark the night, and long till
Do not bid me farther stray!"

"Rokeby's lords of martial fame
I can count them name by name
Legends of their line there be
Known to few, but known to me
If you honour Rokeby's kin,
Take the wandering harper in."

"Rokeby's lords had fair renown
For the harp, and for the bow;
Baron's race throve never well
Where the curse of minstrel dwelt
If you love that noble kin,
Take the weary harper in."

"Hark! Harpool parleys—
hope,"

Said Redmond, "that the g
ope."—

—"For all thy brag and boast,
Nought know'st thou of the Felt
Quoth Harpool, "nor how G
She roam'd, and Rokeby t
Nor how Ralph Rokeby giv
To Richmond's friars to mak
Of Gilbert Giffinson the t
Goes, and of gallant Peter D
That well could strike with sw
And of the valiant son of Sp
Friar Middleton, and blithe S
There were a jest to make us
If thou canst tell it, in yon sh
Thou'st won thy supper and th

X.

Matilda smiled; "Cold hope"
"From Harpool's love of mine
But, for this harper, may we de
Redmond, to mend his cov
fare?"

"O, ask me not"—At min
My heart from infancy would sp
Nor can I hear its simplest str
But it brings I'm's dream a
When played by Owen Lysgh
(The Fella of O Neale was he,
A blind and bearded man, who
Was sacred as a prophet's held

ring of rugged kerne,
 ts shaggy, wild, and stern,
 by the master's lay,
 and the livelong day,
 wild rage to wilder glee,
 grief, to ecstasy,
 ch varied change of soul
 to the bard's control. —
 eboy ! thy friendly floor
 ard's oak shall light no more ;
 s harp, beside the blaze,
 n's love or hero's praise !
 ng brambles hide thy hearth,
 ospitable mirth ;
 nguish'd in the glade,
 lad home is prostrate laid,
 ls wander wide and far,
 yn lords in distant war,
 ie stranger's sons enjoy
 woods of Clandeboy !"
 and proudly turn'd aside,
 g tear to dry and hide.

XI.

ark and soften'd eye
 ing ere O'Neale's was dry.
 upon his arm she laid, —
 ill of Heaven," she said.
 'st thou, Redmond, I can part
 loved home with lightsome
 t,
 wild neglect whate'er
 my infancy was dear ?
 calm domestic bound
 atilda's pleasures found.
 , my sire was wont to grace,
 ay be a stranger's place ;
 n which a child I play'd,
 dear Redmond, lowly laid,
 le and the thorn may braid ;
 or aye from me and mine,
 y shelter Rokeby's line.
 consolation given,
 nd, — 'tis the will of Heaven."
 her action, and her phrase,
 y as in early days ;
 serve had lost its power,
 sympathetic hour.
 lmond dared not trust his
 ;
 ad it been his choice

To share that melancholy hour,
 Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,
 In full possession to enjoy
 Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

XII.

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek,
 Matilda sees, and hastes to speak. —
 " Happy in friendship's ready aid,
 Let all my murmurs here be staid !
 And Rokeby's maiden will not part
 From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.
 This night at least, for Rokeby's fame,
 The hospitable hearth shall flame,
 And, ere its native heir retire,
 Find for the wanderer rest and fire,
 While this poor harper, by the blaze,
 Recounts the tale of other days.
 Bid Harpool ope the door with speed,
 Admit him, and relieve each need. —
 Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try
 Thy minstrel skill ? — Nay, no reply —
 And look not sad ! — I guess thy thought,
 Thy verse with laurels would be bought ;
 And poor Matilda, landless now,
 Has not a garland for thy brow.
 True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,
 Nor wander more in Greta shades ;
 But sure, no rigid jailer, thou
 Wilt a short prison-walk allow,
 Where summer flowers grow wild at will,
 On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill ;
 Then holly green and lily gay
 Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay."
 The mournful youth, a space aside,
 To tune Matilda's harp applied ;
 And then a low sad descant rung,
 As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII.

The Cypress Wreath.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress-tree !
 Too lively glow the lilies light,
 The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
 The May-flower and the eglantine
 May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
 But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
 Or weave it of the cypress-tree !
 Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
 With tendrils of the laughing vine ;

The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due :
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give ;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew ;
On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves,
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress-bough ;
But, O Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and loved my last !
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With panzies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear,
And spoke with kind and blithesome
cheer —

“No, noble Wilfrid ! ere the day
When mourns the land thy silent lay,
Shall many a wreath be freely wove
By hand of friendship and of love.
I would not wish that rigid Fate
Had doom'd thee to a captive's state,
Whose hands are bound by honour's law,
Who wears a sword he must not draw ;
But were it so, in minstrel pride
The land together would we ride,
On prancing steeds, like harpers old,
Bound for the halls of barons bold,
Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,
From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's
Peak,

Survey wild Albin's mountain strand,
And roam green Erin's lovely land,
While thou the gentler souls should move
With lay of pity and of love,
And I, thy mate, in rougher strain,
Would sing of war and warriors slain.
Old England's bards were vanquish'd
then,
And Scotland's vaunted Hawthornden,
And, silenced on Iernian shore,
M'Curtin's harp should charm no more !
In lively mood he spoke, to wile
From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile.

XV.

“But,” said Matilda, “ere thy name,
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall ?
Bid all the household, too, attend,
Each in his rank a humble friend ;
I know their faithful hearts will grieve
When their poor Mistress takes her leave
So let the horn and beaker flow
To mitigate their parting woe.”
The harper came ;—in youth's first prime
Himself ; in mode of olden time
His garb was fashion'd, to express
The ancient English minstrel's dress,
A seemly gown of Kendal green,
With gorget closed of silver sheen ;
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an anlace hung.
It seem'd some masquer's quaint array
For revel or for holiday.

XVI.

He made obeisance with a free
Yet studied air of courtesy.
Each look and accent, framed to please
Seem'd to affect a playful ease ;
His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye, but not the mind ;
Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss
Of brow so young and smooth as this.
His was the subtle look and sly,
That, spring all, seems nought to spy
Round all the group his glances stole,
Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole.

* Drummond of Hawthornden was in the
zenith of his reputation as a poet during the
Civil Wars. He died in 1649.

eneath Matilda's look,
the eye of Redmond brook.
icious, or the old,
dangerous and bold
d this self-invited guest;
our lovers,—and the rest,
heir sorrow and their fear
of their Mistress dear,
ed, to the Castle-hall,
bear her funeral pall.

XVII.

pression base was gone,
ed the guest his minstrel tone;
aspiration's call,
demon fled from Saul.*
glance he cast around,
drawn breath inspired the
id,
beat bolder and more high,
pride of minstrelsy!
soon that pride was o'er,
the lay that bade it soar!
sumed, with habit's chain,
ld and follies vain,
he talent, with him born,
mmon curse and scorn.
the youth whom Rokeby's
d,
ascending kindness, pray'd
new the strains she loved,
heard, and well approved.

XVIII.

Song.

THE HARP.

d and wayward boy,
od scorn'd each childish toy;
m all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
solitary joy,
My Harp alone.

: Spirit of the Lord departed from
evil spirit from the Lord troubled

I said unto his servants, Provide
an that can play well, and bring
And it came to pass, that when
it from God was upon Saul, that
a harp, and played with his hand:
refreshed, and was well, and the
parted from him."—I SAMUEL,

17, 23

My youth, with bold Ambition's mood,
Despised the humble stream and wood,
Where my poor father's cottage stood,
To fame unknown;—
What should my soaring views make
good?

My Harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire:
The baron's daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone;—
What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And manhood's pride the vision curst,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lull'd me first,
My Harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe;
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe:—
Can aught atone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
My Harp alone!

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,
Have rued of penury the smart,
Have felt of love the venom'd dart,
When hope was flown;
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—
My Harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,
My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still;
And when this life of want and ill
Is wellnigh gone,
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
My Harp alone!

XIX.

"A pleasing lay!" Matilda said;
But Harpool shook his old grey head,
And took his baton and his torch,
To seek his guard-room in the porch.
Edmund observed—with sudden change,
Among the strings his fingers range,
Until they waked a bolder glee
Of military melody;

Then paused amid the martial sound,
And look'd with well-feign'd fear
around ;—

“None to this noble house belong,”
He said, “that would a Minstrel wrong,
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,
To love his Royal Master still ;

And, with your honour'd leave, would
Rejoice you with a loyal strain.”
Then, as assured by sign and look,
The warlike tone again he took ;
And Harpool stopp'd, and turn'
hear
A ditty of the Cavalier.

XX.

Song.

THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray,
My true love has mounted his steed and away,
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down ;
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown !

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear,
He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long-flowing hair,
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down,—
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown !

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws,
Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause ;
His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—
GOD strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown !

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall ;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes ;
There's Erin's high Ormond and Scotland's Montrose !
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown,
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown ?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier !
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown,
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown.

XXI.

“Alas !” Matilda said, “that strain,
Good Harper, now is heard in vain !
The time has been, at such a sound,
When Rokeby's vassals gather'd round,
An hundred manly hearts would bound ;
But now, the stirring verse we hear,
Like trump in dying soldier's ear !
Listless and sad the notes we own,
The power to answer them is flown.
Yet not without his meet applause
Be he that sings the rightful cause,

Even when the crisis of its fate
To human eye seems desperate.
While Rokeby's Heir such power re
Let this slight guerdon pay thy pai
And, lend thy harp ; I fain would
If my poor skill can aught supply,
Ere yet I leave my fathers' hall,
To mourn the cause in which we f

XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look,
And trembling hand, her bounty to

conscious pride of art
him in his treacherous part ;
spring, of force unguess'd,
each gentler mood suppress'd,
in many a human breast ;
at plans the red campaign,
wastes the woodland reign.
wing, the blood-shot eye,—
man marks with apathy,
of his victim's ill
his own successful skill.
too, who now no more
lead the battle's roar,
he triumph of his art,
on the pencill'd chart
invader's destined way,
ood and ruin, to his prey ;
leath, and towns to flame,
to raise another's name,
he guilt, though not the fame.
him for his span of time
meditating crime ?
st pity arms his heart ?—
conscious pride of art.

XXIII.

les in Edmund's mind
ess, vague, and undefined.
ce bark with rudder lost,
s changeful tide was tost ;
or Virtue had the power
impression of the hour ;
hen Passion rules, how rare
hat fall to Virtue's share !
e roused her—for the pride,
f sterner guilt supplied,
e support him when arose
t mourned Matilda's woes.

Song.

THE FAREWELL.

d of Rokeby's woods I hear,
ingle with the song :
eta's voice is in mine ear,
not hear them long.
ery loved and native haunt
tive Heir must stray,
e a ghost whom sunbeams
it,
art before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,
Their scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and fear'd
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda's tone
Shall bid those echoes swell ;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.—

XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay,
Be our name and line forgot,
Lands and manors pass away,—
We but share our Monarch's lot.
If no more our annals show
Battles won and Banners taken,
Still in death, defeat, and woe,
Ours be loyalty unshaken !
Constant still in danger's hour,
Princes own'd our fathers' aid ;
Lands and honours, wealth and power,
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride !
Mortal boons by mortals given ;
But let Constancy abide,
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd.
In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone ;
But village notes could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody ;
And ne'er in cottage maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
Claiming respect, yet waving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.
Yet not, perchance, had these alone
Hisscheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown ;
But while her energy of mind
Superior rose to griefs combined,
Lending its kindling to her eye,
Giving her form new majesty,—
To Edmund's thought Matilda seem'd
The very object he had dream'd ;
When, long ere guilt his soul had known,
In Winston bowers he mused alone,

Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of prince fair, by cruel fate
Rest of her honours, power, and state,
Till to her rightful realm restored
By destined hero's conquering sword.

XXVI.

"Such was my vision!" Edmund
thought;

"And have I, then, the ruin wrought
Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er
In fairest vision form'd her peer?
Was it my hand that could uncloset
The postern to her ruthless foes?
Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith,
Their kindest mercy sudden death!
Have I done this? I! who have sworn,
That if the globe such angel bore,
I would have traced its circle broad,
To kiss the ground on which she trod!—
And now—O! would that earth would
rive,

And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope?—is all then lost?—
Bertram's already on his post!
Even now, beside the Hall's arch'd door,
I saw his shadow cross the floor!
He was to wait my signal strain—
A little respite thus we gain:
By what I heard the menials say,
Young Wycliffe's troop are on their way—
Alarm precipitates the crime!
My harp must wear away the time."—
And then, in accents faint and low,
He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

XXVII.

Ballad.

"And whither would you lead me then?"

Quoth the Friar of orders gray;
And the Ruffians twain replied again,
"By a dying woman to pray."—

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bores little harm,
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm."—

"Then do thine office, Friar gray,
And see thou shrive her free!
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentals read,
When thou'rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St Benedict
Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an alter'd man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,
He'll beard him in his pride—
If he meet a Friar of orders gray,
He droops and turns aside.

XXVIII.

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,"
Matilda said, "can goblins raise!
Wellnigh my fancy can discern,
Near the dark porch a visage stern;
Even now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid, look!
A human form distinct and clear—
God, for thy mercy!—It draws near!
She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that chamber wide
Fierce Bertram gain'd; then made
stand,

And, proudly waving with his hand,
Thunder'd—"Be still, upon your
lives!—

He bleeds who speaks, he dies who
strives."

Behind their chief the robber crew,
Forth from the darken'd portal drew
In silence—save that echo dread
Return'd their heavy measured tread.
The lamp's uncertain lustre gave
Their arms to gleam, their plumes
wave;

File after file in order pass,
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they form'd and curv'd their line
Hemming within its crescent drear
Their victims, like a herd of deer.
Another sign, and to the aim
Levell'd at once their muskets came,

but their chieftain's word,
their fatal volley heard.

XXIX.

Leap the menials drew ;
In mortal terror, true,
And startled group oppose
Matilda and the foes.

"Thee, Wilfrid !" Redmond
cried ;
"At wicket by thy side !

Matilda—gain the wood—
May be a while made good—
Here this, must sure be nigh—
"It is dally not—but fly !"

The crowd their motions hide,
The low wicket door they glide.
Vaulted passages they wind,
Intricacy twined ;

He fled, and half he bore,
The postern door,

Beneath the forest tree,
Stands at liberty.

Beams, the fresh gale's caress,
Suspended consciousness ;—

"Redmond ?" eagerly she cries:
"Wer'st not—he dies ! he dies !

He'st left him, all bereft
Aid—with murderers left !

Well—he would not yield
To man—his doom is seal'd !
"Born'd life, which thou hast
Ght

"His, I thank thee not."

XXX.

Reproach, the angry look,
Of Wilfrid could not brook.

He said, "my band so near,
You may'st rest thee here.

Thou'st death thou shalt not
earn,

Buy his safe return."

His way—his heart throb'd high,
As bursting from his eye ;

Of her injustice press'd
Matilda's distracted breast,—

"Wilfrid, stay ! all aid is vain !"
But turn'd him not again !

Now the postern-door,
—*and is seen no more.*

XXXI.

With all the agony that e'er
Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear,
She watch'd the line of windows tall,
Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall,
Distinguish'd by the paly red
The lamps in dim reflection shed,
While all beside in wan moonlight,
Each grated casement glimmer'd white.
No sight of harm, no sound of ill,
It is a deep and midnight still.

Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd
All in the Castle were at rest—

When sudden on the windows shone
A lightning flash, just seen and gone !

A shot is heard—Again the flame
Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came !

Then echo'd wildly, from within,
Of shout and scream the mingled din,

And weapon-clash and maddening cry,
Of those who kill, and those who die !—

As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash
broke ;

And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach so rapidly behind ?

It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,
Matilda hears the sound, she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader's rein—

"O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain !

Fly to the postern—gain the Hall !"

From saddle spring the troopers all ;
Their gallant steeds, at liberty,

Run wild along the moonlight lea.

But, ere they burst upon the scene,
Full stubborn had the conflict been.

When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight,
It gave the signal for the fight ;

And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd with scars
Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,

Their momentary panic o'er,
Stood to the arms which then they bore ;

(For they were weapon'd, and prepared
Their mistress on her way to guard.)

Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,

Then peal'd the shot, and clash'd the steel ;
The war-smoke soon with sable breath

Darken'd the scene of blood and death,

While on the few defenders close
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell
Renew the charge with frantic yell.

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood
Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and
blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate
stand. —

“Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafters have return'd a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to
hand,

Bide buffet from a true man's brand.”
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame,
When, 'mid their howling conclave
driven,

Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.
Bertram rush'd on— But Harpool clasp'd
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the trammell'd ruffian clung.
Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,
And, shouting, charged the felons home
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled,
Bertram's stern voice they heed no more,
Though heard above the battle's roar;
While, trampling down the dying man,
He strove, with volley'd threat and ban,
In scorn of odds, in fate's despite,
To rally up the desperate fight.

XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold,
Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd,

So dense, the combatants scarce know
To aim or to avoid the blow.
Smothering and blindfold grows the
fight—

But soon shall dawn a dismal light!
Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came
The hollow sound of rushing flame;
New horrors on the tumult dire
Arise—the Castle is on fire!
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand,
Matilda saw—for frequent broke
From the dim casements gusts of smoke
Yon tower, which late so clear defined
On the fair hemisphere reclined,
That, pencill'd on its azure pure,
The eye could count each embrasure,
Now, swath'd within the sweeping cloud
Seems giant-spectre in his shroud;
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.
Soon all beneath, through gallery long
And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong
Snatching whatever could maintain,
Raise, or extend, its furious reign;
Startling, with closer cause of dread,
The females who the conflict fled,
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din
Till bursting lattices give proof
The flames have caught the rafter'd roof
What! wait they till its beams again
Crash on the slayers and the slain?
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge
falls,

The warriors hurry from the walls.
But, by the conflagration's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each straggling felon down was hew'd
Not one could gain the sheltering wood
But forth the affrighted harper sprung
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.

ne alive were ta'en ;
ve Bertram, all are slain.

XXXVI.

is Bertram ?—Soaring high,
flame ascends the sky ;
group the soldiers gaze
road and roaring blaze,
infernal demon, sent
s penal element,
nd to pollute the air,—
gore, on fire his hair,
the central mass of smoke
orm of Bertram broke !
h'd sword on high he rears,
ed among opposing spears ;
eft arm his mantle truss'd,
d foil'd three lances' thrust ;
s headlong course withstood,
he snapp'd the tough ash-

l.
foes around him clung ;
less force aside he flung
st,—as the bull, at bay,
an-dogs from his way,
ty foes his path he made,
gain'd the forest glade.

XXXVII.

this final conflict o'er,
the postern Redmond bore
o, as of life bereft,
fatal Hall been left,
ere by all his train ;
nd saw, and turn'd again.—
oak he laid him down,
blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,
s mantle's clasp undid ;
d his drooping head,
o breathe the freer air,
ife repaid their care.
n them with heavy sigh,—
ve wish'd even thus to die !"
said,—for now with speed
er had regain'd his steed ;
alfreys stood array'd,
nd and for Rokeby's Maid ;
d on his horse sustain,
is charger by the rein.
ilda look'd behind,
ale of Tees they wind,

Where far the mansion of her sires
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red ;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the conflagration drown'd ;
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announced its triumph in its close,
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more !

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

THE summer sun, whose early power
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,
And rouse her with his matin ray
Her duteous orisons to pay,
That morning sun has three times seen
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,
But sees no more the slumbers fly
From fair Matilda's hazel eye ;
That morning sun has three times broke
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,
But, rising from their silvan screen,
Marks no grey turrets glance between.
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,
That, hissing to the morning shower,
Can but with smouldering vapour pay
The early smile of summer day.
The peasant, to his labour bound,
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,
Striving, amid the ruin'd space,
Each well-remember'd spot to trace.
That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall
Once screen'd the hospitable hall ;
When yonder broken arch was whole,
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole ;
And where yon tottering columns nod,
The chapel sent the hymn to God.—
So flits the world's uncertain span !
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's
doom ;
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb :

But better boon benignant Heaven
To Faith and Charity has given.
And bids the Christian hope sublime
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

II.

Now the third night of summer came,
Since that which witness'd Rokeby's
flame.

On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owl's homilies awake,
The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd
ears,

Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,
Watches the stream or swims the pool;—
Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,
Sleep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye,
That all the day had watch'd so well
The cushat dart across the dell.
In dubious beam reflected shone
That lofty cliff of pale grey stone,
Beside whose base the secret cave
To rapine late a refuge gave.
The crag's wild crest of copse and yew
On Grail's breast dark shadows threw;
Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight,
With every change of fitful light;
As hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.

III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green,
A solitary form was seen
To trace with stealthy pace the wold,
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
And pauses oft, and cowers dismay'd,
At every breath that stirs the shade.
He passes now the ivy bush,—
The owl has seen him, and is hush;
He passes now the dodder'd oak,—
Ye heard the startled raven croak;
Lower and lower he descends,
Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends;
The otter hears him tread the shore,
And dives, and is beheld no more;
And by the cliff of pale grey stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone.

Methinks, that by the moon we trace
A well-remember'd form and face!
That stripling shape, that cheek so pale
Combine to tell a rueful tale,
Of powers misused, of passion's force
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!
'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound
That flings that guilty glance around,
'Tis Edmund's trembling haste divide
The brushwood that the cavern hides
And, when its narrow porch lies bare
'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled bright
A lamp hath lent the cavern light.
Fearful and quick his eye surveys:
Each angle of the gloomy maze.
Since last he left that stern abode,
It seem'd as none its floor had trode;
Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil,
The purchase of his comrades' toil;
Masks and disguises grimed with mud,
Arms broken and defiled with blood,
And all the nameless tools that aid
Night-felons in their lawless trade,
Upon the gloomy walls were hung,
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.
Still on the sordid board appear
The relics of the noontide cheer:
Flagons and emptied flasks were there
And bench o'erthrown, and shattered
chair;

And all around the semblance show'd
As when the final revel glow'd,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past
"To Rokeby treasure-vaults!" the
quaff'd,
And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd,
Pour'd maddening from the rocky doo
And parted—to return no more!
They found in Rokeby vaults the
doom,—
A bloody death, a burning tomb!

V.

There his own peasant dress he spies
Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise
And shuddering thought upon his gle
When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.

tal art accurst,"
at moved my folly first ;
y bandits' base applause,
i God's and Nature's laws !
r days are scanty past
rod this cavern last,
i wretch, and prompt to

no murderer !
st my comrades' cheer,
laugh is in mine ear,
my pulse and steel'd my

d my treacherous part—
it all since then could seem
of a fever's dream !
nory notes too well
f the dying yell,
pairing mates that broke,
the fire and roll'd the
;
ngers shouting came,
us 'twixt the sword and

ght,—the lifted brand,—
nterposing hand !——
from slaughter freed,
y some grateful meed !
s object of my quest
: turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

VI.

d from the rugged hearth,
ve he meets the earth,
ith mattock to explore
f the cavern floor,
l, deep beneath the ground,
small steel casket found.
op'd to loose its hasp
felt a giant grasp ;
nd look'd up aghast,
l !—'Twas Bertram held

ie said ; but who could hear
rn voice, and cease to fear ?
-By heaven, he shakes as

n the falcon's clutch :"—
a, and unloosed his hold,
ie opening casket roll'd
reliquaire of gold.

Bertram beheld it with surprise,
Gazed on its fashion and device,
Then, cheering Edmund as he could,
Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood :
For still the youth's half-lifted eye
Quiver'd with terror's agony,
And sidelong glanced, as to explore,
In meditated flight, the door.

"Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free :
'Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee.
Chance brings me hither ; hill and plain
I've sought for refuge-place in vain.
And tell me now, thou aguish boy,
What makest thou here ? what means
this toy ?

Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en ;
What lucky chance unbound your chain ?
I deem'd, long since on Baliol's tower,
Your heads were warp'd with sun and
shower.

Tell me the whole—and, mark ! nought
e'er

Chafes me like falsehood, or like fear."
Gathering his courage to his aid,
But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er
In fetters on the dungeon floor.
A guest the third sad morrow brought ;
Our hold, dark Oswald Wycliffe sought,
And eyed my comrade long askance,
With fix'd and penetrating glance.

'Guy Denzil art thou call'd ?'—'The
same.'

'At Court who served wild Bucking-
hame ;

Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place,
So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase ;
That lost—I need not tell thee why—
Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply,
Then fought for Rokeby :—I have I
guess'd

My prisoner right ?'—'At thy behest.'—
He paused a while, and then went on
With low and confidential tone ;—
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,
Close nestled in my couch of straw.—

'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate ;
Hence, in their favour oft we see
Unscrupled, useful men like thee.

Were I disposed to bid thee live,
What pledge of faith hast thou to give ?'

VIII.

"The ready Fiend, who never yet
Hath fail'd to sharpen Denzil's wit,
Prompted his lie—'His only child
Should rest his pledge.'—The Baron
smiled,

And turn'd to me—'Thou art his son?'
I bowed—our fetters were undone,
And we were led to hear apart
A dreadful lesson of his art.

Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son,
Had fair Matilda's favour won ;
And long since had their union been,
But for her father's bigot spleen,
Whose brute and blind-fold party-rage
Would, force per force, her hand engage
To a base kern of Irish earth,
Unknown his lineage and his birth,
Save that a dying ruffian bore
The infant brat to Rokeby door.
Gentle restraint, he said, would lead
Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed ;
But fair occasion he must find
For such restraint well meant and kind,
The Knight being render'd to his charge
But as a prisoner at large.

IX.

"He school'd us in a well-forged tale,
Of scheme the Castle walls to scale,
To which was leagued each Cavalier
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear
That Rokeby, his parole forgot,
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.
Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal
Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale
Proffer'd, as witness, to make good,
Even though the forfeit were their blood.
I scrupled, until o'er and o'er
His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore ;
And then—alas ! what needs there more ?
I knew I should not live to say
The proffer I refused that day ;
Ashamed to live, yet loath to die,
I soil'd me with their infamy !"—
"Poor youth !" said Bertram, "wavering
still,

Unfit alike for good or ill !
But what fell next ?"—"Soon as at large
Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,

There never yet, on tragic stage,
Was seen so well a painted rage
As Oswald's show'd ! With loud al
He call'd his garrison to arm ;
From tower to tower, from post to p
He hurried as if all were lost ;
Consign'd to dungeon and to chain
The good old Knight and all his tr
Warn'd each suspected Cavalier,
Within his limits, to appear
To-morrow, at the hour of noon,
In the high church of Eglistone."

X.

"Of Eglistone !—Even now I pass
Said Bertram, "as the night closed
Torches and cressets gleam'd aroun
I heard the saw and hammer sound
And I could mark they toil'd to ra
A scaffold, hung with sable baize,
Which the grim headsman's scene
play'd,
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid
Some evil deed will there be done,
Unless Matilda wed his son :—
She loves him not—'tis shrewdly gu
That Redmond rules the damsel's br
This is a turn of Oswald's skill ;
But I may meet, and foil him still !
How camest thou to thy freedom

"There

Lies mystery more dark and rare.
In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd
A scroll was offer'd by a page,
Who told, a muffled horseman late
Had left it at the Castle-gate.
He broke the seal—his cheek sh
change.

Sudden, portentous, wild, and stra
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turn'd to actual agony ;
His hand like summer sapling sho
Terror and guilt were in his look.
Denzil he judged, in time of need,
Fit counsellor for evil deed ;
And thus apart his counsel broke,
While with a ghastly smile he spok

XI.

"As in the pageants of the stage,
The dead awake in this wild age,

—whom all men deem'd decreed
 In deadly snare to bleed,
 A bravo, whom, o'er sea,
 'd to aid in murdering me,—
 Has 'scaped! The coward shot
 d, but harm'd the rider not.'"
 With an execration fell,
 Leap'd up, and paced the cell:—
 "Own grey head, or bosom dark,"
 Er'd, "may be surer mark!"
 , and sign'd to Edmund, pale
 ror, to resume his tale.
 e went on:—'Mark with what
 ghts
 r'd reverie he writes:—

The Letter.

of Mortham's destiny!
 Lead, thy victim lives to thee.
 He all that binds to life,
 Child, a lovelier wife;
 Fame, and friendship, were his
 In—
 Best the word, and they are flown.
 & he pays thee:—To thy hand
 His honours and his land,
 Premised;—Restore his child!
 In his native land exiled.
 No more returns to claim
 His honours, or his name;
 In this, and from the slain
 It see Mortham rise again.'—

XII.

Let while the baron read,
 Ring accents show'd his dread;
 'd his forehead with his palm,
 In a scornful tone and calm;
 The winds, as billows wild!
 At I of his spouse or child?
 e brought a joyous dame,
 Her lineage or her name:
 Some frantic fit, he slew;
 e and child in fear withdrew.
 e my witness! wist I where
 His youth, my kinsman's heir,—
 on'd, I would give with joy
 er's arms to fold his boy,
 Mortham's lands and towers resign
 st heirs of Mortham's line.'—
 ow'st that scarcely e'en his fear
 As Denzil's cynic sneer;—

'Then happy is thy vassal's part,'
 He said, 'to ease his patron's heart!
 In thine own jailer's watchful care
 Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir;
 Thy generous wish is fully won,—
 Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.'—

XIII.

"Up starting with a frenzied look,
 His clenched hand the Baron shook:
 'Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave,
 Or darest thou palter with me, slave!
 Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's
 towers
 Have racks, of strange and ghastly
 powers.'

Denzil, who well his safety knew,
 Firmly rejoin'd, 'I tell thee true.
 Thy racks could give thee but to know
 The proofs, which I, untortured, show.—
 It chanced upon a winter night,
 When early snow made Stanmore white,
 That very night, when first of all
 Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-hall,
 It was my goodly lot to gain
 A reliquary and a chain,
 Twisted and chased of massive gold.
 —Demand not how the prize I hold!
 It was not given, nor lent, nor sold.—
 Gilt tablets to the chain were hung,
 With letters in the Irish tongue.
 I hid my spoil, for there was need
 That I should leave the land with speed;
 Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear
 On mine own person gems so rare.
 Small heed I of the tablets took,
 But since have spell'd them by the book,
 When some sojourn in Erin's land
 Of their wild speech had given command.
 But darkling was the sense; the phrase
 And language those of other days,
 Involved of purpose, as to foil
 An interloper's prying toil.
 The words, but not the sense, I knew,
 Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

XIV.

"Three days since, was that clew
 reveal'd,
 In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,
 And heard at full when Rokeby's Maid
 Her uncle's history display'd;

And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the tablets tell
Mark, then, Fair Earth was the joy
Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy;
But from her sire and country fled,
In secret Mortham's Leed to wed,
O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,
Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore,
Knowing he should make him known
(Lest his father will were shown)
To Feth, but to her alone
What of their ill star'd meeting fell,
Lord Wychffe knows, and none so well

XV

"O'Neale it was, who, in despair,
Robb'd Mortham of his infant heir
He bred him in the nurture wild,
And call'd him murder'd Connell's child
So named the nurse, the Clan believed
What from their Chieftain they received
His purpose was, that ne'er again
The boy should cross the Irish man,
But, like his mountain sires, enjoy
The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.
Then on the land wild troubles came,
And stronger Chieftains urged a claim,
And wrested from the old man's hands
His native towers, his father's lands.
Unable then, amid the strife,
To guard young Redmond's rights or life,
Late and belated he restores
The infant to his native shores,
With costly gifts and letters stored,
With many a deep concurring word,
To Mortham and to Rokby's Lord.
Nor did he know the clod of Irish earth,
Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth;
But deem'd his Chief's commands were
Law

On both, by both to be obey'd.
How he was wound'd by the way,
I need not, and I list not say."

XVI

"A wondrous tale" and, grant it true,
What, Wychffe answer? "might I do"
Heaven knows, as willingly as now
I raise the bonnet from my brow,
Would I my kinsman's minors far
Restore to Mortham, or his heir;
But Mortham is it straight—O'Neale
Has drawn for tyranny his steel,

Mal-gaunt to our rightful cause,
And stand in Rome's relative
Hark! see apart"—They whisper
Till Denzin's voice grew
strong

"My proofs" I never will, he
"Show mortal man where they
Nor hope discovery to find
By giving me to find the clues
For I have mates at large, who
Where I am went seek the
Free me from peril and
These tablets are at my command
Nor were it hard to form a net
To wile off Mortham's creature
Then, lunatics nor pagans but
Should wrest from them the
land"

"I like thy wit," said Wychffe
But here in hostage shall stand
Thy son, unless thy purpose
May prove the trust or press
A scroll to Mortham shall I
From me, and fetch these tokens
Gold shalt thou have, and
store,

And freedom, his commission
But if his faith should chance
The gabbit frees thee from the

XVII

"Mesh'd in the net him self had
What subterfuge could I find
He told me, with reluctant
That hidden here the tokens be
Conjured my swift return and
By all he scoff'd and disobey'd,
And look'd as if the noose were
And I the priest who left his
This scroll for Mortham would
Whom I must seek by Greta's
Or in the hat where chief he
Where Thorsgill's forester lies
(Thence chanced it, wandering
glade,

That he descried our ambush
I was dismayed as evening fell,
As I reach'd but now this rocky
"Love Oswald's letter,"—I read
And tore it fiercely, shied to
"All lies and villany" to him
His noble kinsman's generous

on him on from day to day,
 an take his life away.—
 , declare thy purpose, youth,
 to answer, save the truth ;
 I mark of Denzil's art,
 he secret from thy heart !"—

XVIII.

s not. I renounce," he said,
 or and his deadly trade.
 s my purpose to declare
 ham, Redmond is his heir ;
 im in what risk he stands,
 d these tokens to his hands.
 s my purpose to atone,
 may, the evil done ;
 l it rests—if I survive
 it, and leave this cave alive."—
 nzil?"—"Let them ply the rack,
 his joints and sinews crack !
 d tear him limb from limb,
 h can Denzil claim from him,
 oughless youth he led astray,
 n'd to this unhallow'd way ?
 l'd me, faith and vows were vain ;
 my master reap his gain."—
 answer'd Bertram, "'tis his
 eed ;
 retribution in the deed.
 —thou art not for our course,
 r, hast pity, hast remorse :
 with us the gale who braves,
 ive such cargo to the waves,
 ith overloaded prore,
 rksunburden'd reach the shore."

XIX.

ed, and, stretching him at length,
 to repose his bulky strength.
 ing with his secret mind,
 he sat, and half reclined,
 ole hand his forehead press'd,
 : was dropp'd across his breast.
 ggy eyebrows deeper came
 is eyes of swarthy flame ;
 of pride a while forbore
 ghty curve till then it wore ;
 lter'd fierceness of his look
 of darken'd sadness took.—
 k and sad a presage press'd
 ssly on Bertram's breast,—

And when he spoke, his wonted tone,
 So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.
 His voice was steady, low, and deep,
 Like distant waves when breezes sleep ;
 And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear,
 Its low unbroken depth to hear.

XX.

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find
 The woe that warp'd my patron's mind :
 'Twould wake the fountains of the eye
 In other men, but mine are dry.
 Mortham must never see the fool,
 That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool ;
 Yet less from thirst of sordid gain,
 Than to avenge supposed disdain.
 Say, Bertram rues his fault ;—a word,
 Till now, from Bertram never heard :
 Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays
 To think but on their former days ;
 On Quarianna's beach and rock,
 On Cayo's bursting battle-shock,
 On Darien's sands and deadly dew,
 And on the dart Tlatzeca threw ;—
 Perchance my patron yet may hear
 More that may grace his comrade's bier.
 My soul hath felt a secret weight,
 A warning of approaching fate :
 A priest had said, 'Return, repent !'
 As well to bid that rock be rent.
 Firm as that flint I face mine end ;
 My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe
 And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw ;
 For over Redesdale it came,
 As bodeful as their beacon-flame.
 Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,
 When, challenging the Clans of Tyne
 To bring their best my brand to prove,
 O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove ;
 But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,
 Held champion meet to take it down.
 My noontide, India may declare ;
 Like her fierce sun, I fired the air !
 Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
 Her natives, from mine angry eye.
 Panama's maids shall long look pale
 When Risingham inspires the tale ;
 Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
 The froward child with Bertram's name.

And now, my race of terror run,
 Mine be the eve of tropic sun !
 No pale gradations quench his ray,
 No twilight dews his wrath allay ;
 With disk like battle-target red,
 He rushes to his burning bed,
 Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
 Then sinks at once—and all is night.—

XXII.

“Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,
 Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie
 To Richmond, where his troops are laid,
 And lead his force to Redmond's aid.
 Say, till he reaches Eglistone,
 A friend will watch to guard his son.
 Now, fare-thee-well ; for night draws on,
 And I would rest me here alone.”

Despite his ill-dissembled fear,
 There swam in Edmund's eye a tear ;
 A tribute to the courage high,
 Which stoop'd not in extremity,
 But strove, irregularly great,
 To triumph o'er approaching fate !
 Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,
 It almost touch'd his iron heart :
 “I did not think there lived,” he said.
 “One, who would tear for Bertram shed.”
 He loosen'd then his baldric's hold,
 A buckle broad of massive gold ;—
 “Of all the spoil that paid his pains,
 But this with Risingham remains ;
 And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take,
 And wear it long for Bertram's sake.
 Once more— to Mortham speed again ;
 Farewell ! and turn thee not again.”

XXIII.

The night has yielded to the morn,
 And far the hours of prime are worn.
 Oswald, who, since the dawn of day,
 Had cursed his messenger's delay,
 Impatient question'd now his train,
 “Was Denzil's son return'd again ?”
 It chanced there answer'd of the crew,
 A menial, who young Edmund knew :
 “No son of Denzil this,”—he said ;
 “A peasant boy from Winston glade,
 For song and minstrelsy renown'd,
 And knavish pranks, the hamlets round.”
 “Not Denzil's son !—from Winston
 vale !—

Then it was false, that specious tale ;

Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the youth
 To show to Mortham's lord its truth.
 Fool that I was !—but 'tis too late ;—
 This is the very turn of fate !—
 The tale, or true or false, relies
 On Denzil's evidence !—He dies !—
 Ho ! Provost Marshal ! instantly
 Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree !
 Allow him not a parting word ;
 Short be the shrift, and sure the cord.
 Then let his gory head appal
 Marauders from the Castle-wall.
 Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,
 With best despatch to Eglistone.—
 —Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight
 Attend me at the Castle-gate.”—

XXIV.

“Alas !” the old domestic said,
 And shook his venerable head.
 “Alas, my Lord ! full ill to-day
 May my young master brook the way
 The leech has spoke with grave alarm
 Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,
 Of sorrow lurking at the heart,
 That mars and lets his healing art.”—
 “Tush ! tell not me !—Romantic be
 Pine themselves sick for airy toys,
 I will find cure for Wilfrid soon ;
 Bid him for Eglistone be boune,
 And quick !—I hear the dull death-drum
 Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come.”
 He paused with scornful smile, and then
 Resumed his train of thought agen.
 “Now comes my fortune's crisis near
 Entreaty boots not—instant fear,
 Nought else, can bend Matilda's pride
 Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride.
 But when she sees the scaffold placed
 With axe and block and headsman
 graced,
 And when she deems, that to deny
 Dooms Redmond and her sire to die.
 She must give way. — Then, were the liars
 Of Rokeby once combined with mine,
 I gain the weather-gage of fate !
 If Mortham come, he comes too late,
 While I, allied thus and prepared,
 Bid him defiance to his beard. —
 —If she prove stubborn, shall I dare
 To drop the axe?—Soft ! pause we then

till lives—yon youth may tell
 and Fairfax loves him well ;—
 efore should I now delay
 his Redmond from my way?—
 piety perforce
 —Without there! Sound to
 e!”

XXV.

le in the court below,—
 nd march forward!”—Forth
 go ;
 h and trample all around,
 , spears glimmer, trumpets
 id.—

as sung his parting hymn ;
 l turn'd his eyeballs dim,
 ely conscious what he sees,
 e horsemen down the Tees ;
 ly conscious what he hears,
 ets tingle in his ears.
 ong bridge they're sweeping
 ,
 hid by greenwood bough ;
 rearward had pass'd o'er,
 heard and saw no more !
 upon the Castle bell,
 rung his dying knell.

XXVI.

pencil, erst profuse
 s emblazon'd hues,
 of old, in Woodstock bower,
 it of the Leaf and Flower,
 l forth the tourney high,
 e hand of Emily !
 I paint the tumult broad,
 crowded abbey flow'd,
 , as with an ocean's sound,
 urch's ample bound !
 I show each varying mien,
 roeful, or serene ;
 , with his idiot stare,
 thy, with anxious air,
 ejected Cavalier,
 disarm'd, and sad of cheer ;
 oud foe, whose formal eye
 request now and mastery ;
 ite crowd, whose envious zeal
 h turn of Fortune's wheel,
 t shouts when lowest lie
 th and station high.

Yet what may such a wish avail ?
 'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,
 Hurrying, as best I can, along,
 The hearers and the hasty song ;—
 Like traveller when approaching home,
 Who sees the shades of evening come,
 And must not now his course delay,
 Or choose the fair, but winding way ;
 Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,
 Where o'er his head the wildings bend,
 To bless the breeze that cools his brow,
 Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
 Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced.
 Through storied lattices no more
 In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,
 Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
 Of shrine, and monument, and niche.
 The Civil fury of the time
 Made sport of sacrilegious crime ;
 For dark Fanaticism rent
 Altar, and screen, and ornament,
 And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
 Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.
 And now was seen, unwonted sight,
 In holy walls a scaffold dight !
 Where once the priest, of grace divine
 Dealt to his flock the mystic sign ;
 There stood the block display'd, and
 there
 The headsman grim his hatchet bare ;
 And for the word of Hope and Faith,
 Resounded loud a doom of death.
 Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was
 heard,
 And echo'd thrice the herald's word,
 Dooming, for breach of martial laws,
 And treason to the Commons' cause,
 The Knight of Rokeby, and O'Neale,
 To stoop their heads to block and steel.
 The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,
 Then was a silence dead and still ;
 And silent prayers to Heaven were cast,
 And stifled sobs were bursting fast,
 Till from the crowd begun to rise
 Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,
 And from the distant aisles there came,
 Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's
 name.

XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band,
Powerful in evil, waved his hand,
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,
On peril of the murmurer's head.
Then first his glance sought Rokeby's
Knight,

Who gazed on the tremendous sight,
As calm as if he came a guest
To kindred Baron's feudal feast,
As calm as if that trumpet-call
Were summons to the banner'd hall ;
Firm in his loyalty he stood,
And prompt to seal it with his blood.
With downcast look drew Oswald
nigh, —

He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye !—
And said, with low and faltering breath,
"Thou know'st the terms of life and
death."

The Knight then turn'd, and sternly
smiled :

"The maiden is mine only child,
Yet shall my blessing leave her head,
If with a traitor's son she wed."
Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one
Might thy malignity atone,
On me be flung a double guilt !
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!"
Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,
But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear
In secret on Matilda's ear ;
"An union form'd with me and mine,
Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.
Consent, and all this dread array.
Like morning dream, shall pass away ;
Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,
I give the word—thou know'st the rest."
Matilda, still and motionless,
With terror heard the dread address,
Pale as the sheeted maid who dies
To hopeless love a sacrifice ;
Then wrung her hands in agony,
And round her cast bewild'ring eve.
Now on the scaffold glanced, and now
On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.
She veil'd her face, and, with a voice
Scarce audible,—"I make my choice !

Spare but their lives !—for aught beside
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.
He once was generous!"—As she spoke
Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke:
"Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late?
Why upon Basil rest thy weight!—
Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand
Thank her with raptures, simple boy,
Should tears and trembling speak
joy?"

"O hush, my sire ! To prayer and
Of mine thou hast refused thine ear
But now the awful hour draws on,
When truth must speak in loftier tone

XXX.

He took Matilda's hand :—"Dear maid,
Could'st thou so injure me," he said.
"Of thy poor friend so basely deem
As blend with him this barbarous scheme
Alas ! my efforts made in vain,
Might well have saved this added pain
But now, bear witness earth and heaven
That ne'er was hope to mortal given
So twisted with the strings of life,
As this—to call Matilda wife !
I bid it now for ever part,
And with the effort bursts my heart
His feeble frame was worn so low,
With wounds, with watching, and
woe,

That nature could no more sustain
The agony of mental pain.
He kneel'd—his lip her hand had pressed
Just then he felt the stern arrest.
Lower and lower sunk his head,—
They raised him,—but the life was
Then, first alarm'd, his sire and true
Tried every aid, but tried in vain.
The soul, too soft its ills to bear,
Had left our mortal hemisphere,
And sought in better world the meek
To blameless life by Heaven decreed

XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast,
With Wilfrid all his projects past,
All turn'd and centred on his son,
On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.
"And I am childless now," he said
"Childless, through that relentless fate

s, in vain essay'd,
n their artist's head !
Vilfrid dead—and there
Mortham for his heir,
n happy band
heiress Redmond's hand.
r triumph soar o'er all
ep-laid to work their fall?
which prudence might not

geance and despair.
weeps upon his bier—
real that feigned tear !
share destruction's shock ;
e captives to the block !"
vost could divine
nd forbore the sign.
e block !—or I, or they,
judgment-seat this day !"

XXXII.

rowd have heard a sound,
oof on harden'd ground ;
s, and yet more near,—
h's-men paused to hear.
rchyard now—the tread
he dwelling of the dead !
l old sepulchral stone,
mp in varied tone.
the gateway hung,
h the Gothic arch there

m'd, at headlong speed—
k, his plume, his steed.
flinty floor was spurn'd,
wonted clang return'd !—
glance around he threw,
ow his pistol drew.
ained was his look !
with the spurs he strook—
backward as he came,
Bertram Risingham !
that noble courser gave ;
reach'd the central nave,
lear'd the chancel wide,
e was at Wycliffe's side.
at the Baron's head,
ort—the bullet sped—
ng account, and last,
can dark Oswald past !
ick, that it might seem
htning, or a dream.

XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels ;
But flounder'd on the pavement-floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And, bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he toil'd him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows
Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose ;
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground ;
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing
spears ;

Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.
By tenfold odds oppress'd at length,
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took a hundred mortal wounds,
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds ;
And when he died, his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan !
—They gazed, as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain,
Lest the grim king should rouse again !
Then blow and insult some renew'd,
And from the trunk, the head had hew'd,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade ;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid :—
" Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind :
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,
No more of trump and bugle clang,
Though through the sounding woods
there come
Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Arm'd with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And back'd with such a band of horse,
As might less ample powers enforce ;
Possess'd of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,

And yielded to a father's arms
 An image of his Edith's charms, —
 Mortham is come, to hear and see
 Of this strange morn the history.
 What saw he?—not the church's floor,
 Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with
 gore ;
 What heard he?—not the clamorous
 crowd,
 That shout their gratulations loud :
 Redmond he saw and heard alone,
 Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, " My son ! my
 son ! " —

xxxv.

This chanced upon a summer morn,
 When yellow waved the heavy corn :
 But when brown August o'er the land
 Call'd forth the reaper's busy band,
 A gladsome sight the silvan road
 From Eglistone to Mortham show'd.

A while the hardy rustic leaves
 The task to bind and pile the sheaves
 And maids their sickles fling aside
 To gaze on bridegroom and on bride
 And childhood's wondering group
 near,
 And from the gleaner's hands the
 Drops, while she folds them for a
 And blessing on the lovely pair.
 'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby
 Her plighted troth to Redmond
 And Teesdale can remember yet
 How Fate to Virtue paid her debt
 And, for their troubles, bade them
 A lengthen'd life of peace and love

Time and Tide had thus their
 Yielding, like an April day,
 Smiling noon for sullen morrow
 Years of joy for hours of sorrow

THE LORD OF THE ISLES:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and in the coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Isle of Rathlin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish throne. Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical celebrity. The authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entitled called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monuments and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Bruce will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Mr. Jamieson.

ABBOTSFORD, 10th December 1814.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

"Lord of the Isles" marks, in a more striking manner than "Rokeby" is by which Scott, to use his own phrase, declined as a poet to figure as a hero, as the ballad says Queen Eleanor sank at Charing Cross to rise again at the same place. Although not published till after "Rokeby," it was an earlier composition; part of it, indeed, was written before a line of "Rokeby" had been committed to paper, and the progress of the two works was carried on together. During his tour of six weeks with the Lighthouse Commissioners supplied Scott with materials for the scenery and stage-room for the "Lord of the Isles." It is not difficult to account for the inferiority of this poem. Scott was fretted by money complications through his unfortunate connexion with the Ballantynes. He was waiting for the completion of Abbotsford, and creditors had begun to press their claims. Scott's efforts to free himself from these liabilities were unsuccessful. He worked incessantly. Within a year he wrote the greater part of "Life of Swift," "Waverley," and "Lord of the Isles," together with several other articles, and found time, besides, to superintend the building of his house and the tangled affairs of the printing firm in whose fortunes he was involved. At this time, moreover, the original cottage which Scott occupied afforded him no means of retirement, and all his writing was done in the presence of his family, and sometimes even of casual visitors. "Neither conversation nor writing," says Lockhart, "seemed to disturb him;" and indeed, when we consider the long works thus produced were "Waverley" and the "Life of Swift," and that "Guy Mannering" quickly followed as the produce of six weeks' writing, it is obvious that, as a poet, we must attribute the defects of the "Lord of the Isles" to other causes than an anxiety of business, over-work, or want of privacy. Scott had now declined his power as a novelist, and was conscious of his own decline as a poet. He had been travestied by incompetent imitators; Byron had distanced him in popularity; and it was natural that he should have little inclination to prolong a competition in which he was obviously being worsted, when a new opening for his power presented itself with so much promise of prosperity. It is plain, from Scott's letters at the time when he was writing the "Lord of the Isles," that he found it irksome and distasteful work. He speaks of it repeatedly as a painful and oppressive task; and in the Introduction of 1830, he owns "that it was undertaken unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feeling of one who has a great work which must be finished, rather than with the ardour of one who endeavours to perform that task well." This is in allusion to the death of the Duchess of Dalkeith, who, when Countess of Dalkeith, had suggested the story of the poem, and who had always been one of Scott's warmest friends. It was to her that he had intended to dedicate the new poem, and there can be no doubt that he was deeply afflicted by her sudden death. There was, probably, also something in the subject of the "Lord of the Isles" which impeded its success. Scott has himself noticed that he who attempts to reach the object of distinguished popularity has not the privilege of awakening the

enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this case the warmth of the author is inferior to that of the party whom he addresses, with therefore, little chance of being, in Baye's phrase, 'elevated and surprised' by what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer." Elsewhere in a familiar letter, he describes the poem as "Scottified up to the teeth;" and though there was no one in whom the spirit of nationality glowed more fervently than Scott, yet there is an occasional sense of artificial enthusiasm in more than one passage. Although the author's reputation was sufficient to secure a sale of many copies for the poem, which enabled him, as he says, to retreat from the field of the honours of war, it failed to make a favourable impression on the public. Ballantyne was at first reluctant to inform Scott of the disappointment with the "Lord of the Isles" had been read; but when the truth was disclosed his reply was—"Well, James, we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to another."

If the reader desires further topographical illustrations of the poem than are suggested in the Notes, he should refer to the "Diary of the Yachting Tour," which is given at length in Lockhart's "Life," and is well worth perusal on its own account.

The "Vision of Don Roderick" was a *pièce d'occasion*, written as a contribution to the fund for the relief of the Portuguese sufferers in Massena's campaign. "Bridal of Triermain" was composed with the intention that it should be attributed to Scott's old friend, Mr. Erskine, Lord Kinnedder, and passages were purposely inserted suggestive of Erskine's feeling manner. On the third edition being published, however, Lord Kinnedder felt bound to disclose the deception, which was unexpectedly gone further than had been contemplated, and the real author was avowed. "Harold the Dauntless," which was also published anonymously, was generally ascribed to Hogg, from his having written an imitation of Scott in the "Poetic Mirror," closely resembling it.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIRST.

AUTUMN departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold,
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still ;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill ;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer ;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of scatter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain ?—
O ! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

No ! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound ;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
 To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
 In distant lands, by the rough West reprov'd,
 Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
 For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
 With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles;
 'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
 In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
 Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

I.

"WAKE, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels
 sung. —

Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung,
 And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,
 Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
 As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep
 The diapason of the Deep.
 Lull'd were the winds on Inninmore,
 And green Loch-Alline's woodland
 shore,

As if wild woods and waves had pleasure
 In listing to the lovely measure.
 And ne'er to symphony more sweet
 Gave mountain echoes answer meet.
 Since, met from mainland and from isle,
 Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle,
 Each minstrel's tributary lay
 Paid homage to the festal day.
 Dull and dishonour'd were the bard,
 Worthless of guerdon and regard,
 Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame,
 Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim.
 Who on that morn's resistless call
 Were silent in Artornish hall.

II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" — 'twas thus
 they sung,

And yet more proud the descant rung.
 "Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
 To charm dull sleep from Beauty's
 bowers;

Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
 But owns the power of minstrelsy.
 In Lettermore the timid deer
 Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
 Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
 Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;
 To list his notes, the eagle proud
 Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud;

Then let not Maiden's ear disdain
 The summons of the minstrel train,
 But, while our harps wild music make
 Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

III.

"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy shine
 Wakes Nature's charms to vie with thine
 She bids the mottled thrush rejoice
 To mate thy melody of voice;
 The dew that on the violet lies
 Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes:
 But, Edith, wake, and all we see
 Of sweet and fair shall yield to thee!" —
 "She comes not yet," grey Ferrand cried
 "Brethren, let softer spell be tried,
 Those notes prolong'd, that soothing
 theme,
 Which best may mix with Beauty's
 dream,
 And whisper, with their silvery tone,
 The hope she loves, yet fears to own."
 He spoke, and on the harp-strings died
 The strains of flattery and of pride:
 More soft, more low, more tender fell
 The lay of love he bade them tell.

IV.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! the moments fly,
 Which yet that maiden-name allow;
 Wake, Maiden, wake! the hour is nigh,
 When love shall claim a plighted vow.
 By Fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest,
 By Hope, that soon shall fears remove,
 We bid thee break the bonds of rest,
 And wake thee at the call of Love!

"Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay
 Lies many a galley gaily mann'd,
 We hear the merry pibrochs play,
 We see the streamers' silken band.

Chieftain's praise these pibrochs
 tell,
 best is on these banners wove,
 the minstrel, dare not tell—
 he must be read by Love."

V.

For maiden train among,
 Lorn received the song,
 the minstrel's pride had been
 her cold demeanour seen ;
 on her cheek awoke
 of pride when Flattery spoke,
 their tenderest numbers bring
 responsive to the string.
 Had her maidens vied
 deck the princely bride.
 in dark-brown length array'd,
 of Ulne, 'twas thine to braid ;
 with meet reverence drew
 at foot the silken shoe,
 the ankle's slender round
 of pearl fair Bertha wound,
 h'd Lochryan's depths within,
 sky still on Edith's skin.
 of experience old,
 stiest task—the mantle's fold
 a artful plait she tied,
 he form it seem'd to hide,
 floor descending roll'd
 of crimson blent with gold.

VI.

Here now so cold a maid,
 in beauty's pomp array'd,
 proudest pitch of power,
 best won—the bridal hour—
 charm that wins the heart,
 given, enhanced by Art,
 the fair reflection view,
 ht mirror pictured true,
 he dimple on her cheek
 consciousness bespeak ?—
 uch maid ?—Fair damsels, say,
 r vouches not my lay,
 uch lived in Britain's isle,
 n's bright Edith scorn'd to
 le.

VII.

to whose fostering care
 n had given his daughter fair,

Morag, who saw a mother's aid
 By all a daughter's love repaid,
 (Strict was that bond—most kind of all—
 Inviolable in Highland hall)—
 Grey Morag sate a space apart,
 In Edith's eyes to read her heart.
 In vain the attendants' fond appeal
 To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal ;
 She mark'd her child receive their care,
 Cold as the image sculptured fair,
 (Form of some sainted patroness,)
 Which cloister'd maids combine to dress ;
 She mark'd—and knew her nursling's
 heart

In the vain pomp took little part.
 Wistful a while she gazed—then press'd
 The maiden to her anxious breast
 In finish'd loveliness—and led
 To where a turret's airy head,
 Slender and steep, and battled round,
 O'erlook'd, dark Mull ! thy mighty Sound,
 Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
 Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII.

"Daughter," she said, "these seas behold,
 Round twice a hundred islands roll'd,
 From Hirt, that hears their northern roar,
 To the green Ilay's fertile shore ;
 Or mainland turn, where many a tower
 Owns thy bold brother's feudal power,
 Each on its own dark cape reclined,
 And listening to its own wild wind,
 From where Mingarry, sternly placed,
 O'erawes the woodland and the waste,
 To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
 Of Connal with his rocks engaging.
 Think'st thou, amid this ample round,
 A single brow but thine has frown'd,
 To sadden this auspicious morn,
 That bids the daughter of high Lorn
 Impledge her spousal faith to wed
 The heir of mighty Somerled ?
 Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
 The fair, the valiant, and the young,
 LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name
 A thousand bards have given to fame,
 The mate of monarchs, and allied
 On equal terms with England's pride.—
 From Chieftain's tower to bondsman's
 cot,
 Who hears the tale, and triumphs not ?

The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,
Joy! joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
Joy! joy! each matin bell hath rung;
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
No mountain den holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay."

IX.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh.
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bugle horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauls of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thou with these to cheat the
heart,

That, bound in strong affection's chain,
Looks for return and looks in vain?
No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot
In these brief words—He loves her not!

X.

"Debate it not--too long I strove
To call his cold observance love,
All blinded by the league that styled
Edith of Lorn, while yet a child,
She tripp'd the heath by Morag's side,—
The brave Lord Ronald's destined bride.
Ere yet I saw him, while afar
His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war,
Train'd to believe our fates the same,
My bosom throbb'd when Ronald's name
Came gracing Fane's heroic tale,
Like perfume on the summer gale.
What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told
Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold;
Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise,
But his achievements swell'd the lays?
Even Morag—not a tale of fame

Was hers but closed with Ronald's name!
He came! and all that had been told
Of his high worth seem'd poor and cold
Tame, lifeless, void of energy,
Unjust to Ronald and to me!

XI.

"Since then, what thought had Edith
heart
And gave not plighted love its part!
And what requital? cold delay—
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day.
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer,
Or loiters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love farewell,
And swear, that though he may not scorn
A daughter of the House of Lorn,
Yet, when these formal rites are o'er,
Again they meet, to part no more?"

XII.

—"Hush, daughter, hush! thy doubt
remove,
More nobly think of Ronald's love.
Look, where beneath the castle gray
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!
See'st not each galley's topmast bend
As on the yards the sails ascend?
Hiding the dark-blue land they rise,
Like the white clouds on April skies.
The shouting vassals man the oars,
Behind them sink Mull's mountain shores
Onward their merry course they keep
Through whistling breeze and foam
deep.

And mark the headmost, seaward ca
Stoop to the freshening gale her mast
As if she veil'd its banner'd pride,
To greet afar her Prince's bride!
Thy Ronald comes, and while in spe
His galley mates the flying steed,
He chides her sloth!"—Fair Edith sigh
Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied

XIII.

"Sweet thought, but vain!—No, Mor
mark,
Type of his course, yon lonely bark,
That oft hath shifted helm and sail,
To win its way against the gale.
Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes
Have view'd by fits the course she tri

h the darkening scud comes

fair promises be gone,
the weary crew may see
ing haven on their lee,
o the rising wind
ner shivering sail to bind,
o the shelves' dread verge
k her course they urge,
ar'd Artornish more
e winds and breakers' roar."

XIV.

the Maid.—Amid the tide
he mark'd lay tossing sore,
oft her stooping side,
ack from shore to shore.
destined course no more
r'd, of forward way,
t a minstrel may compare
r meed which peasants share,
l the livelong day ;
the risk her pilot braves,
, before she wore,
rit kiss'd the broken waves,
white foam the ocean raves
e shelving shore.
ir destined purpose true,
l toil'd her hardy crew,
c'd where shelter lay,
tornish Castle drew,
r'd for Aros bay.

XV.

hey strove with wind and
d by the willing breeze,
nald's fleet swept by,
ith silk, and trick'd with
the noble and the bold
l chivalry.
prows the ocean roars,
eneath their thousand oars,
s them on their way :
war-horse in his might,
l bears some valiant knight,
both bit and boss are white,
ning, must obey.
deck they might behold
el and crests of gold,
s with their burnish'd fold,
nmer'd fair and free ;

And each proud galley, as she pass'd,
To the wild cadence of the blast
Gave wilder minstrelsy.
Full many a shrill triumphant note
Saline and Scallastle bade float
Their misty shores around ;
And Morven's echoes answer'd well,
And Duart heard the distant swell
Come down the darksome Sound.

XVI.

So bore they on with mirth and pride,
And if that labouring bark they spied,
'Twas with such idle eye
As nobles cast on lowly boor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
They pass him careless by.
Let them sweep on with heedless eyes !
But, had they known what mighty prize
In that frail vessel lay,
The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,
Unchallenged were her way !
And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on,
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone !
But hadst thou known who sail'd so nigh,
Far other glance were in thine eye !
Far other flush were on thy brow,
That, shaded by the bonnet, now
Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer
Of bridegroom when the bride is near !

XVII.

Yes, sweep they on !—We will not leave,
For them that triumph, those who grieve.
With that armada gay
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And bards to cheer the wassail rout,
With tale, romance, and lay ;
And of wild mirth each clamorous art,
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupify and stun its smart,
For one loud busy day.
Yes, sweep they on !—But with that skiff
Abides the minstrel tale,
Where there was dread of surge and cliff,
Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff,
And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII.

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,
With eve the ebbing currents boil'd
More fierce from strait and lake ;

And midway through the channel met
 Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
 And high their mingled billows jet,
 As spears, that, in the battle set,

Spring upward as they break.
 Then, too, the lights of eve were past,
 And louder sung the western blast
 On rocks of Inninmore;
 Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,
 And many a leak was gaping fast,
 And the pale steersman stood aghast,
 And gave the conflict o'er.

XIX.

'Twas then that One, whose lofty look
 Nor labour dull'd nor terror shook,

Thus to the Leader spoke:—
 "Brother, how hopest thou to abide
 The fury of this wilder'd tide,
 Or how avoid the rock's rude side,
 Until the day has broke?
 Didst thou not mark the vessel reel,
 With quivering planks, and groaning
 keel,

At the last billow's shock?
 Yet how of better counsel tell,
 Though here thou see'st poor Isabel
 Half dead with want and fear;
 For look on sea, or look on land,
 Or yon dark sky, on every hand
 Despair and death are near.
 For her alone I grieve—on me
 Danger sits light, by land and sea,
 I follow where thou wilt;
 Either to bide the tempest's lour,
 Or wend to yon unfriendly tower,
 Or rush amid their naval power,
 With war-cry wake their wa-sail-hour,
 And die with hand on hilt."

XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply
 In steady voice was given,
 "In man's most dark extremity
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.
 Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,
 The helm be mine, and down the gale
 Let our free course be driven;
 So shall we 'scape the western bay,
 The hostile fleet, the unequal fray,
 So safely hold our vessel's way
 Beneath the Castle wall;

For if a hope of safety rest,
 'Tis on the sacred name of guest,
 Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,
 Within a chieftain's hall.
 If not—it best beseems our worth,
 Our name, our right, our lofty birth,
 By noble hands to fall."

XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm consign'd,
 Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,
 And on her alter'd way,
 Fierce bounding, forward sprung the
 ship,
 Like greyhound starting from the slip
 To seize his flying prey.
 Awaked before the rushing prow,
 The mimic fires of ocean glow,
 Those lightnings of the wave;
 Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,
 And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
 With elvish lustre lave,
 While, far behind, their livid light
 To the dark billows of the night
 A gloomy splendour gave,
 It seems as if old Ocean shakes
 From his dark brow the lucid flakes
 In envious pageantry.
 To match the meteor-light that streaks
 Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep
 Their course upon the darken'd deep;
 Artornish, on her frowning steep
 "Twixt cloud and ocean hung,
 Glanced with a thousand lights of gleam
 And landward far, and far to sea,
 Her festal radiance flung.
 By that blithe beacon-light they steer
 Whose lustre mingled well
 With the pale beam that now appears
 As the cold moon her head uprear'd
 Above the eastern fell.

XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they bore
 Until they near'd the mainland shore
 When frequent on the hollow blast
 Wild shouts of merriment were cast,
 And wind and wave and sea-birds' cry
 With wassail sounds in concert vie,

as with revelry,
 little-shout
 from cliffs on high,
 rage, and Agony,
 ght and rout.
 rough mist and storm
 astle's form,
 shadow made,
 the main below,
 reflected glow,
 rches play'd,
 e with lights as vain
 s vale of pain,
 they fade.

XIV.

's sheltering lee,
 ourse in quiet sea.
 a passage there
 ortress by a stair,
 igh, so steep,
 ff one valiant hand
 zy pass have mann'd,
 arm'd with spear and

them in the deep.
 e helmsman wound ;
 ery echo round,
 rock, and bay,
 es crash and groan,
 der's cresset shone
 s of slippery stone,
 pward way.
 holy Sire !" he said ;
 usual train have staid,
 thy delay,
 these wildering seas,
 tand freshening breeze
 y bark astray."—

XV.

anger stranger said,
 some mirth had made
 but nights like these,
 nds wake western seas,
 We crave some aid
 r for this maid
 k of day ;
 the deck's rude plank
 y bank
 d upon by May.
 -toss'd skiff we seek

Short shelter in this leeward creek,
 Prompt when the dawn the east shall
 streak

Again to bear away."—

Answered the Warder, "In what name
 Assert ye hospitable claim ?

Whence come, or whither bound ?
 Hath Erin seen your parting sails,
 Or come ye on Norweyan gales ?
 And seek ye England's fertile vales,
 Or Scotland's mountain ground ?"—

XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none
 For some brief space we list to own,
 Bound by a vow—warriors are we ;
 In strife by land and storm by sea,

We have been known to fame ;
 And these brief words have import dear,
 When sounded in a noble ear,
 To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,

That gives us rightful claim.
 Grant us the trivial boon we seek,
 And we in other realms will speak
 Fair of your courtesy ;
 Deny—and be your niggard Hold
 Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,
 Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
 And wanderer on the lea !"—

XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no—'gainst claim like
 thine,

No bolt revolves by hand of mine,
 Though urged in tone that more express'd
 A monarch than a suppliant guest.
 Be what ye will, Artornish Hall
 On this glad eve is free to all.

Though ye had drawn a hostile sword
 'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord,
 Or mail upon your shoulders borne,
 To battle with the Lord of Lorn,
 Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood tree
 With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,*
 Or aided even the murderous strife
 When Comyn fell beneath the knife
 Of that fell homicide The Bruce,
 This night had been a term of truce.—
 Ho, vassals ! give these guests your care,
 And show the narrow postern stair."

* Sir William Wallace.

XXVIII

To land these two bold brethren leapt,
 (The weary crew their vessel kept,)
 And, lighted by the torches' flame,
 That seaward flung their smoky glare,
 The younger knight that maiden bare
 Half lifeless up the rock;
 On his strong shoulder lean'd her head,
 And down her long dark tresses shed,
 As the wild vine in tendrils spread,
 Droops from the mountain oak.
 Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
 And in his hand a sheathed sword,
 Such as few arms could wield;
 But when he boun'd him to such task,
 Well could it cleave the strongest casque,
 And rend the surest shield.

XXIX

The raised portcullis' arch they pass,
 The wicket with its bars of brass,
 The entrance long and low,
 Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,
 Where bowmen might in ambush wait,
 (If force or fraud should burst the gate,)
 To gale an entering foe.
 But every jealous post of ward
 Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,
 And all the passage free
 To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,
 Where squire and yeoman, page and
 groom,
 Pled their loud revelry.

XXX

And "Rest ye here," the Warder bade,
 "Till to our Lord your suit is said.
 And, comrades, gaze not on the maid,
 And on these men who ask our aid,
 As if ye ne'er had seen
 A damsel tired of midnight bark,

Or wanderers of a moulding age
 And bearing martal woes,
 But not for Eadwin's requief
 Would page or vassal stand aloof.
 But crowd led on to stare,
 As men of courtesy mighting,
 Till fiery Eadward roughly cast
 From one, the foremost of
 His chequer'd plaid, and bid
 To hide her from the vulgar eye
 Involved his sister fair.
 His brother, as the clansman,
 His sullen brow in discontent,
 Mute brief and stern eye
 "Vassal, were thou the clerk
 That decks thy lord in bridal
 'Twere honour'd by her

XXXI

Proud was his tone, but calm
 Had that compelling dignity,
 His men that bearing haught
 Which common sense for
 Needed nor word nor signal
 Nod, wink, and laughter, off
 Upon each other back they
 And gazed like startled
 But now appear'd the Seneschal
 Commission'd by his lord to
 The strangers to the Baron's
 Where feasted fair and
 That Island Prince in nuptial
 With Edith there his lovely
 And her bold brother by her
 And many a chief, the flower
 Of Western land and sea

Here pause we, gentles, for a
 And, if our tale hath won you
 Grant us brief patience, and
 We will renew the minstrel's

CANTO SECOND.

1.

FILL the bright goblet, spread the festive board!
 Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
 Through the loud hall, in joyous concert pour'd,
 Let mirth and music sound theurge of Care!
 But ask thou not if Happiness be there,
 If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe,
 Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
 Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
 No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

II.

akers' clang, with harpers' lay,
 that olden time deem'd gay,
 and Chieftain feasted high ;
 e was in his troubled eye
 y fire, and on his brow
 den flush'd, and faded now,
 s such as draw their birth
 eper source than festal mirth.
 e paused, and harper's strain
 er's tale went round in vain,
 ut on his idle ear
 ant sounds which dreamers hear.
 ould he rouse him, and employ
 to aid the clamorous joy,
 l call for pledge and lay,
 brief space, of all the crowd,
 as loudest of the loud,
 m gayest of the gay.

III.

ght amiss the bridal throng
 n brief mirth, or musing long ;
 ant brow, the unlistening ear,
 ve to thoughts of raptures near,
 fierce starts of sudden glee
 bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy.
 s alone misjudged the crowd,
 fty Lorn, suspicious, proud,
 ous of his honour'd line,
 t keen knight, De Argentine,
 ngland sent on errand high,
 tern league more firm to tie,)
 em'd in Ronald's mood to find
 s transport-troubled mind.
 sad heart, one tearful eye,
 deeper through the mystery,
 tch'd, with agony and fear,
 ward bridegroom's varied cheer.

IV.

tch'd—yet fear'd to meet his
 lance,
 : shunn'd hers ;—till when by
 hance
 et, the point of foeman's lance
 d given a milder pang !
 the intolerable smart
 thed ;—then sternly mann'd his
 eart
 his hard but destined part,
 d from the table sprang.

“Fill me the mighty cup !” he said,
 “Erst own'd by royal Somerled :
 Fill it, till on the studded brim
 In burning gold the bubbles swim,
 And every gem of varied shine
 Glow doubly bright in rosy wine !
 To you, brave Lord, and brother mine,
 Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—
 The Union of Our House with thine,
 By this fair bridal-link !”—

V.

“Let it pass round !” quoth He of Lorn,
 “And in good time—that winded horn
 Must of the Abbot tell ;
 The laggard monk is come at last.”
 Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,
 And on the floor at random cast,
 The untasted goblet fell.
 But when the Warder in his ear
 Tells other news, his blither cheer
 Returns like sun of May,
 When through a thunder-cloud it
 beams !—
 Lord of two hundred isles, he seems
 As glad of brief delay,
 As some poor criminal might feel,
 When from the gibbet or the wheel
 Respited for a day.

VI.

“Brother of Lorn,” with hurried voice
 He said, “and you, fair lords, rejoice !
 Here, to augment our glee,
 Come wandering knights from travel far,
 Well proved, they say, in strife of war,
 And tempest on the sea.—
 Ho ! give them at your board such place
 As best their presences may grace,
 And bid them welcome free !”
 With solemn step, and silver wand,
 The Seneschal the presence scann'd
 Of these strange guests ; and well he knew
 How to assign their rank its due ;
 For though the costly furs
 That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
 And their gay robes were over-worn,
 And soil'd their gilded spurs,
 Yet such a high commanding grace
 Was in their mien and in their face,
 As suited best the princely dais,*

* *Da's*—the great hall-table—elevated a step
 or two above the rest of the room.

And royal canopy ;
And there he marshall'd them their place,
First of that company.

VII.

Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide,
That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
A place so near their prince's throne ;
But Owen Erraught said—

“For forty years a seneschal,
To marshal guests in bower and hall
Has been my honour'd trade.
Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by bearing, and by tone,
Not by furr'd robe or broider'd zone ;
And 'gainst an oaken bough
I'll gage my silver wand of state,
That these three strangers oft have sate
In higher place than now.”—

VIII.

“I, too,” the aged Ferrand said,
“Am qualified by minstrel trade
Of rank and place to tell ;—
Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
My mates, how quick, how keen, how
high,

How fierce its flashes fell,
Glancing among the noble rout
As if to seek the noblest out,
Because the owner might not brook
On any save his peers to look ?

And yet it moves me more,
That steady, calm, majestic brow,
With which the elder chief even now
Scann'd the gay presence o'er,
Like being of superior kind,
In whose high-toned impartial mind
Degrees of mortal rank and state
Seem objects of indifferent weight.

The lady too - though closely tied
The mantle veil both face and eye,
Her motions' grace it could not hide,
Nor could her form's fair symmetry.”

IX.

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn
Lour'd on the haughty front of Lorn.
From underneath his brows of pride,
The stranger guests he sternly eyed,
And whisper'd closely what the ear
Of Argentine alone might hear ;

Then question'd, high and brief
If, in their voyage, aught they knew
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew.

With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief?
And if, their winter's exile o'er,
They harbour'd still by Ulster's shore,
(Or launch'd their galleys on the main,
To vex their native land again ?

X.

That younger stranger, fierce and high,
At once confronts the Chieftain's eye
With look of equal scorn ;—
“Of rebels have we nought to show ;
But if of royal Bruce thou'dst know,
I warn thee he has sworn,
Ere thrice three days shall come and go,
His banner Scottish winds shall blow,
Despite each mean or mighty foe,
From England's every bill and bow,
To Allaster of Lorn.”

Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire,
But Ronald quench'd the rising fire :—
“Brother, it better suits the time
To chase the night with Ferrand's rhyme
Than wake, 'midst mirth and wine, the jar
That flow from these unhappy wars. —
“Content,” said Lorn ; and spoke apart
With Ferrand, master of his art,

Then whisper'd Argentine,—
“The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers' haughty heart.
If right this guess of mine.”
He ceased, and it was silence all,
Until the minstrel waked the hall.

XI.

The Brooch of Lorn.

“Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow
gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitsful shines the northern star ?

“Gem ! ne'er wrought on Highlan
mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,

aid of the wave,
 n some coral cave?
 nd's darksome mine,
 t hands thy metal twine?
 oulded, comest thou here,
 d's love, or France's fear?

XII.

ong continued.

splendours nothing tell
 or faëry spell.
 u for monarch's use,
 reening Bruce,
 yal robe he tied
 of wrath and pride;
 umph wert thou torn,
 hand of Lorn!

gem was won and lost,
 he war-cry toss'd!
 Bendourish fell,
 ouchart's sounding dell,
 r from wild Teyndrum,
 micide, o'ercome,
 ed with scathe and scorn,
 ge with conquering Lorn!

XIII.

ong concluded.

ien the Douglas brand,
 npbell's vaunted hand,
 trick's bloody dirk,
 of murder's work;
 led fast away,
 r De la Haye,
 coach, triumphant borne,
 the breast of Lorn.

d its former Lord,
 to brand and cord,
 l of Highland steel,
 et, axe, and wheel.
 rom coast to coast,
 omyn's vengeful ghost,
 oils, in triumph worn,
 race victorious Lorn!"

XIV.

tiger on his foes,
 y hunters, spears, and bows,
 bounds upon the ring,
 bject of his spring.

Now on the Bard, now on his Lord,
 So Edward glared and grasp'd his
 sword—

But stern his brother spoke,—“Be still.
 What! art thou yet so wild of will,
 After high deeds and sufferings long,
 To chafe thee for a menial's song?—
 Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy
 strains,

To praise the hand that pays thy pains!
 Yet something might thy song have told
 Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold,
 Who rent their Lord from Bruce's hold,
 As underneath his knee he lay,
 And died to save him in the fray.
 I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
 Was clench'd within their dying grasp,
 What time a hundred foemen more
 Rush'd in, and back the victor bore,
 Long after Lorn had left the strife,
 Full glad to 'scape with limb and life.—
 Enough of this—And, Minstrel, hold,
 As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold,
 For future lays a fair excuse,
 To speak more nobly of the Bruce.”—

XV.

“Now, by Columba's shrine, I swear,
 And every saint that's buried there,
 'Tis he himself!” Lorn sternly cries,
 “And for my kinsman's death he dies.”
 As loudly Ronald calls—“Forbear!
 Not in my sight while brand I wear,
 O'ermatch'd by odds, shall warrior fall,
 Or blood of stranger stain my hall!
 This ancient fortress of my race
 Shall be misfortune's resting-place,
 Shelter and shield of the distress'd,
 No slaughter-house for shipwreck'd
 guest.”—

“Talk not to me,” fierce Lorn replied,
 “Of odds or match!—when Comyn died,
 Three daggers clash'd within his side!
 Talk not to me of sheltering hall,
 The Church of GOD saw Comyn fall!
 On God's own altar stream'd his blood,
 While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
 The ruthless murderer—e'en as now—
 With armed hand and scornful brow!—
 Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
 And lay the outlaw'd felons low!”

XVI.

Then up sprang many a mainland Lord,
 Obedient to their Chieftain's word.
 Barcaldine's arm is high in air,
 And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare,
 Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath,
 And clench'd is Dermid's hand of death.
 Their mutter'd threats of vengeance swell
 Into a wild and warlike yell ;
 Onward they press with weapons high,
 The affrighted females shriek and fly,
 And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray
 Had darken'd ere its noon of day,
 But every chief of birth and fame,
 That from the Isles of Ocean came,
 At Ronald's side that hour withstood
 Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

XVII.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
 Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
 Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane,
 Duart, of bold Clan-Gillian's strain,
 Fergus, of Canna's castled bay,
 Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,
 Soon as they saw the broadswords glance,
 With ready weapons rose at once,
 More prompt, that many an ancient feud,
 Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd,
 Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle,
 And many a lord of ocean's isle.
 Wild was the scene—each sword was
 bare,
 Back stream'd each chieftain's shaggy
 hair,
 In gloomy opposition set,
 Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons
 met ;
 Blue gleaming o'er the social board,
 Flash'd to the torches many a sword ;
 And soon those bridal lights may shine
 On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII.

While thus for blows and death prepared,
 Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
 Each foot advanced.—a surly pause
 Still revered hospitable laws.
 All menaced violence, but alike
 Reluctant each the first to strike,
 (For aye accursed in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine.)

And, match'd in numbers and in might,
 Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight.
 Thus threat and murmur died away,
 Till on the crowded hall there lay
 Such silence, as the deadly still,
 Ere bursts the thunder on the hill
 With blade advanced, each Chieftain
 bold

Show'd like the Sworder's form of old,
 As wanting still the torch of life,
 To wake the marble into strife.

XIX.

That awful pause the stranger maid,
 And Edith, seized to pray for aid.
 As to De Argentine she clung,
 Away her veil the stranger flung,
 And, lovely 'mid her wild despair,
 Fast stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd her
 hair :—

“O thou, of knighthood once the flower,
 Sure refuge in distressful hour,
 Thou, who in Judah well hast fought
 For our dear faith, and oft hast sought
 Renown in knightly exercise,
 When this poor hand has dealt the prize
 Say, can thy soul of honour brook
 On the unequal strife to look,
 When, butcher'd thus in peaceful hall
 Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall
 To Argentine she turn'd her word,
 But her eye sought the Island Lord.
 A flush like evening's setting flame
 Glow'd on his cheek ; his hardy frame
 As with a brief convulsion, shook :
 With hurried voice and eager look,—
 “Fear not,” he said, “my Isabel !
 What said I—Edith !—all is well—
 Nay, fear not—I will well provide
 The safety of my lovely bride—
 My bride ?”—but there the accents clung
 In tremor to his faltering tongue.

XX.

Now rose De Argentine, to claim
 The prisoners in his sovereign's name
 To England's crown, who, vassals sworn
 'Gainst their liege lord had weap-
 borne—
 (Such speech, I ween, was but to hide
 His care their safety to provide ;

ore true in thought and deed
ine ne'er spurr'd a steed)—
who his meaning guess'd,
to sanction the request.

fiery Torquil broke :—
we've heard of England's

nd, in our islands, Fame
r'd of a lawful claim,
e Bruce fair Scotland's Lord,
ossess'd by foreign sword.
eflection—but though right
harge of England's Knight,
's crown her rebels seize
as power ;—in towers like

sh Chieftains summon'd here
rth and bridal cheer,
a no consent of mine,
Lorn or Argentine
or violence, in our sight,
ave and banish'd Knight."

XXI.

the wild debate again,
ng threat and clamour vain.
menials, thronging in,
ute rage to swell the din ;
nd wide, a bugle-clang
rk ocean upward rang.
comes !" they cry at once,
an, whose favour'd glance
inted visions known ;
ve met him on the way,
blessed martyr's bay,
Columba's stone.
have heard their hymnings

the summit of Dun-Y,
er his penance lone,
h cross, on girth and wold,
er thrice a hundred-fold,
e made, his beads he told,
ves many a one—
ar feuds to reconcile,
an from sainted isle ;
holy doom abide,
shall our strife decide."

XXII.

fair accord was o'er,
gh the wide revolving door

The black-stol'd brethren wind ;
Twelve sandall'd monks, who relics bore,
With many a torch-bearer before,
And many a cross behind.
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,
And dagger bright and flashing brand
Dropp'd swiftly at the sight ;
They vanish'd from the Churchman's eye,
As shooting stars, that glance and die,
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII.

The Abbot on the threshold stood,
And in his hand the holy rood ;
Back on his shoulders flow'd his hood,
The torch's glaring ray
Show'd, in its red and flashing light,
His wither'd cheek and amice white,
His blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and gray.
"Fair Lords," he said, "Our Lady's love,
And peace be with you from above,
And Benedicite !—
—But what means this?—no peace is
here !—
Do dirks unsheathed suit bridal cheer ?
Or are these naked brands
A seemly show for Churchman's sight,
When he comes summon'd to unite
Betrothed hearts and hands ?"

XXIV.

Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
Proud Lorn first answer'd the appeal ;—
"Thou comest, O holy Man,
True sons of blessed church to greet,
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch, beneath the ban
Of Pope and Church, for murder done
Even on the sacred altar-stone—
Well may'st thou wonder we should know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him low,
Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicated Bruce !
Yet well I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate."

XXV.

Then Ronald pled the stranger's cause,
And knighthood's oath and honour's
laws ;

And Isabel, on bended knee,
Brought pray'rs and tears to back the plea:
And Edith lent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray'd.
"Hence," he exclaim'd, "degenerate
maid !

Was't not enough, to Ronald's bower
I brought thee, like a paramour,
Or bond-maid at her master's gate,
His careless cold approach to wait ?—
But the bold Lord of Cumberland,
The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand ;
His it shall be—Nay, no reply !
Hence ! till those rebel eyes be dry."—
With grief the Abbot heard and saw,
Yet nought relax'd his brow of awe.

XXVI.

Then Argentine, in England's name,
So highly urged his sovereign's claim,
He wak'd a spark, that, long suppress'd,
Had smoulder'd in Lord Ronald's breast ;
And now, as from the flint the fire,
Flash'd forth at once his generous ire.
"Enough of noble blood," he said,
"By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of
green,

And done to death by felon hand,
For guarding well his father's land.
Where's Nigel Bruce ? and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they ?
Where Somerville, the kind and free ?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry ?
Have they not been on gibbet bound,
Their quarters flung to hawk and hound,
And hold we here a cold debate,
To yield more victims to their fate ?
What ! can the English Leopard's mood
Never be gorged with northern blood ?
Was not the life of Athole shed,
To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed ?
And must his word, till dying day,
Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay !—
Thou frown'st, De Argentine,—My gaze
Is prompt to prove the strife I wage."

XXVII.

"Nor deem," said stout Dunvegan's
knight,
"That thou shalt brave alone the fight !

By saints of isle and mainland both,
By Woden wild, (my grandsire's oath,
Let Rome and England do their worst,
Howe'er attainted or accurs'd,
If Bruce shall e'er find friends again,
Once more to brave a battle-plain,
If Douglas couch again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back.—
Nay, chafe not at my bearing hold,
Good Abbot ! for thou know'st of old
Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will ;
Smack of the wild Norwegian still ;
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause
For England's wealth, or Rome's
applause."

XXVIII.

The Abbot seem'd with eye severe
The hardy Chieftain's speech to hear ;
Then on King Robert turn'd the Monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look ;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook ;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he question'd him—"And thou
Unhappy ! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise, and opens hell ;
Anathema of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey ;
Expels thee from the church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer,
Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife.
Nay, each whose succour cold and scant
With meanest alms relieves thy want ;
Haunts thee while living,—and, when
dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy
hearse,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallow'd
ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound ;
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome ;

the well-deserved meed
hallow'd, ruthless deed."—

XXIX.

De Bruce replied, "thy charge
to dispute at large.
howe'er, I bid thee know,
vengeance dealt the blow,
died his country's foe.
friends whose ill-timed speed
soon-repent'd deed,
e those from whose stern
athema has rung.
e mine own wild ire,
l's wrongs incensed to fire.
ows my purpose to atone,
y, the evil done,
a penitent's appeal
curse and prelate's zeal.
l dearest task achieved,
d from her thrall relieved,
a priest in cope and stole
a for Red Comyn's soul,
blessed cross advance,
e this unhappy chance
; with sword and lance.
content the Church should
nce owns the debt I owe,
rgentine and Lorn
of traitor I return,
efiance stern and high,
hem in their throats the lie !
f words spoke, I speak no
ou wilt ; my shrift is o'er."

XXX.

by profligacy amazed,
King the Abbot gazed ;
his pallid features glance,
s of ecstatic trance.
ng came more thick and fast,
his pale blue eyes were cast
s of wild and wandering light ;
locks of silver white,
his brow, through every vein
le the currents strain,
inguished accents broke
silence ere he spoke.

XXXI.

"De Bruce ! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore ;—
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, Heaven-con-
troll'd, *
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repress'd.
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains !—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe :
O'er-master'd yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd !"
He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.

Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone :—
"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd !
Bless'd in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthen'd honours wait thy name!
In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
Go, then, triumphant ! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song !
The Power, whose dictates swell my
breast,
Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be
bless'd !—
Enough—my short lived strength decays,
And sinks the momentary blaze.—

* See the Book of NUMBERS, chap. xxiii. and xxiv.

Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
Not here must nuptial vow be spoke;
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
Our task discharged.—Unmoor, unmoor!"—

His priests received the exhausted Monk
As breathless in their arms he sunk.
Punctual his orders to obey,
The train refused all longer stay,
Embark'd, raised sail, and bore away.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

HAST thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd,
How when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still,
The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd hold,
Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill,
The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the groaning hill.

II.

Artornish! such a silence sunk
Upon thy halls, when that grey Monk
His prophet-speech had spoke;
And his obedient brethren's sail
Was stretch'd to meet the southern gale
Before a whisper woke.
Then murmuring sounds of doubt and
fear,
Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,
The solemn stillness broke;
And still they gazed with eager guess,
Where, in an oriel's deep recess,
The Island Prince seem'd bent to press
What Lorn, by his impatient cheer,
And gesture fierce, scarce deign'd to hear.

III.

Starting at length with frowning look,
His hand he clench'd, his head he shook,
And sternly flung apart;—
"And deem'st thou me so mean of mood,
As to forget the mortal feud,
And clasp the hand with blood imbrued
From my dear Kinsman's heart?
Is this thy rede?—a due return
For ancient league and friendship sworn!
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows.
Be it even so—believe, ere long,
He that now bears shall wreak the
wrong.—
Call Edith—call the Maid of Lorn!
My sister, slaves!—for further scorn,

Be sure nor she nor I will stay.—
Away, De Argentine, away!—
We nor ally nor brother know,
In Bruce's friend, or England's foe."

IV.

But who the Chieftain's rage can tell,
When, sought from lowest dungeon
To highest tower the castle round,
No Lady Edith was there found!
He shouted—"Falsehood!—treachery
cry!—
Revenge and blood!—a lordly meed
To him that will avenge the deed!
A Baron's lands!"—His frantic mood
Was scarcely by the news withstood,
That Morag shared his sister's flight,
And that, in hurry of the night,
'Scaped noteless, and without remark,
Two strangers sought the Abbot's
bark.—
"Man every galley!—fly—pursue!
The priest his treachery shall rue!
Ay, and the time shall quickly come,
When we shall hear the thanks that Ronald
Will pay his feigned prophecy!"
Such was fierce Lorn's indignant cry;
And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,
Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'd,
(For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil.)
But others, lingering, spoke apart,—
"The maid has given her maiden heart
To Ronald of the Isles,

ful lest her brother's word
 er on that English Lord,
 seeks Iona's piles,
 ely deems it best to dwell
 ss in the holy cell,
 se feuds so fierce and fell
 Abbot reconciles."

V.

otent of ire, the hall
 o Lorn's impatient call—
 se, my mantle, and my train!
 who honours Lorn remain!"—
 s, but stern, a bold request
 e De Argentine express'd:—
 arl," he said,—“I cannot chuse
 such title to the Bruce,
 ame and earldom both are gone,
 braced rebel's armour on—
 or Serf—rude phrase was thine
 and launch'd at Argentine;
 ompels me to demand
 of honour at thy hand.
 not to each other tell,
 a can wield their weapons well;
 lo me but the soldier grace,
 love upon thy helm to place
 ere we may meet in fight;
 will say, as still I've said,
 h by ambition far misled,
 u art a noble knight.”—

VI.

"the princely Bruce replied,
 term it stain on knighthood's
 ide,
 bright sword of Argentine
 n a tyrant's quarrel shine;
 for your brave request,
 he honour'd pledge you gave
 battle-field shall wave
 n my helmet-crest;
 that if my hasty tongue
 e thine honour causeless wrong,
 all be well redress'd.
 er to my soul was glove,
 l in youth by lady's love,
 this which thou hast given!
 en, my noble foe I greet;
 and high fortune till we meet,
 l then—what pleases Heaven."

VII.

Thus parted they—for now, with sound
 Like waves roll'd back from rocky
 ground,

The friends of Lorn retire:
 Each mainland chieftain, with his train,
 Draws to his mountain towers again,
 Pondering how mortal schemes prove
 vain,

And mortal hopes expire.
 But through the castle double guard,
 By Ronald's charge, kept wakeful ward,
 Wicket and gate were trebly barr'd,
 By beam and bolt and chain;

Then of the guests, in courteous sort,
 He pray'd excuse for mirth broke short,
 And bade them in Artornish fort
 In confidence remain.

Now torch and menial tendance led
 Chieftain and knight to bower and bed,
 And beads were told, and Aves said,

And soon they sunk away
 Into such sleep as wont to shed
 Oblivion on the weary head,
 After a toilsome day.

VIII.

But soon uproused, the Monarch cried
 To Edward slumbering by his side,

“Awake, or sleep for aye!

Even now there jarr'd a secret door—
 A taper-light gleams on the floor—

Up, Edward! up, I say!

Some one glides in like midnight ghost—
 Nay, strike not! 'tis our noble Host."

Advancing then his taper's flame,
 Ronald stept forth, and with him came
 Dunvegan's chief—each bent the knee
 To Bruce in sign of fealty,

And proffer'd him his sword,
 And hail'd him, in a monarch's style,
 As king of mainland and of isle,
 And Scotland's rightful lord.

“And O,” said Ronald, “Own'd of
 Heaven!

Say, is my erring youth forgiven,
 By falsehood's arts from duty driven,

Who rebel falchion drew,
 Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,
 Even while I strove against thy claim,
 Paid homage just and true?”—

“Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,”

Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the
crime,

Since, guiltier far than you,
Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes,
Upon his conscious soul arose.
The Chieftain to his breast he press'd,
And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and might,
To repossess him in his right;
But well their counsels must be weigh'd,
Ere banners raised and musters made,
For English hire and Lorn's intrigues
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues.
In answer, Bruce his purpose bold
To his new vassals frankly told:—
"The winter worn in exile o'er,
I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore.
I thought upon my native Ayr,
And long'd to see the burly fare
That Clifford makes, whose lordly call
Now echoes through my father's hall.
But first my course to Arran led,
Where valiant Lennox gathers head,
And on the sea, by tempest toss'd,
Our barks dispers'd, our purpose cross'd,
Mine own, a hostile sail to shun,
Far from her destined course had run,
When that wise will, which masters ours,
Compell'd us to your friendly towers."

X.

Then Torquil spoke:—"The time
craves speed!
We must not linger in our deed,
But instant pay our Sovereign Liege,
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Ardmurich towers,
And England's light-arm'd vessels ride,
Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
Prompt at these tidings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait, and guard each
shore.
Then, till this fresh alarm pass by,
Secret and safe my Liege must lie
In the far bounds of friendly Skye,
Torquil thy pilot and thy guide."—
"Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronald cried;
"Myself will on my Sovereign wait,

And raise in arms the men of Sleate,
Whilst thou, renown'd where chiefs
debate,
Shalt sway their souls by council sage
And awe them by thy locks of age."
—"And if my words in weight shall fail
This ponderous sword shall turn the
scale."

XI.

"The scheme," said Bruce, "contemns
me well;
Meantime, 'twere best that Isabel,
For safety, with my bark and crew,
Again to friendly Erin drew.
There Edward, too, shall with her wait
In need to cheer her and defend,
And muster up each scatter'd friend."
Here seem'd it as Lord Ronald's ear
Would other counsel gladlier hear;
But, all achieved as soon as plann'd,
Both barks, in secret arm'd and mann'd,
From out the haven bore;
On different voyage forth they ply,
This for the coast of winged Skye,
And that for Erin's shore.

XII.

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
To favouring winds they gave the sail
Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they
knew,
And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue.
But then the squalls blew close and hard,
And, fain to strike the galley's yard,
And take them to the oar,
With these rude seas, in weary plight,
They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor till the dawning had a sight
Of Skye's romantic shore.
Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shiver'd crest
The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labour and delay,
Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh bay,
For calmer Heaven compell'd to stay,
He shot a western beam.
Then Ronald said, "If true mine eyes,
These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathnardill and Dunskey;
No human foot comes here,

se adverse breezes blow,
 ege love hunter's bow,
 hat on land we go,
 e a mountain-deer?
 e, shall with us wend;
 ly can he bend,
 et a herd, may send
 all mend our cheer."
 e bow and bolts in hand,
 e launch'd and leapt to

neir skiff and train,
 stream with headlong

down its bed of rock,
 with the main.

XIII.

oute they silent made,
 ostalk for mountain-deer,
 Bruce to Ronald said,—
 try! what a scene is here!
 many a mountain-strand,
 my native land,
 n my lot to tread
 ore than pleasure led;
 waste I've wander'd o'er,
 a crag, cross'd many a

y halidome,
 e, so wild as this,
 in barrenness,
 andering footsteps press,
 I happ'd to roam."

XIV.

s the Monarch spake;
 human eye has known
 n as that dread lake,
 rk ledge of barren stone.
 neval earthquake's sway
 ange and shatter'd way
 e rude bosom of the hill,
 naked precipice,
 nd dark abyss,
 e outrage still.
 n, but this, can show
 Nature's genial glow;
 ore green mosses grow,
 s bud in deep Glencroe,
 on Cruchan-Ben;
 ve, around, below,
 ain *or in glen*,

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
 Nor aught of vegetative power,
 'The weary eye may ken.
 For all is rocks at random thrown,
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of
 stone,
 As if were here denied
 The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
 That clothe with many a varied hue
 The bleakest mountain-side.

XV.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
 Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
 Huge terraces of granite black
 Afforded rude and cumber'd track;

For from the mountain hoar,
 Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
 When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
 Loose crags had toppled o'er;
 And some, chance-poised and balanced,
 lay,

So that a stripling arm might sway
 A mass no host could raise,
 In Nature's rage at random thrown,
 Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
 On its precarious base.

The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
 Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
 Now left their foreheads bare,
 And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
 Or on the sable waters curl'd,
 Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
 Dispersed in middle air.

And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
 When, brief and fierce, the mountain
 shower

Pours like a torrent down,
 And when return the sun's glad beams,
 Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
 Leap from the mountain's crown.

XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers
 drear
 Are precipices sharp and sheer,
 Yielding no track for goat or deer,
 Save the black shelves we tread,
 How term you its dark waves? and how
 Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,
 And yonder peak of dread,

That to the evening sun uplifts
The grieved gulfs and slay rifts,

When scintils shiver'd head?"—

"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Crown the ridge, as banners proclaim,
From old Cuchulain, chief of fame.
But bar is, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Fall oft their careless humours please
By sportive names from scenes like these
I would our feral were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby"
(The Moors tall cliffs with breakers
white,

The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,)
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of every reekin's whirlpool rude,
When I saw the Hag her whiten hood
"Tis thus our Islesmen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

XVII.

Answer'd the Bruce, "And musing
mind

Might here a graver moral find,
These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
Their naked brows to middle sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where nought can fade, and nought can
blow,

May they not mark a Monarch's fate,—
Raised high 'mid storms of strife and
state,

Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste?
O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crown'd head—But soft!
Look, underneath yon jutting crag
Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag.
Who may they be? But late you said
No steps these desert regions tread?"—

XVIII.

"So said I—and believed in sooth,"
Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth,
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men—they mark us, and come on;
And by their badge on bonnet borne,
I guess them of the land of Lorn,

Foes to my Liege"—
I've faced worse odds than these

But the poor passers
Then be our battle true
If our free passage they
Cope them with two
rest.—

"Not so, my Liege—for
This sword shall meet
My strength, my skin and
And less the loss should
But Islesmen learn to so
Allan has sword as well
And were my Monarch
Two shafts should make
even"

"No! not to save my
"Enough of blood rest
Too rashly spill'd we
Whether they come as

XIX.

Nigh came the strange
nigh,

Still less they pleased the
Men were they all of ev
Down-look'd, unwilling
They moved with half-r
And bent on earth each
The foremost two were
With brogue and bonnet,
And bore the arms of m
Daggers and broadsw
spears.

The three, that lagg'd sm
Seem'd serfs of more de
Goat-skins or deer h
Made a rude fence again
Their arms and feet and
Matted their beards, and
For arms, the cattiffs bo
A club, an axe, a rusty

XX.

Onward still mute, they
"Tell who ye be, or else
Said Bruce, "In des
meet,

Men pass not as in peac
Still, at his stern comm
And proffer'd greeting

d courtesy so ill,
 'd of fear, and not of will.
 erers we are, as you may be ;
 her driven by wind and sea,
 you list to taste our cheer,
 re with you this fallow deer."—
 m the sea, where lies your
 ark?"—

thom deep in ocean dark !
 l yesternight : but we are men,
 le sense of peril ken.
 les comedown—the day is shut—
 a go with us to our hut?"—
 ssel waits us in the bay ;
 for your proffer—have good-
 ay."—
 at your galley, then, which rode
 from shore when evening
 low'd?"—

"—“Then spare your needless
 ain,
 ill she now be sought in vain.
 her from the mountain head,
 with St George's blazon red
 ern vessel bore in sight,
 urs raised sail, and took to
 ight."—

XXI.

by the rood, unwelcome news !"
 ith Lord Ronald communed
 ruce ;
 sts there light enough to show
 eir tale be true or no.
 a seem bred of churlish kind,
 low nuts have hardest rind ;
 go with them—food and fire
 ltering roof our wants require.
 rd'gainst treachery will we keep,
 atch by turns our comrades'
 leep.—
 llows, thanks ; your guests we'll
 e.
 ll will pay the courtesy.
 ad us where your lodging lies,—
 soft ! we mix not companies.—
 the path o'er crag and stone,
 will follow you ;—lead on."

XXII.

ach'd the dreary cabin, made
 against a rock display'd,

And there, on entering, found
 A slender boy, whose form and mien
 Ill suited with such savage scene,
 In cap and cloak of velvet green,
 Low seated on the ground.
 His garb was such as minstrels wear,
 Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
 His youthful cheek was marr'd by care,
 His eyes in sorrow drown'd.
 "Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald
 spoke,
 The voice his trance of anguish broke ;
 As if awaked from ghastly dream,
 He raised his head with start and scream,
 And wildly gazed around ;
 Then to the wall his face he turn'd,
 And his dark neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

"Whose is the boy?" again he said.
 "By chance of war our captive made ;
 He may be yours, if you should hold
 That music has more charms than gold ;
 For, though from earliest childhood mute,
 The lad can deftly touch the lute,
 And on the rote and viol play,
 And well can drive the time away
 For those who love such glee ;
 For me, the favouring breeze, when loud
 It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
 Makes blither melody."—
 "Hath he, then, sense of spoken
 sound?"—

"Aye; so his mother bade us know,
 A crone in our late shipwreck drown'd,
 And hence the silly stripling's woe.
 More of the youth I cannot say,
 Our captive but since yesterday ;
 When wind and weather wax'd so grim,
 We little listed think of him.—
 But why waste time in idle words ?
 Sit to your cheer—unbelt your swords."
 Sudden the captive turn'd his head,
 And one quick glance to Ronald sped.
 It was a keen and warning look,
 And well the Chief the signal took.

XXIV.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs require
 A separate board and separate fire ;
 For know, that on a pilgrimage
 Wend I, my comrade, and this page.

And, sworn to vigil and to fast,
 Long as this hallow'd task shall last,
 We never doff the plaid or sword,
 Or feast us at a stranger's board ;
 And never share one common sleep,
 But one must still his vigil keep.
 Thus, for our separate use, good friend,
 We'll hold this hut's remoter end."—
 "A churlish vow," the elder said,
 "And hard, methinks, to be obey'd.
 How say you, if, to wreak the scorn
 That pays our kindness harsh return,
 We should refuse to share our meal?"—
 "Then say we, that our swords are steel !
 And our vow binds us not to fast,
 Where gold or force may buy repast."—
 Their host's dark brow grew keen and
 fell,

His teeth are clench'd, his features swell ;
 Yet sunk the felon's moody ire
 Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire,
 Nor could his craven courage brook
 The Monarch's calm and dauntless look.
 With laugh constrain'd—"Let every man
 Follow the fashion of his clan !
 Each to his separate quarters keep,
 And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns,
 By turns they eat, keep guard by turns ;
 For evil seem'd that old man's eye,
 Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.
 Still he avoided forward look,
 But slow, and circumspectly took
 A circling, never-ceasing glance,
 By doubt and cunning mark'd at once,
 Which shot a mischief-boding ray,
 From under eyebrows shagg'd and gray.
 The younger, too, who seem'd his son,
 Had that dark look the timid shun ;
 The half-clad serfs behind them sate,
 And scowl'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate—
 Till all, as darkness onward crept,
 Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or
 slept.

Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue
 Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong,
 A longer watch of sorrow made,
 But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.

XXVI.

Not in his dangerous host confides
 The King, but wary watch provides.
 Ronald keeps ward till midnight pass
 Then wakes the King, young Allan last
 Thus rank'd, to give the youthful pass
 The rest required by tender age.
 What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought
 To chase the languor toil had brought
 (For deem not that he deign'd to throw
 Much care upon such coward foe,)—
 He thinks of lovely Isabel,
 When at her foeman's feet she fell,
 Nor less when, placed in princely seat,
 She glanced on him with favouring eye
 At Woodstocke when he won the prize
 Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,
 In pride of place as 'mid despair,
 Must she alone engross his care.
 His thoughts to his betrothed bride,
 To Edith, turn—() how decide,
 When here his love and heart are given
 And there his faith stands plight
 Heaven !

No drowsy ward 'tis his to keep,
 For seldom lovers long for sleep.
 Till sung his midnight hymn the owl
 Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl
 Then waked the King—at his request
 Lord Ronald stretch'd himself to rest

XXVII.

What spell was good King Robert's, said
 To drive the weary night away ?
 His was the patriot's burning thought
 Of Freedom's battle bravely fought,
 Of castles storm'd, of cities freed,
 Of deep design and daring deed,
 Of England's roses rest and torn,
 And Scotland's cross in triumph won
 Of rout and rally, war and truce,—
 As heroes think, so thought the Bru
 No marvel, 'mid such musings high,
 Sleep shunn'd the Monarch's thought
 eye.

Now over Coolin's eastern head
 The greyish light begins to spread,
 The otter to his cavern drew,
 And clamour'd shrill the wakening m
 Then watch'd the Page—to needful r
 The King resigned his anxious breas

XXVIII.

s eyes was harder task,
 y watch their safeties ask.
 'd the fire, and gave to shine
 ering light the splinter'd pine;
 ed a while, where silent laid
 ts were shrouded by the plaid.
 fear waked in his mind,
 is bred of martial kind,
 manhood he arrive,
 h the boldest knight alive.
 ight he of his mother's tower,
 sisters' greenwood bower,
 e the Easter-gambols pass,
 an Joseph's lengthen'd mass.
 efore his weary eye
 along'd the blazes die—
 roused him—on the lake
 rth, where now the twilight-
 ce
 old dawn began to wake.
 's cliffs the mist lay furl'd,
 ing breeze the lake had curl'd,
 dark waves, heaved to the
 d,
 seless plash kiss'd cliff or
 d;—
 lumbrous sound—he turn'd
 t which his youth had burn'd,
 's path by demon cross'd,
 ly elf or yelling ghost,
 d witch's baneful cot,
 aid's alabaster grot,
 es her limbs in sunless well
 strathaird's enchanted cell.
 fancy rapt he flies,
 is sight the vaults arise;
 dark walls he sees no more,
 s on the marble floor,
 his head the dazzling spars
 e a firmament of stars!
 hears he not the sea-nymph
 ak
 in that thrilling shriek!—
 o late, with Allan's dream
 he captive's warning scream.
 he ground he strives to start,
 dagger finds his heart!
 he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
 his master's name, . . . and
 s!

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King! his hand
 Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand,
 The nearest weapon of his wrath;
 With this he cross'd the murderer's path,
 And venged young Allan well!
 The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood
 Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,
 The miscreant gasp'd and fell!
 Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
 One caitiff died upon his sword,
 And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
 In mortal grapple overthrown.
 But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
 The life-blood from his panting flank,
 The Father-ruffian of the band
 Behind him rears a coward hand!
 —O for a moment's aid,
 Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,
 Dash to the earth another foe,
 Above his comrade laid!—
 And it is gain'd—the captive sprung
 On the raised arm, and closely clung,
 And, ere he shook him loose,
 The master'd felon press'd the ground,
 And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,
 While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX.

“Miscreant! while lasts thy flitting
 spark,
 Give me to know the purpose dark,
 That arm'd thy hand with murderous
 knife,
 Against offenceless stranger's life?”—
 —“No stranger thou!” with accent fell,
 Murmur'd the wretch; “I know thee
 well;
 And know thee for the foeman sworn
 Of my high Chief, the mighty Lorn.”—
 “Speak yet again, and speak the truth
 For thy soul's sake!—from whence this
 youth?
 His country, birth, and name declare,
 And thus one evil deed repair.”—
 —“Vex me no more! . . . my blood
 runs cold . . .
 No more I know than I have told.
 We found him in a bark we sought
 With different purpose . . . and I
 thought”

Fate cut him short; in blood and broil,
As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

XXXI.

Then resting on his bloody blade,
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,—
“Now shame upon us both!—that boy
Lifts his mute face to heaven,
And clasps his hands, to testify
His gratitude to God on high,
For strange deliverance given.
His speechless gesture thanks hath paid,
Which our free tongues have left un-
said!”

He raised the youth with kindly word,
But mark'd him shudder at the sword:
He cleansed it from its hue of death,
And plunged the weapon in its sheath.
“Alas, poor child! unfitting part
Fate doom'd, when with so soft a heart,
And form so slight as thine,
She made thee first a pirate's slave,
Then, in his stead, a patron gave
Of wayward lot like mine;
A landless prince, whose wandering life
Is but one scene of blood and strife—
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,
But he'll find resting-place for thee.—

Come, noble Ronald! o'er the
Enough thy generous grief is
And well has Allan's fate been
Come, wend we hence—the
broke.

Seek we our bark—I trust the
Was false, that she had hoisted

XXXII.

Yet, ere they left that charnel-
The Island Lord bade sad fare
To Allan:—“Who shall tell th
He said, “in halls of Donagai
Oh, who his widow'd mother!
That, ere his bloom, her faires
Rest thee, poor youth! and trus
For mass and knell and funera
While o'er those caitiffs, where
The wolf shall snarl, the raven
And now the eastern mountain
On the dark lake threw lustre
Bright gleams of gold and purp
Ravine and precipice and peak
(So earthly power at distance s
Reveals his splendour, hides hi
O'er sheets of granite, dark an
Rent and unequal, lay the road
In sad discourse the warriors w
And the mute captive moves b

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

STRANGER! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed,
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;
Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known,
Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high,
Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness
Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye;
And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cottage nigh,
Something that show'd of life, though low and mean;
Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy,
Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been,
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes
 An awful thrill that softens into sighs ;
 Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes,
 In dark Glencoe such 'gloomy raptures rise :
 Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
 Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—
 But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize
 Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
 That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

II.

Such wild scenes the champion
 Pass'd,
 Bold halloo and bugle-blast
 The breeze came loud and fast.
 "said the Bruce, "rung Edward's
 Horn !
 Can have caused such brief return ?
 O brave Ronald,—see him dart
 Back and stone like hunted hart,
 Ate, as is the use,
 For sport, of Edward Bruce.
 Marks us, and his eager cry
 Of his news ere he be nigh."

III.

Edward shouts, "What make ye
 Here,
 Gazing upon the mountain-deer,
 When Scotland wants her King ?
 From Lennox cross'd our track,
 For in speed I hurried back,
 To these joyful news to bring—
 That art stirs in Teviotdale,
 Douglas wakes his native vale ;
 Arm-toss'd fleet hath won its way
 Little loss to Brodick-Bay,
 Lennox, with a gallant band,
 Out thy coming and command
 To them o'er to Carrick strand.
 Are blithe news !—but mark the
 Close !
 O, the deadliest of our foes,
 In his host he northward pass'd,
 In the borders breathed his last."

IV.

And the Bruce—his steady cheek
 Little wont his joy to speak,
 At then his colour rose :—
 Scotland ! shortly shalt thou see,
 God's high will, thy children free,
 And vengeance on thy foes !

Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,
 Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
 My joy o'er Edward's bier ;
 I took my knighthood at his hand,
 And lordship held of him, and land,
 And well may vouch it here,
 That, blot the story from his page,
 Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,
 You read a monarch brave and sage,
 And to his people dear."—
 "Let London's burghers mourn her Lord,
 And Croydon monks his praise record,"
 The eager Edward said ;
 "Eternal as his own, my hate
 Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,
 And dies not with the dead !
 Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
 When vengeance clench'd his palsied
 hand,
 That pointed yet to Scotland's land,
 As his last accents pray'd
 Disgrace and curse upon his heir,
 If he one Scottish head should spare,
 Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair
 Each rebel corpse was laid !
 Such hate was his, when his last breath
 Renounced the peaceful house of death,
 And bade his bones to Scotland's coast
 Be borne by his remorseless host,
 As if his dead and stony eye
 Could still enjoy her misery !
 Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long ;
 Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong!"—

V.

"Let women, Edward, war with words,
 With curses monks, but men with swords:
 Nor doubt of living foes, to sate
 Deepest revenge and deadliest hate.
 Now, to the sea ! Behold the beach,
 And see the galleys' pendants stretch

Their fluttering length down favouring
gale !

Aboard, aboard ! and hoist the sail,
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dis-
persed :

Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the bold in battle fray,
I long the hardy band to head,
And see once more my standard
spread.

Does noble Ronald share our course,
Or stay to raise his island force ?"—
"Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's side,"
Replied the Chief, "will Ronald bide,
And since two galleys yonder ride,
Be mine, so please my liege, dismiss'd
To wake to arms the clans of List,
And all who hear the Minche's roar,
On the Long Island's lonely shore.
The nearer Isles, with slight delay,
Ourselves may summon in our way;
And soon on Arran's shore shall meet,
With Forquih's aid, a gallant fleet,
If aught avails their Chieftain's best
Among the islesmen of the west."

VI.

Thus was their venturous council said,
But, ere their sails the galleys spread,
Coriskin dark and Coolin high
Echoed the large's doleful cry.
Along that salie lake pass'd slow,
Fit scene for such a sight of woe,—
The sorrowing islesmen, as they bore
The murder'd Allan to the shore.
At every pause, with dismal shout,
Their coronach of grief rung out,
And ever, when they moved again,
The pipes resumed their clamorous
strain,

And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail,
Mour'd the young heir of Donagale.
Round and around, from cliff and cave,
His answer stern old Coolin gave,
Till high upon his misty side
Languish'd the mournful notes, and died.
For never sounds, by mortal made,
Attain'd his high and haggard head,
That echoes but the tempest's moan,
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

VII.

Merrily, merrily bounds the hie
She bounds before the gale
The mountain breeze from Ben-
Is joyous in her sail !

With fluttering sound like
hoarse,

The corls and canvass strain
The waves, divided by her force
In rippling eddies chased her on
As if they laugh'd again
Not down the breeze more
flew,

Skimming the wave, the light
Than the gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring
And Coolin's crest has sunk be-
And Slapan's cavern'd shore
'Twas then that warlike signal
Dunscath's dark towers and
lake,

And soon, from Cavigartagh's
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke
spread ;

A summons these of war and
To the brave clans of Sleat and
And, ready at the signal,
Each warrior to his weapons
And targe upon his shoulder
Impatient for the fight
Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare
Had charge to muster their arms
And guide their barks to Brodie

VIII.

Signal of Roland's high command
A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and
From Canna's tower, that, in
gray,

Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the
Seek not the giddy crag to climb
To view the turret scathed by fire
It is a task of doubt and fear

To aught but goat or mountain
But rest thee on the silver
And let the aged herdsman tell
His tale of former day,

His cur's wild clamour be still
And for thy seat let o'er
His varied plaid display

ow with their Chieftain

nes, a foreign dame
turret gray.

Lord's suspicious mind,
a jail confined
fair a thrall !

moon on ocean slept,
y sate and wept
castle-wall,

eye to southern climes,
chance of happier times,
r lute by fits, and sung
her native tongue.

on the cliff and bay
the moonbeams play,

breeze is mute,
Hebridean's ear
pleasure mix'd with fear,
t cliff he seems to hear
ur of a lute,

of a captive lone,
her woes in tongue

1.—
ale—but all too long

staid the song—

ay pass them by,
tower in ruins gray,

pless tenant pay
e of a sigh !

IX.

y bounds the bark
road ocean driven,
onin's mountains dark
ian's hand hath given.
ountains dark have sent
ers to the shore,
shen bow unbent,
his pastime o'er,
nd Lord's command,
ear took warrior's brand.
next a warning light
warriors to the fight ;
ce, ere stern MacLeod
k shores in vengeance

in the ocean-cave
s victims gave.
ntless in his wrath,
ath blockades the path ;

In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
The vapour fill'd the cavern'd hold !
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
Till in the vault a tribe expires !
The bones which strew that cavern's
gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward
free,
So shoots through the morning sky the
lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturb'd repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise !
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend ;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
" Well hast thou done, frail Child of
clay !
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness
mine !"

XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark—
Before the gale she bounds ;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild
Tiree,

And the Chief of the sandy Coll ;
They paused not at Columba's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy
pile

With long and measured toll ;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons
pass

Away in the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword,
And verdant Ilav call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay ;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no
more !

His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore

Has LEYDEN's cold remains !

XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily,
But the galley ploughs no more the sea.
Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they meet
The southern foeman's watchful fleet,

They held unwonted way ;—
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,
Upon the eastern bay.

It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouth sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail

O'er Kilmaconnel moss,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross.

XIII.

Now launch'd once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle ;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghoil, " the Mountain of the Wind,
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.

Thither their destined course they drew
It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,

The ocean so serene ;
Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
With azure strove and green.

The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour

The beech was silver sheen,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,

With breathless pause between
O who, with speech of war and woe
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene !

XIV.

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks ?
The blush that dyes his manly cheek
The timid look, and downcast eye,
And faltering voice the theme deny.
And good King Robert's brow
press'd,

He ponder'd o'er some high request
As doubtful to approve ;
Yet in his eye and lip the while,
Dwelt the half-pitying glance
smile,

Which manhood's graver mood
guile,

When lovers talk of love.
Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled :
—" And for my bride betrothed,"
said,

" My Liege has heard the rumour spread
Of Edith from Artornish fled.
Too hard her fate—I claim no right
To blame her for her hasty flight ;
Be joy and happiness her lot !—
But she hath fled the bridal-knot,
And Lorn recall'd his promised plight
In the assembled chieftains' sight.—

fulfil our fathers' band,
 And all I could—my hand—
 Repulsed with scorn ;
 Nor I should ill assert,
 The feelings of my heart,
 To play a suitor's part
 To pleasure Lorn."—

XV.

And," the Royal Bruce replied,
 Decision must the Church decide ;
 'Tis hard, since rumours state
 Clifford for her mate,
 Which she hath broke,
 Could still be binding yoke.

Sister Isabel—
 Of woman who can tell ?
 Champion of the Rock,
 In the tourney shock,
 Unknown, to whom the prize
 Had favour in her eyes ;
 Her brother Nigel's fate,
 Her house and hapless state,
 Her joy and hope estranged,
 Her hapless mourner changed.
 Where smiled the noble King,
 May other musings bring.
 We know—yon mountains

Convent of Saint Bride ;
 By Edward, she must stay,
 Will give more prosperous day ;
 Will I bear thy suit,
 Mine advocate be mute."

XVI.

My talk'd in earnest mood,
 The less boy beside them stood.
 His head against the mast,
 His sobs came thick and fast,
 That would not be repress'd,
 To burst his youthful breast.
 Against his forehead held,
 To cease his tears repell'd,
 In his fingers, long and slight,
 The drops of crystal bright.
 No walk'd the deck apart,
 In this conflict of the heart.
 As brave, with bluntness kind
 To cheer the sorrower's mind ;
 His slender hand he drew
 His poor eyes that stream'd with

As in his hold the stripling strove,—
 ('Twas a rough grasp, though meant in
 love,)

Away his tears the warrior swept,
 And bade shame on him that he wept.
 "I would to heaven, thy helpless tongue
 Could tell me who hath wrought thee
 wrong !

For, were he of our crew the best,
 The insult went not unredress'd.
 Come, cheer thee ; thou art now of age
 To be a warrior's gallant page ;
 Thou shalt be mine !—a palfrey fair
 O'er hill and holt my boy shall bear,
 To hold my bow in hunting grove,
 Or speed on errand to my love ;
 For well I wot thou wilt not tell
 The temple where my wishes dwell."

XVII.

Bruce interposed,—“Gay Edward, no,
 This is no youth to hold thy bow,
 To fill thy goblet, or to bear
 Thy message light to lighter fair.
 Thou art a patron all too wild
 And thoughtless, for this orphan child.
 See'st thou not how apart he steals,
 Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals ?
 Fitter by far in yon calm cell
 To tend our sister Isabel,
 With father Augustine to share
 The peaceful change of convent prayer,
 Than wander wild adventures through,
 With such a reckless guide as you.”—
 “Thanks, brother !” Edward answer'd
 gay,

“For the high laud thy words convey !
 But we may learn some future day,
 If thou or I can this poor boy
 Protect the best, or best employ.
 Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand ;
 Launch we the boat, and seek the land.”

XVIII.

To land King Robert lightly sprung,
 And thrice aloud his bugle rung
 With note prolong'd and varied strain,
 Till bold Ben-Ghoil replied again.
 Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,
 Had in a glen a hart at bay,
 And Lennox cheer'd the laggard hounds,
 When waked that horn the greenwood
 bounds.

"It is the foe!" cried Boyd, who came
In breathless haste with eye of flame,—
"It is the foe!—Each valiant lord
Fling by his bow, and grasp his sword!"—
"Not so," replied the good Lord James,
"That blast no English bugle claims.
Oft have I heard it fire the fight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear,
If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear!
Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was winded by the King!"

XIX.

Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.
Bursting from glen and greenwood tree,
High waked their loyal jubilee!
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
And clasp'd his hands, and wept aloud.
Veterans of early fields were there,
Whose helmets press'd their hoary hair,
Whose swords and axes bore a stain
From life-blood of the red-hair'd Dane;
And boys, whose hands scarce brook'd
to wield

The heavy sword or bossy shield.
Men too were there, that bore the scars
Impress'd in Albyn's woeful wars,
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,
Teyndrum's dread rout, and Methven's
flight;

The might of Douglas there was seen,
There Lennox with his graceful mien;
Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded Knight;
The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light;
The Heir of murder'd De la Haye,
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay.
Around their King regain'd they press'd,
Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their breast,
And young and old, and serf and lord,
And he who ne'er unsheathed a sword,
And he in many a peril tried,
Alike resolved the brunt to bide,
And live or die by Bruce's side!

XX.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!
Such gleams, as from thy polish'd shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!

Such transports wake, severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquest-cry;
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
Mustering the remnants of a host,
And as each comrade's name they tell,
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die!—
Warriors!—and where are warriors
found,

If not on martial Britain's ground?
And who, when waked with note of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre?—
Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear!
That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
At which the heartstrings vibrate high,
And wake the fountains of the eye?
And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if true
Of tear is on his manly face,
When, scanty relics of the train
That hail'd at Scone his early reign,
This patriot band around him hung,
And to his knees and bosom clung?—
Blame ye the Bruce?—His brother
blamed,
But shared the weakness, while ashamed
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.

XXI.

'Tis morning, and the Convent bell
Long time had ceased its matin knell,
Within thy walls, Saint Bride!
An aged Sister sought the cell
Assign'd to Lady Isabel,
And hurriedly she cried,
"Haste, gentle Lady, haste!—there wait
A noble stranger at the gates;
Saint Bride's poor votress ne'er has seen
A Knight of such a princely mien;
His errand, as he bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabel."
The princess rose,—for on her knee
Low bent she told her rosary,—
"Let him by thee his purpose teach;
I may not give a stranger speech."
"Saint Bride forefend, thou royal Maid
The portress cross'd herself, and said,
"Not to be Prioress might I
Debate his will, his suit deny."
"Has earthly show, then, simple food
Power o'er a sister of thy rule?"

u, like the worldly train,
 y splendours light and
 !"—

XXII.

! in old eyes like mine,
 no glitter, gems no shine;
 is rank attendants vain,
 il page is all his train.
 n, the eye, the word,
 ; of that stranger Lord;
 manly, bold, and tall,
 castle's battled wall,
 d in such just degrees,
 rength seems lightsome ease.
 : tendrils of the vine
 pon his forehead twine,
 ve where some touch of gray
 ie youthful hue away.
 d war their rougher trace
 n that majestic face;—
 dignity of eye!
 suppliant, would I fly,
 d danger, wrongs, and grief,
 y, redress, relief—
 , if guilty, would I dread
 the doom that spoke me
 !"—

nough," the Princess cried,
 and's hope, her joy, her pride!
 front was ne'er assign'd
 ry o'er the common mind—
 y high designs to aid,
 O Heaven! how long de-
 !—
 a, haste, to introduce
 brother, Royal Bruce!"

XXIII.

ke friends who part in pain,
 n doubtful hope again.
 abdued that fitful swell,
 survey'd the humble cell;—
 s thine, poor Isabel!—
 couch, and naked wall,
 f state, and bed of pall;
 robes and jewels rare,
 beads and zone of hair;
 : trumpet's sprightly call
 banquet, grove or hall,
 rim voice divides thy care,
 s of penitence and prayer!—

O ill for thee, my royal claim
 From the First David's sainted name!
 O woe for thee, that while he sought
 His right, thy brother feebly fought!"—

XXIV.

"Now lay these vain regrets aside,
 And be the unshaken Bruce!" she cried.
 "For more I glory to have shared
 The woes thy venturous spirit dared,
 When raising first thy valiant band
 In rescue of thy native land,
 Than had fair Fortune set me down
 The partner of an empire's crown.
 And grieve not that on Pleasure's stream
 No more I drive in giddy dream,
 For Heaven the erring pilot knew,
 And from the gulf the vessel drew,
 Tried me with judgments stern and
 great,
 My house's ruin, thy defeat,
 Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own,
 My hopes are fix'd on Heaven alone;
 Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win
 My heart to this vain world of sin."—

XXV.

"Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice,
 First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice;
 Then ponder if in convent scene
 No softer thoughts might intervene—
 Say they were of that unknown Knight,
 Victor in Woodstock's tourney-fight—
 Nay, if his name such blush you owe,
 Victorious o'er a fairer foe!"
 Truly his penetrating eye
 Hath caught that blush's passing dye,—
 Like the last beam of evening thrown
 On a white cloud,—just seen and gone.
 Soon with calm cheek and steady eye,
 The Princess made composed reply:—
 "I guess my brother's meaning well;
 For not so silent is the cell,
 But we have heard the islesmen all
 Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call,
 And mine eye proves that Knight un-
 known
 And the brave Island Lord are one.—
 Had then his suit been earlier made,
 In his own name, with thee to aid,
 (But that his plighted faith forbade,)
 I know not . . . But thy page so near?—
 This is no tale for menial's ear."

XXVI.

Still stood that page, as far apart
 As the small cell would space afford ;
 With dizzy eye and bursting heart,
 He leant his weight on Bruce's sword,
 The monarch's mantle too he bore,
 And drew the fold his visage o'er.
 "Fear not for him—in murderous strife,"
 Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life ;
 Full seldom parts he from my side,
 And in his silence I confide,
 Since he can tell no tale again.
 He is a boy of gentle strain,
 And I have purposed he shall dwell
 In Augustine the chaplain's cell,
 And wait on thee, my Isabel.—
 Mind not his tears ; I've seen them flow,
 As in the thaw dissolves the snow.
 'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,
 Unfit against the tide to pull,
 And those that with the Bruce would sail,
 Must learn to strive with stream and gale.
 But forward, gentle Isabel —
 My answer for Lord Ronald tell."—

XXVII.

"This answer be to Ronald given—
 The heart he asks is fix'd on heaven.
 My love was like a summer flower,
 That wither'd in the wintry hour,
 Born but of vanity and pride,
 And with these sunny visions died.
 If further press his suit—then say,
 He should his plighted troth obey,
 Troth plighted both with ring and word,
 And sworn on crucifix and sword.—
 Oh, shame thee, Robert ! I have seen
 Thou hast a woman's guardian been !
 Even in extremity's dread hour,
 When press'd on thee the Southern
 power,
 And safety, to all human sight,
 Was only found in rapid flight,
 Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
 In agony of travail-pain,
 And thou didst bid thy little band
 Upon the instant turn and stand,
 And dare the worst the foe might do,
 Rather than, like a knight untrue,
 Leave to pursuers merciless
 A woman in her last distress.—

And wilt thou now deny thine aid
 To an oppress'd and injured maid,
 Even plead for Ronald's perfidy,
 And press his fickle faith on me?—
 So witness Heaven, as true I vow,
 Had I those earthly feelings now,
 Which could my former bosom move
 Ere taught to set its hopes above,
 I'd spurn each proffer he could bring,
 Till at my feet he laid the ring,
 The ring and spousal contract both,
 And fair acquittal of his oath,
 By her who brooks his perjured scorn
 The ill-requited Maid of Lorn !"

XXVIII.

With sudden impulse forward sprung
 The page, and on her neck he hung
 Then, recollected instantly,
 His head he stoop'd, and bent his knee
 Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel,
 Arose, and sudden left the cell.—
 The Princess, loosen'd from his hold
 Blush'd angry at his bearing bold ;
 But good King Robert cried,
 "Chafe not—by signs he speaks
 mind,
 He heard the plan my care design'd,
 Nor could his transports hide.—
 But, sister, now bethink thee well ;
 No easy choice the convent cell ;
 Trust, I shall play no tyrant part,
 Either to force thy hand or heart,
 Or suffer that Lord Ronald scorn,
 Or wrong for thee, the Maid of Lorn
 But think,—not long the time has been
 That thou wert wont to sigh unseen.
 And would'st the ditties best approve
 That told some lay of hapless love.
 Now are thy wishes in thy power,
 And thou art bent on cloister bower
 O ! if our Edward knew the change,
 How would his busy satire range,
 With many a sarcasm varied still
 On woman's wish, and woman's will !

XXIX.

"Brother, I well believe," she said,
 "Even so would Edward's part be play'd
 Kindly in heart, in word severe,
 A foe to thought, and grief, and fear
 He holds his humour uncontroll'd ;
 But thou art of another mould.

to Ronald, as I say,
 before my feet he lay
 g which bound the faith he
 wore,
 freely yielded o'er,
 as his suit to me no more.
 I promise, even if now
 I absolved of spousal vow,
 could change my purpose made,
 er me in holy shade.—
 for little space, farewell !
 duties warns the bell.”—

XXX.

the world,” King Robert said,
 e had left the royal maid,
 the world by lot severe,
 a gem lies buried here,
 by misfortune's cruel frost,
 s of fair affection lost !—
 t have I with love to do ?
 er cares my lot pursue.

—Pent in this isle we may not lie,
 Nor would it long our wants supply.
 Right opposite, the mainland towers
 Of my own Turnberry court our powers—
 —Might not my father's beadsman hoar,
 Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore,
 Kindle a signal-flame, to show
 The time propitious for the blow ?
 It shall be so—some friend shall bear
 Our mandate with despatch and care ;
 —Edward shall find the messenger.
 That fortress ours, the island fleet
 May on the coast of Carrick meet.—
 O Scotland ! shall it e'er be mine
 To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line,
 To raise my victor-head, and see
 Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free,—
 That glance of bliss is all I crave,
 Betwixt my labours and my grave !”
 Then down the hill he slowly went,
 Oft pausing on the steep descent,
 And reach'd the spot where his bold train
 Held rustic camp upon the plain.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

ON fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
 Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curl'd
 From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
 And circling mountains sever from the world.
 And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
 The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
 Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
 Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil,—
 For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to care and coil.

But other duties call'd each convent maid,
 Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell ;
 Sung were the matins, and the mass was said,
 And every sister sought her separate cell,
 Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.
 And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer ;
 The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell
 Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair,
 As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there.

II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done,
When glanced upon the pavement-stone,
Gemm'd and enchased, a golden ring,
Bound to a scroll with silken string,
With few brief words inscribed to tell,
"This for the Lady Isabel."

Within, the writing farther bore,—
" 'Twas with this ring his plight he swore,
With this his promise I restore ;
To her who can the heart command,
Well may I yield the plighted hand.
And O ! for better fortune born,
Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn
Her who was Edith once of Lorn !"
One single flash of glad surprise
Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes,
But vanish'd in the blush of shame,
That, as its penance, instant came.
"O thought unworthy of my race !
Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base,
A moment's throb of joy to own,
That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown !—
Thou pledge of vows too well believed,
Of man ingrate and maid deceived,
Think not thy lustre here shall gain
Another heart to hope in vain !
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud,
Where worldly thoughts are overawed,
And worldly splendours sink debased."
Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far,
How came it here through bolt and bar ?—
But the dim lattice is ajar.—

She looks abroad,—the morning dew
A light short step had brush'd anew,

And there were footprints seen
On the carved buttress rising still,
Till on the mossy window-sill

Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,
As if some climber's steps to aid. —
But who the hardy messenger,
Whose venturous path these signs
infer ?—

Strange doubts are mine !—Mona, draw
nigh ;

—Nought 'scapes old Mona's curious
eye—

What strangers, gentle mother, say,
Have sought these holy walls to-day ?"
"None, Lady, none of note or name ;
Only your brother's foot-page came,
At peep of dawn—I pray'd him pass
To chapel where they said the mass ;
But like an arrow he shot by,
And tears seem'd bursting from his eye."

IV.

The truth at once on Isabel,
As darted by a sunbeam fell :
" 'Tis Edith's self !—her speechless woe
Her form, her looks, the secret show !
—Instant, good Mona, to the bay,
And to my royal brother say,
I do conjure him seek my cell,
With that mute page he loves so well."
"What! know'st thou not his warlike mood
At break of day has left our coast ?
My old eyes saw them from the tower.
At eve they couch'd in greenwood bower,
At dawn a bugle signal, made
By their bold Lord, their ranks array'd
Up sprung the spears through bush and
tree,

No time for benedicite !
Like deer, that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dewdrops from their hair,
And toss their armed crests aloft,
Such matins theirs !"—"Good mother
soft—

Where does my brother bend his way ?"—
"As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of barks a score
Lie there, 'tis said, to waft them o'er.
On sudden news, to Carrick-shore."
"If such their purpose, deep the need,
Said anxious Isabel, "of speed !
Call Father Augustine, good dame."
The nun obey'd, the Father came.

V.

"Kind Father, hie without delay,
Across the hills to Brodick-Bay.
This message to the Bruce be given ;
I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,
That, till he speak with me, he stay !
Or, if his haste brook no delay,
That he deliver, on my suit,
Into thy charge that stripling mute.
Thus prays his sister Isabel,
For causes more than she may tell—

and Father ! and take heed,
 and death are on thy speed."
 The good old priest did on,
 Liked staff and sandall'd shoon,
 A palmer bent by eld,
 And moor his journey held.

VI.

Dull the foot of age,
 And was the pilgrimage ;
 Was there beside, whose care
 An important message bear.
 In the archen copse he wander'd slow,
 And sapless, thin and low ;
 A mountain stream he pass'd,
 All cliffs in tumult cast,
 A foam their waters dun,
 Lining in the summer sun.
 A grey head the wild curlew
 A fearless circle flew.
 As he pass'd, where fractures

Every eye and ample stride ;
 His brow beside the stone,
 As erst heard victims groan,
 Cairns upon the wild,
 A heathen hero piled,
 And a timid prayer for those
 Ere Shiloh's sun arose.
 A farlane's Cross he staid,
 His hours within the shade,
 A stream his thirst allay'd.
 Forward journeying slowly still,
 Closed he reach'd the hill,
 Lingering through the woodland
 On,
 The monk's gothic towers were seen,
 Tings, late their English lord,
 And won them by the sword.
 At sunk behind the isle,
 And them with a parting smile.

VII.

As the beams of light decay,
 All in Brodick Bay.
 As followers crowd the shore,
 And barges some unmoor,
 The sail, some seize the oar ;
 Oft turn'd where glimmer'd far
 It have seem'd an early star
 A blue arch, save that its light
 Flickering, fierce, and bright.

Far distant in the south, the ray
 Shone pale and retiring day,
 But as Carrick shore,
 Dim seen an outline faintly blue,
 The shades of evening closer drew,
 It kindled more and more.
 The monk's slow steps now press the
 Sands,
 And now amid a scene he stands,
 Full strange to churchman's eye ;
 Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
 Rivet and clasp their harness light,
 And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
 And helmets flashing high.
 Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
 A language much unmeet he hears,
 While, hastening all on board,
 As stormy as the swelling surge
 That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge
 Their followers to the ocean verge,
 With many a haughty word.

VIII.

Through that wild throng the Father
 Pass'd,
 And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last.
 He leant against a stranded boat,
 That the approaching tide must float,
 And counted every rippling wave,
 As higher yet her sides they lave,
 And oft the distant fire he eyed,
 And closer yet his hauberk tied,
 And loosen'd in his sheath his brand.
 Edward and Lennox were at hand,
 Douglas and Ronald had the care
 The soldiers to the barks to share. —
 The Monk approach'd and homage paid ;
 "And art thou come," King Robert said,
 "So far to bless us ere we part ?" —
 —"My Liege, and with a loyal heart !—
 But other charge I have to tell," —
 And spoke the hest of Isabel.
 —"Now by Saint Giles," the Monarch
 Cried,
 "This moves me much !—this morning
 Tide,
 I sent the stripling to Saint Bride,
 With my commandment there to bide."
 —"Thither he came the portress show'd,
 But there, my Liege, made brief
 Abode." —

IX.

"'Twas I," said Edward, "found employ
Of notler import for the boy,
Deep pondering in my anxious mind,
A fitting messenger to find,
To bear thy wron mandate o'er
To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore,
I chanc'd, at early dawn, to pass
The chapel gate to snatch a mass.
I found the striping on a tomb
Low seated weeping for the doom
That gave his youth to convent gloom.
I told my purpose, and his eyes
Flash'd joyful at the glad surprise.
He banded to the skiff, the sail
Was spread before a prosperous gale,
And, well my charge he hath obeyed,
For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Cuthbert, with his merry men all,
Guards carelessly our father's hall."

X

"O wild of thought, and hard of heart!"
Answer'd the Monarch. "on a part
Of such deep danger to employ
A mute ambassador, and a boy!
Unto for flight, unto for strife,
Without a tongue to plead for life!
Now, were my right restore'd by Heaven,
Edward, my crown I would have given,
Ire, trust on such adventure wild,
I penit' d thus the helmsman's child."
— Offended halt, and all abass'd,
"Prother and a ledge of life like this,"
Edward replied. "I have dream'd
A stranger messenger, I deem'd,
Might safest seek the bealman's cell,
Where all thy secrets are known so well
Noneless his presence, sharp his sense,
His imperfect in his defence.
If seen, mine errand might guess;
If told, his words might tale express.
Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine
Might exhort me to fulfil mine.
— "Rash," said King Robert, "was the
deed—
But it is done. I embark with speed!
— Good Father, say to Isabel
How this unhappy chance befell;
If we have thrice on yonder shore,
Soon shall my care her page restore.

Our greeting to our sister Bear,
And think of us in mass and prayer.

XI

"Aye!"—said the Priest, "wilt thou
poor hand
Can chance raise or cross return
While my old voice has accents?
Can Augustine forget the Prince?
Then to his side I will run
And whisper I, "Bear thou the cross
That when by Bruce's side I fight
For Scotland's crown and free
right."

The princess grace her knight to
Some token of her favouring care
It shall be shown where England
May shrink to see it on my spear
And for the boy—since wilt thou
For Royal Bruce the times prepare
The helpless youth is Ronald's care
His couch my place, his knee my
He ceased: for many an eager
Had urged the lances from the
Then number was a score and three
They bore thrice the escutcheon
With such small force did Bruce
The die for death or empire cast.

XII.

Now on the darkening main afloat
Ready and mann'd rocks every boat
Beneath their oars the ocean's m
Was dash'd to sparks of light and
Faint and more faint, as off they
Their armor glanc'd against the
And, mingling with the fishing
Their murmuring voices distant
"God speed them!" said the Pri
dark

On distant hills, as glees each he
"O Heaven! what swart's for
shine,

And monarch's right the cause is
Edge doubly every patriot blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe
And be it to the nations known
That Victory is from God alone
As up the hill's steep path he drew,
He turn'd, his messengers to
Oft turn'd, till on the darken'd
All traces of their course were lost

vly bent to Brodick tower,
: for the evening hour.

XIII.

he fairy prospects sink,
Imray's isles with verdant link
fair entrance of the Clyde;
Isles of Bute, no more desried,
—and on the placid sea
ships ply their task with glee,
And that knightly lances bore
aid the labouring oar.
The moon shone dim and pale,
Set against the whiten'd sail;
That ruddy beacon-light
The watchman kept the helm aright,
For such the King's command,
That once might reach the strand,
That to boat loud shout and hail
Them to crowd or slacken sail.
But by west the armada bore,
At length the Carrick shore.
And less the distance grows,
The more high the beacon rose;
That seem'd a twinkling star,
Set portentous, fierce, and far.
The heaven above it glow'd,
The sea beneath it flow'd,
The rocks on ocean's brim,
The red light her islets swim;
The clamour the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
From their crags on plashing
The waves.
The distant covert drew,
The cock deem'd it day, and crew.
The tall castle given to flame,
The land the lustre came.
God my Liege, and brother sage,
Ask ye of mine elfin page?"—
"The noble King replied,
Learn the truth whate'er betide;
The headsman and the child
'Ere have waked that beacon
d."

XIV.

the boats approach'd the land,
And grounded on the sand;
The knight leap'd in the sea
And first on shore was he,
The very barge's hardy band
Which should gain the land,

When that strange light, which, seen afar,
Seem'd steady as the polar star,
Now, like a prophet's fiery chair,
Seem'd travelling the realms of air.
Wide o'er the sky the splendour glows,
As that portentous meteor rose;
Helm, axe, and falchion glitter'd bright,
And in the red and dusky light
His comrade's face each warrior saw.
Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe.
Then high in air the beams were lost,
And darkness sunk upon the coast.—
Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd,
And Douglas cross'd his dauntless breast;
"Saint James protect us!" Lennox cried,
But reckless Edward spoke aside,
"Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that
flame

Red Comyn's angry spirit came,
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure?"—
"Hush!" said the Bruce; "we soon
shall know,

If this be sorcerer's empty show,
Or stratagem of southern foe.
The moon shines out—upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band."

XV.

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That ruddy light's unnatural dye;
The dubious cold reflection lay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.
Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
His scatter'd files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide,
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knelt him lowly on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.
"A torch," the Monarch cried, "What,
ho!

Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings know."
But evil news the letters bare,
The Clifford's force was strong and ware,
Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep.—

Cuthbert had seen that beacon flame,
Unwitting from what source it came.
Doubt not of its ominous event
Edward's messenger he sent,
If Bruce deceive I should venture o'er,
To warn him from the fatal shore.

XVI.

As round the torch the leaders crowd,
Bruce read these chilling news aloud
"What council, nobles, have we now?"—
To ambush us in greenwood bough,
And take the chance which fate may send
To bring our enterprise to end?
Or shall we turn us to the main
As exiles, and embark again?"—
Answer'd fierce Edward, "Hap what
may.

In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale,
Wildfire or meteor made us quail."
Answer'd the Douglas—"If my Liege
May win yon walls by storm or siege,
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of new for loyal part."
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame
Would I that aged Torquil came,
And found, for all our empty boast,
Without a blow we fled the coast.
I will not credit that this land,
So famed for warlike heart and hand,
The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce,
Will long with tyrants hold a truce."—
"Prove we our fate the brunt we'll
hide!"

So Boyd and Haye and Lennox cried;
So said, so vow'd, the leaders all,
So Bruce resolved—"And in my hall
Since the Bold Southern make their
home,

The hour of payment soon shall come,
When with a rough and rugged host
Clifford may reckon to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known bosk
and dell,
I'll lead where we may shelter well."

XVII.

Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguild their sight?—
It ne'er was known—yet grey-hair'd eld
A superstitious credence held,

That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick
Nay, and that on the sea none
When Bruce cross'd o'er, its glow
light.

Yearly it gleams o'er mount and
And glittering wave and craggy
shore

But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent
Or fire hurl'd kindled from beneath
To lure him to defeat and death,
Or were it but some meteor strange
Of such as oft through midnight
startling the traveller late and long
I know not—and it ne'er was known

XVIII.

Now up the rocky pass they drew
And Ronald, to his promise true,
Still made his arm the strong support
To aid him on the rugged way
"Now cheer thee, simple Amadiah,
Why throbbs that silly heart of thine

That name the pirates to thee
(In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling's gear)
"Dost thou not rest thee on my aid
Do not my plaid folds hold thee
Hath not the wild bull's treble
This target for thee and me supplied
Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel
And, trembler, canst thou tremble
Cheer thee, and still that thought
From Ronald's guard thou shalt
part."

—O! many a shaft, at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant
And many a word, at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart
broken!

Half sooth'd, half grieved, half terrified
Close drew the page to Ronald's side
A wild delicious thrill of joy
Was in that hour of agony,
As up the steepy pass he strove,
Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love

XIX.

The barrier of that iron shore,
The rock's steep ledge, is now closed
o'er;
And from the castle's distant wall
From tower to tower the warders

swings over land and sea,
 a watchful enemy.—
 In the Chase, a wide domain
 The castle's silvan reign,
 The scene—the axe, the plough,
 The hallow fence, have marr'd it now,
 Soft swept in velvet green
 With many a glade between,
 The gladed alleys far invade
 Of the brown forest shade.
 All fern obscured the lawn,
 For the sportive fawn;
 And close with copsewood green,
 A swelling hillock seen;
 The ground was verdure meet
 Of the fairies' feet.
 The holly loved the park,
 The tree lent its shadow dark,
 The old oak, worn and bare,
 The shiver'd boughs, was there.
 Between, the moonbeams fell
 On the hillock, glade and dell.
 The Monarch sigh'd to see
 His so loved in childhood free,
 That, as outlaw now,
 He lay beneath the forest bough.

XX.

The moonlight Chase they sped.
 The band that measured tread,
 In retreat or in advance,
 The warriors move at once;
 Ere the luck, if dawn
 Came on the open lawn.
 To traverse, brooks they cross,
 The bank and o'er the moss.
 The exhausted page's brow
 Of toil are streaming now;
 A faint and lengthen'd pause,
 The stripling draws.
 "Hold not yet!" the warrior said;
 "I'll give thee ease and aid!
 I'll mine arms, and little care
 Be slight as thine to bear.—
 Thou not?—capricious boy!—
 Thy own limbs and strength em-
 Ploy this night, and pass thy care,
 I'll see with a lady fair,
 I'll have thee tune thy lute to tell
 Of the loves fair Isabel!"

Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd,
 Here Amadine let go the plaid;
 His trembling limbs their aid refuse,
 He sunk among the midnight dews!

XXI.

What may be done?—the night is gone—
 The Bruce's band moves swiftly on—
 Eternal shame, if at the brunt
 Lord Ronald grace not battle's front!—
 "See yonder oak, within whose trunk
 Decay a darken'd cell hath sunk;
 Enter, and rest thee there a space,
 Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face.
 I will not be, believe me, far;
 But must not quit the ranks of war.
 Well will I mark the bosky bourne,
 And soon, to guard thee hence, return.—
 Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!
 But sleep in peace, and wake in joy."
 In silvan lodging close bestow'd,
 He placed the page, and onward strode
 With strength put forth, o'er moss and
 brook,
 And soon the marching band o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept
 The page, till, wearied out, he slept—
 A rough voice waked his dream—"Nay,
 here,
 Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—
 Beneath that oak old Ryno staid—
 What have we here?—A Scottish plaid,
 And in its folds a stripling laid?—
 Come forth! thy name and business tell!
 What, silent?—then I guess thee well,
 The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell,
 Wafted from Arran yester morn—
 Come, comrades, we will straight return.
 Our Lord may choose the rack should
 teach
 To this young lurcher use of speech.
 Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast."—
 "Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
 Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
 'Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot."
 The hunters to the castle sped,
 And there the hapless captive led.

XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle-court
 Prepared him for the morning sport;

And now with Lorn held deep discourse,
Now gave command for hound and horse.
War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the
ground,

And many a deer-dog howl'd around.
To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word
Replying to that Southern Lord,
Mix'd with this clanging din, might seem
The phantasm of a fever'd dream.
The tone upon his ringing ears
Came like the sounds which fancy hears,
When in rude waves or roaring winds
Some words of woe the muser finds,
Until more loudly and more near,
Their speech arrests the page's ear.

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost?
The priest should rue it to his cost!
What says the monk?"—"The holy Sire
Owns, that in masquer's quaint attire,
She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.

But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn
Laid them aboard that very morn,
And pirates seized her for their prey.
He proffer'd ransom-gold to pay,
And they agreed—but ere told o'er,
The winds blow loud, the billows roar;
They sever'd, and they met no more.
He deems—such tempests vex'd the
coast—

Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost.
So let it be, with the disgrace
And scandal of her lofty race!
Thrice better she had ne'er been born,
Than brought her infamy on Lorn!"

XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied:—
"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?"
he cried.

"A spy we seized within the Chase,
A hollow oak his lurking place."—
"What tidings can the youth afford?"—
"He plays the mute."—"Then noose a
cord—

Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom
For his plaid's sake."—"Clan-Colla's
loom,"

Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace
Rather the vesture than the face,

"Clan-Colla's dames such tartans twine
Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine.
Give him, if my advice you crave,
His own scathed oak; and let him wail
In air, unless, by terror wrung,
A frank confession find his tongue.—
Nor shall he die without his rite;
—Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight.
And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breath
As they convey him to his death."—
"O brother! cruel to the last!"
Through the poor captive's bosom pass
The thought, but, to his purpose true,
He said not, though he sigh'd, "Adieu!"

XXVI.

And will he keep his purpose still,
In sight of that last closing ill,
When one poor breath, one single word
May freedom, safety, life, afford?
Can he resist the instinctive call,
For life that bids us barter all?—
Love, strong as death, his heart has
steel'd,
His nerves hath strung—he will not yield
Since that poor breath, that little word
May yield Lord Ronald to the sword.
Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide,
The griesly headsman's by his side;
Along the greenwood Chase they bear
And now their march has ghastly ear
That old and shatter'd oak beneath,
They destine for the place of death.
—What thoughts are his, while all in view
His eye for aid explores the plain?
What thoughts, while, with a dizzy eye
He hears the death-prayer mutter'd near
And must he die such death accurst,
Or will that bosom-secret burst?
Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew
His trembling lips are livid blue;
The agony of parting life
Has nought to match that moment
strife!

XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh,
Who mock at fear, and death defy!
Soon as the dire lament was play'd,
It waked the lurking ambuscade.
The Island Lord look'd forth, and spied
The cause, and loud in fury cried,—

en, they lead the page to die,
 me in his agony !
 abye it !"—On his arm
 strong grasp, "They shall
 harm
 f the stripling's hair ;
 give the word, forbear.
 lead fifty of our force
 hollow water-course,
 thee midway on the wold,
 e flyers and their hold :
 ove the copse display'd,
 f the ambush made.
 with forty spearmen, straight
 nder copse approach the gate,
 thou hear'st the battle-din,
 rd, and the passage win,
 drawbridge—storm the port,
 nd guard the castle-court.—
 ove slowly forth with me,
 f the forest-tree,
 is at his post I see."

XXVIII.

orse eager to rush on,
 to wait the signal blown,
 irce hid, by greenwood bough,
 with rage, stands Ronald now,
 grasp his sword gleams blue,
 dyed with deadlier hue.—
 the Bruce, with steady eye,
 rk death-train moving by,
 l measures oft the space
 as and his band must trace,
 reach their destined ground.
 the dirge's wailing sound,
 r round the direful tree
 and solemn company,
 nn mistuned and mutter'd
 er
 for his fate prepare.—
 es o'er the greenwood shade?
 hat marks the ambushade!—
 le Chief! I leave thee loose;
 , Ronald!" said the Bruce.

XXIX.

ce! the Bruce!" to well-
 wn cry
 rocks and woods reply.
 ce! the Bruce!" in that
 d word
 f hundred deaths was heard.

The astonish'd Southern gazed at first,
 Where the wild tempest was to burst,
 That waked in that presaging name.
 Before, behind, around it came!
 Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side
 Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled
 and died.

Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
 And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword
 raged!

Full soon the few who fought were sped,
 Nor better was their lot who fled,
 And met, 'mid terror's wild career,
 The Douglas's redoubted spear!
 Two hundred yeomen on that morn
 The castle left, and none return.

XXX.

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's
 brand,

A gentler duty claim'd his hand.
 He raised the page, where on the plain
 His fear had sunk him with the slain:
 And twice, that morn, surprise well near
 Betray'd the secret kept by fear;
 Once, when, with life returning, came
 To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name,
 And hardly recollection drown'd
 The accents in a murmuring sound;
 And once, when scarce he could resist
 The Chieftain's care to loose the vest,
 Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast.
 But then the Bruce's bugle blew,
 For martial work was yet to do.

XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
 Ere signal given, the castle gates
 His fury had assail'd;
 Such was his wonted reckless mood,
 Yet desperate valour oft made good,
 Even by its daring, venture rude,
 Where prudence might have fail'd.
 Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
 And struck the iron chain in two,

By which its planks arose;
 The warder next his axe's edge
 Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
 'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge!

The gate they may not close.
 Well fought the Southern in the fray,
 Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,

But stubborn Edward forced his way
 Against a hundred foes.
 Loud came the cry, "The Bruce! the
 Bruce!"
 No hope or in defence or truce,—
 Fresh combatants pour in;
 Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
 They drive the struggling foe before,
 And ward on ward they win.
 Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
 And limbs were lopp'd, and life-blood
 pour'd,
 The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
 And fearful was the din!
 The startling horses plunged and flung,
 Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,
 Nor sunk the fearful cry,
 Till not a foeman was there found
 Alive, save those who on the ground
 Groan'd in their agony!

XXXII.

The valiant Clifford is no more;
 On Ronald's broadsword stream'd his
 gore.
 But better hap had he of Lorn,
 Who, by the foeman backward borne,
 Yet gain'd with slender train the port,
 Where lay his bark beneath the fort,
 And cut the cable loose.
 Short were his shrift in that debate,
 That hour of fury and of fate,
 If Lorn encounter'd Bruce!
 Then long and loud the victor shout
 From turret and from tower rung out,
 The rugged vaults replied;
 And from the donjon tower on high,
 The men of Carrick may descry
 Saint Andrew's cross, in blazonry
 Of silver, waving wide!

XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall!
 —"Welcome, brave friends and com-
 rades all,
 Welcome to mirth and joy!
 The first, the last, is welcome here,
 From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
 To this poor speechless boy.

Great God! once more my sire's abode
 Is mine—behold the floor I trod
 In tottering infancy!
 And there the vaulted arch, whose sound
 Echoed my joyous shout and bound
 In boyhood, and that rung around
 To youth's unthinking glee!
 O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
 'Then to my friends, my thanks be
 given!"—

He paused a space, his brow he cross'd—
 Then on the board his sword he toss'd
 Yet steaming hot; with Southern gore
 From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd o'er

XXXIV.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four,
 My noble fathers loved of yore.
 Thrice let them circle round the board
 The pledge, fair Scotland's rights re-
 stored!
 And he whose lip shall touch the wine
 Without a vow as true as mine,
 To hold both lands and life at nought,
 Until her freedom shall be bought,—
 Be brand of a disloyal Scot,
 And lasting infamy his lot!
 Sit, gentle friends! our hour of glee
 Is brief, we'll spend it joyously!
 Blithest of all the sun's bright beams,
 When betwixt storm and storm he
 gleams.

Well is our country's work begun,
 But more, far more, must yet be done.
 Speed messengers the country through
 Arouse old friends, and gather new;
 Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail
 Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
 Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
 The fairest forms, the truest hearts!
 Call all, call all! from Reedswair-Path
 To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;
 Wide let the news through Scotland
 ring,—

The Northern Eagle claps his wing!"

* These *mazers* were large drinking-cups or goblets.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

O WHO, that shared them, ever shall forget
 The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
 When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
 Early and late, at evening and at prime ;
 When the loud cannon and the merry chime
 Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,
 When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
 And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
 Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun !

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
 A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears !
 The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,
 The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,
 That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,
 All was forgot in that blithe jubilee !
 Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
 To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
 That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty !

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode,
 When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's scale,
 When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
 O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale ;
 When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale,
 And fiery Edward routed stout St John,
 When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale,
 And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won,
 And fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

II.

tidings flew from baron's tower,
 asant's cot, to forest-bower,
 raked the solitary cell,
 lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell.
 ss no more, fair Isabel,
 vot'ress of the order now,
 id the rule that bid thee wear
 eil and woollen scapulare,
 est thy locks of dark-brown hair,
 hat stern and rigid vow,
 condemn the transport high,
 glisten'd in thy watery eye,
 minstrel or when palmer told
 resh exploit of Bruce the bold ?—
 hose the lovely form, that shares
 xious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers ?

No sister she of convent shade ;
 So say these locks in lengthen'd braid,
 So say the blushes and the sighs,
 The tremors that unbidden rise,
 When, mingled with the Bruce's fame,
 The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

III.

Believe, his father's castle won,
 And his bold enterprise begun,
 That Bruce's earliest cares restore
 The speechless page to Arran's shore :
 Nor think that long the quaint disguise
 Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes ;
 And sister-like in love they dwell
 In that lone convent's silent cell.
 There Bruce's slow assent allows
 Fair Isabel the veil and vows ;

And there, her sex's dress regain'd,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war;
And many a month, and many a day,
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.

These days, these months, to years had
Worn,
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore,
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the First Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's
Towers,
Beleagu'ed by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce,
If England's King should not relieve
The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
To yield them to the Bruce.
England was roused—on every side
Courier and post and herald hied,
To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick bounds to meet their Liege,
Prepared to raise for Stirling's siege,
With buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
By beacon and by bugle blast
For battle call'd for the field;
There rose each knight of noble name,
There England's hardy archers came,
The mail and they trode seem'd all on flame,
With banner, battle, and shield;
And not famed England's powers alone,
Renowned in arms, the summons own;
For Newmarket's knights obey'd,
Gastagne hath lent her horsemen good,
And Cambrai, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain multitude,
And Connaught pour'd from waste and
wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eith U Connor sway'd.

V.

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,

Suspend a while the threaten'd
Till every peak and summit low
Round the pale pilgrims
Not with such pilgrims as
King Robert mark'd the ten pe
Resolved the brunt to bide
His royal summons warn'd the
That all who own'd their king
mand

Should instant take the spear and
To count at at his sole
O who may tell the story of
That at King Robert's bidding
To battle for the right
From Cley to the shores of
From Soway-Sandy to Marston
And bound them for the
Such news the royal corner tell
Who came to rouse dark Arran
But farther things must the ear
Of Isabel in secret hear.
These in her cloister walk, next
Thus shared she with the Maid of

VI.

"My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts shewn
Hath been to Isabel?
Judge then the sorrow of my life
When I must say the words, *W*
The cheerless convent-cell
Was not, sweet maiden, made for
Go thou where thy vocation
On happier fortunes fell
Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray'd
Though Robert knows that I am
Maid

And his poor silent Page were
Versed in the fickle heart of man
Earnest and anxious hath he
How Ronald's heart the message
That gave him, with her last
The charge of Sister Isabel,
To think upon thy better right,
And keep the faith his promise
Forgive him for thy sister's sake
At first if vain repentings wake—

Long since that maid is gone
Now dwells he on thy sister's
And oft his breach of faith he
Forgive him for thine own!

VII.

er to Lord Ronald's bower
 n as paramour"—
 a thee, too impatient maid,
 nal tale be said!—
 King Robert would engage
 more his elfin page,
 a heart, and her own eye,
 penitence to try—
 royal charge, and free,
 h thy final purpose be,
 own to seek the cell,
 and die with Isabel."
 e the maid—King Robert's
 some glance of policy;
 ge had the Monarch ta'en,
 had own'd King Robert's
 1;
 r had to England fled,
 in banishment was dead;
 ough exile, death, and flight,
 and land was Edith's right;
 right o'er tower and land
 n Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.

d eye and blushing cheek
 and shame, and fear bespeak!
 the reasoning Edith made:—
 's faith she must upbraid,
 such secret, dark and dear,
 to another's ear.
 l she leave the peaceful cell?—
 d she part with Isabel?—
 that strange attire agen?—
 herself 'midst martial men?—
 e guarded on the way?—
 e might entreat delay."
 d, with secret smile,
 rgave the maiden's wile,
 o be thought to move
 call of truant love.

IX.

e her not!—when zephyrs
 e,
 strembling leaves must shake;
 ms the sun through April's
 wer,
 ust bloom, the violet flower;

And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
 Must with reviving hope revive!
 A thousand soft excuses came,
 To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
 Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
 He had her plighted faith and truth—
 Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command,
 And she, beneath his royal hand,
 A ward in person and in land:—
 And, last, she was resolved to stay
 Only brief space—one little day—
 Close hidden in her safe disguise
 From all, but most from Ronald's eyes—
 But once to see him more!—nor blame
 Her wish—to hear him name her name!—
 Then, to bear back to solitude
 The thought he had his falsehood rued!
 But Isabel, who long had seen
 Her pallid cheek and pensive mien,
 And well herself the cause might know,
 Though innocent, of Edith's woe,
 Joy'd, generous, that revolving time
 Gave means to expiate the crime.
 High glow'd her bosom as she said,
 "Well shall her sufferings be repaid!"
 Now came the parting hour—a band
 From Arran's mountains left the land;
 Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care
 The speechless Amadine to bear
 To Bruce, with honour, as behoved
 To page the monarch dearly loved.

X.

The King had deem'd the maiden bright
 Should reach him long before the fight,
 But storms and fate her course delay:
 It was on eve of battle-day,
 When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.
 The landscape like a furnace glow'd,
 And far as e'er the eye was borne,
 The lances waved like autumn-corn.
 In battles four beneath their eye,
 The forces of King Robert lie.
 And one below the hill was laid,
 Reserved for rescue and for aid;
 And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line,
 'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's
 shrine.
 Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh
 As well might mutual aid supply.
 Beyond, the Southern host appears,
 A boundless wilderness of spears,

Whose verge or rear the anxious eye
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.
Thick flashing in the evening beam,
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam;
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,
Was distant armour flashing still,
So wide, so far, the boundless host
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,
At the wild show of war aghast;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,
Lennox and Lanark too, were there,
And all the western land;
With these the valiant of the Isles
Beneath their Chieftains rank'd their files,
In many a plaided band.

There, in the centre, proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid
By these Hebrideans worn;
But O! unseen for three long years,
Dear was the garb of mountaineers
To the fair Maid of Lorn!
For one she look'd—but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

XII.

To centre of the vaward-line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;—
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.

North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine

The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock, with his broken bank
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering
wood,

The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood
His men-at-arms bare mace and lance.
And plumes that wave, and helms that
glance.

Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,
Composed his front; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.
And 'twas to front of this array,
Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.

Here must they pause; for, in advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The Monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight.
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasp'd within its glittering twin
Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold

ed o'er with bills and
 and pennons waving fair,
 t battle-front ! for there
 and's King and Peers :
 saw that Monarch ride,
 attled by his side,
 direful doom foretell !—
 at in knightly selle,
 ghtly eye was set
 the Plantagenet.
 and wandering was his
 ht of shield and lance.
 " he said, " De Argentine,
 ho marshals thus their
 -
 i his helmet tell
 / Liege : I know him

audacious traitor brave
 where our banners
 —
 Liege," said Argentine,
 orsed on steed like mine,
 r and knightly chance,
 ire forth my lance."—
 " the King replied,
 rules are set aside.
 rebel dare our wrath ?
 eep him from our path !"
 Edward's signal, soon
 ranks Sir Henry Boune.

XV.

igh blood he came,
 d for knightly fame.
 re his Monarch's eye
 ed of chivalry.
 eed, he couch'd his lance,
 the Bruce at once.
 s as rocks, that hide
 ie advancing tide,
 od fast.—Each breast
 ,
 s each gazing eye—
 ardly time to think,
 ce had time to wink,
 ing, like flash of flame,
 eed the war-horse came!
 ay the falcon mock,
 lfrey stand the shock—

But, swerving from the Knight's career,
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
 Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course—but soon his course was
 o'er !—

High in his stirrups stood the King,
 And gave his battle-axe the swing.
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the
 last !—

Such strength upon the blow was put,
 The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut ;
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
 Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse ;
 —First of that fatal field, how soon,
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune !

XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,
 Where on the field his foe lay dead ;
 Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,
 And, pacing back his sober way,
 Slowly he gain'd his own array.
 There round their King the leaders crowd,
 And blame his recklessness aloud,
 That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear
 A life so valued and so dear.
 His broken weapon's shaft survey'd
 The King, and careless answer made,—
 " My loss may pay my folly's tax ;
 I've broke my trusty battle-axe."
 'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,
 Did Isabel's commission show ;
 Edith, disguised, at distance stands,
 And hides her blushes with her hands.
 The Monarch's brow has changed its hue,
 Away the gory axe he threw,
 While to the seeming page he drew,
 Clearing war's terrors from his eye.
 Her hand with gentle ease he took,
 With such a kind protecting look,
 As to a weak and timid boy
 Might speak, that elder brother's care
 And elder brother's love were there.

XVII.

" Fear not," he said, " young Amadine !"
 Then whisper'd, " Still that name be
 thine.
 Fate plays her wonted fantasy,
 Kind Amadine, with thee and me,

And sends thee here in doubtful hour.
 But soon we are beyond her power ;
 For on this chosen battle-plain,
 Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.
 Do thou to yonder hill repair ;
 The followers of our host are there,
 And all who may not weapons bear. —
 Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care. —
 Joyful we meet, if all go well ;
 If not, in Arran's holy cell
 Thou must take part with Isabel ;
 For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,
 Not to regain the Maid of Lorn,
 (The bliss on earth he covets most,)
 Would he forsake his battle-post,
 Or shun the fortune that may fall
 To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all. —
 But, hark ! some news these trumpets tell ;
 Forgive my haste—farewell !—fare-
 well !” —

And in a lower voice he said,
 “Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet
 maid !” —

XVIII.

“What train of dust, with trumpet-sound
 And glimmering spears, is wheeling round
 Our leftward flank ?” — the Monarch
 cried,

To Moray's Earl who rode beside.

“Lo ! round thy station pass the foes !
 Randolph, thy wreath hath lost a rose.”

The Earl his visor closed, and said —

“My wreath shall bloom, or life shall
 fade. —

Follow, my household !” — And they go
 Like lightning on the advancing foe.

“My Liege,” said noble Douglas then,

“Earl Randolph has but one to ten :

Let me go forth his band to aid !” —

—“Stir not. The error he hath made,

Let him amend it as he may ;

I will not weaken mine array.”

Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,

And Douglas's brave heart swell'd
 high, —

“My Liege,” he said, “with patient ear
 I must not Moray's death-knell hear !” —

“Then go—but speed thee back
 again.” —

Forth sprung the Douglas with his train :

But, when they won a rising hill,
 He bade his followers hold them still—
 “See, see ! the routed Southern fly !
 The Earl hath won the victory.
 Lo ! where yon steeds run masterless,
 His banner towers above the press.
 Rein up ; our presence would impair
 The fame we come too late to share.”
 Back to the host the Douglas rode,
 And soon glad tidings are abroad,
 That, Dayncourt by stout Randolph
 slain,
 His followers fled with loosen'd rein—
 That skirmish closed the busy day.
 And couch'd in battle's prompt array,
 Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
 High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
 Demayet smiled beneath her ray,
 Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
 And, twined in links of silver bright,
 Her winding river lay.

Ah ! gentle planet ! other sight
 Shall greet thee, next returning night
 Of broken arms and banners tore,
 And marshes dark with human gore,
 And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
 And Forth that floats the frequent corpse,
 And many a wounded wretch to plash
 Beneath thy silver light in vain !
 But now, from England's host, the cry
 Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
 While from the Scottish legions pass
 The murmur'd prayer, the early mass.
 Here, numbers had presumption give
 There, bands o'er-match'd sough:
 from Heaven.

XX.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands
 The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
 With serf and page unfit for war,
 To eye the conflict from afar.
 O ! with what doubtful agony
 She sees the dawning tint the sky !—
 Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
 And glistens now Demayet dun ;
 Is it the lark that carols shrill,
 Is it the bittern's early hum ?

ant, but increasing still,
 t's sound swells up the hill,
 deep murmur of the drum.
 om the Scottish host,
 d bugle-sound were toss'd,
 d brow each soldier cross'd,
 ted from the ground ;
 ray'd for instant fight,
 , spearman, squire and
 ,
 mp of battle bright
 d battalia frown'd.

XXI.

, and in open view,
 ; ranks of England drew,
 like the ocean-tide,
 ough west hath chafed his
 , roar sends challenge wide
 at bars his way !
 gallant archers trode,
 rms behind them rode,
 : of the phalanx broad
 arch held his sway.
 many a war-horse fumes,
 waves a sea of plumes,
 a knight in battle known,
 o spurs had first braced on,
 that fight should see them

ward's hests obey.
 ; attends his side,
 De Valence, Pembroke's

npions from the train,
 i his bridle-rein.
 ottish foe he gazed—
 efore his sight amazed,
 nner, spear, and shield ;
 -point is downward sent,
 to the ground is bent.
 Argentine, repent !
 lon they have kneel'd."—
 they bend to other powers,
 rdon sue than ours !
 on bare-foot Abbot stands,
 them with lifted hands !
 ot where they have kneel'd,
 ill die, or win the field."—
 ve we if they die or win !
 Earl the fight begin."

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
 Just as the Northern ranks arose,
 Signal for England's archery
 To halt and bend their bows.
 Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
 Glanced at the intervening space,
 And raised his left hand high ;
 To the right ear the cords they bring—
 —At once ten thousand bow-strings
 ring,
 Ten thousand arrows fly !
 Nor paused on the devoted Scot
 The ceaseless fury of their shot ;
 As fiercely and as fast,
 Forth whistling came the grey-goose
 wing
 As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
 Adown December's blast.
 Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
 Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide ;
 Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
 If the fell shower may last !
 Upon the right, behind the wood,
 Each by his steed dismounted, stood
 The Scottish chivalry ;—
 —With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
 Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
 His own keen heart, his eager train,
 Until the archers gain'd the plain ;
 Then, "Mount, ye gallants free !"
 He cried ; and, vaulting from the ground,
 His saddle every horseman found.
 On high their glittering crests they toss,
 As springs the wild-fire from the moss ;
 The shield hangs down on every breast,
 Each ready lance is in the rest,
 And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
 "Forth, Marshal ! on the peasant foe !
 We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
 And cut the bow-string loose !"

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers'
 flanks,
 They rush'd among the archer ranks,
 No spears were there the shock to let,
 No stakes to turn the charge were set,
 And how shall yeoman's armour slight,
 Stand the long lance and mace of might ?
 Or what may their short swords avail,
 'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail ?

Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,
High o'er their heads the weaponsswung,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout !
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made
good.

Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight they scatter wide. —
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-lee !
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more !
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer
bough,
May northward look with longing
glance,

For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain !
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thou-
sands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight ?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore !
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark. —
Forward, each gentleman and knight !
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight !"
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field show'd fair and level way :

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock !

With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.

Down ! down ! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field !

The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;—
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony !
'They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;
'They broke like that same torrent's wave,
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own !

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here ;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,
Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy
fame—

Names known too well in Scotland's wars
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread
Slippery with blood and piled with dead
Till hand to hand in battle set,
The bills with spears and axes met,
And, closing dark on every side,
Raged the full contest far and wide.
Then was the strength of Douglas tried
Then proved was Randolph's generous
pride,

And well did Stewart's actions grace
The sire of Scotland's royal race !

Firmly they kept their ground ;
As firmly England onward press'd,
And down went many a noble crest,
And rent was many a valiant breast,
And Slaughter revell'd round.

XXVI.

Not 'gainst foot was set,
 Nor by blow was met;
 None of those who fell
 Amid the shriller clang,
 Of blades and harness rang,
 Of battle-yell.
 I fell, unheard, forgot,
 A fierce and hardy Scot;
 I that waste of life,
 Whose motives fired the strife!
 Noble bled for fame,
 For his country's claim;
 His youthful strength to

win his lady's love;
 From ruffian thirst of blood,
 From me, or hardihood.
 I am, and soldier good,
 Free and the slave,
 Cause the same wild road,
 On bloody morning, trode,
 To dark inn, the grave!

XXVII.

Life to flag begins,
 Nor loses yet nor wins.
 The sun, thick rolls the dust,
 Seeds the blow and thrust.
 On his war-sword now,
 He wipes his bloody brow;
 He'd each Southern knight,
 All mid-day in the fight.
 Out for air must gasp,
 He does his visor-clasp,
 He must quit his spear,
 Of falchion, bold De Vere!
 Berkley fall less fast,
 Embroke's bugle-blast
 Its lively tone;
 Mine, thy battle-word,
 Thou wast fainter heard,—
 Men, fight on!"

XXVIII.

The pilot's wary eye,
 Of the storm could spy.
 More, and Scotland's free!
 The Isles, my trust in thee
 As Aulsa Rock;
 With Highland sword and

I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
 Now, forward to the shock!"
 At once the spears were forward
 Thrown,
 Against the sun the broadsword
 Shone;
 The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
 And loud King Robert's voice was
 Known—
 "Carrick, press on— they fail, they fail!
 Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
 The foe is fainting fast!
 Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
 For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
 The battle cannot last!"

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore
 The foes three furlongs back and more,
 Leaving their noblest in their gore.

Alone, De Argentine

Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
 Gathers the relics of the field,
 Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,
 And still makes good the line.

Brief strife, but fierce, his efforts raise
 A bright but momentary blaze.
 Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,
 Beheld them turning from the rout,
 Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
 In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.
 That rallying force combined anew,
 Appear'd in her distracted view,

To hem the Islesmen round;
 "O God! the combat they renew,
 And is no rescue found!
 And ye that look thus tamely on,
 And see your native land o'erthrown,
 O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,
 Rejected from the ranks of war,
 Had not unmoved beheld the fight,
 When strove the Bruce for Scotland's
 Right;

Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
 Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
 Bondsman and serf; even female hand
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;

But, when mute Amadine they heard
 Give to their zeal his signal-word,
 A frenzy fired the throng;—

"Portents and miracles impeach
Our sloth—the dumb our duties
teach—

And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven,
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs.
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom,
MAIMS

Our breasts as theirs: To arms! to
arms!"

To arms! they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And mimic ensigns high they rear,
And, like a banner'd host afar,
Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd 'er the plain,
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,
The rearward's androns fled again,
Or made but doubtful stay;

But when they mark'd the seeming show
Of fresh and fierce and marsh'd foe,
The bravest broke array

O give their hapless prince his due!

In vain the Royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears,
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And curs'd their faithless fears,
Till Pembroke turn'd his battle-rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:—

"In yonder field a gage I left,
I must not live of fame bereft;

I neerer must turn again.

Speed hence, my liege, for on your trace
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,

I know his banner well.

God send my sovereign joy and bliss,
And many a happier field than this!"

Once more, my liege, farewell!"

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
"Now then," he said, and couch'd his
spear,

"My course is run, the goal is near,

One effort more, one brave career
Must close this race of mine.

Then in his stirrups rising high,
He shouted loud his battle cry,

"Save James for Argentine!
And, of the bold warriors, four
The gallant knight from saddle bore
That not an horn of a lance's point
Has sullied—straight, let's have it done!

An axe has razed his crest,
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord
Who press'd the chase with gory
He rode with spear in hand,

And through his bloody tatters bore
And through his gallant breast
Nail'd to the earth, the mountain
Yet writhed him up again at the spear

And swung his cruel sword
Starvated foot, and cut and gave
Beneath that flow's tremulous wave

The blood gush'd from the wound
And the gem Lord of Colonsay

Hath turn'd him on the ground
And laugh'd in death pang, that his
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle
To use his conquest boldly won;
And gave command for horse and
To press the Southron's scatter'd
Not let his broken force combine.

When the war-cry of Argentine
Fell faintly on his ear;

"Save, save his life," he cried, "O
The king, the noble, and the brave
The squadrons round free passage

The wounded knight drew near
He raised his red cross shield no
Helm, cushion, and breastplate shrank
With gore,

Yet, as he saw the King advance
He strove even then to couch his lance
The effort was in vain!

The spur stroke fail'd to rouse the
Wounded and weary, in mid course
He stumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous
To raise his head, his helm to lose

"Lord Earl, the day is thine
My sovereign's charge, and advent
Have made our meeting all too late

t this may Argentine,
n from ancient comrade, crave—
stian's mass, a soldier's grave."

XXXIV.

press'd his dying hand—its grasp
replied ; but, in his clasp,
stiffen'd and grew cold—
O farewell !" the victor cried,
ivalry the flower and pride,
e arm in battle bold,
arteous mien, the noble race,
inless faith, the manly face !—
nian's convent light their shrine,
e-wake of De Argentine.
tter knight on death-bier laid,
ever gleam'd nor mass was said !"

XXXV.

De Argentine alone,
h Ninian's church these torches
hone,
se the death-prayer's awful tone.
How lustre glimmer'd pale,
ken plate and bloodied mail,
est and shatter'd coronet,
n, Earl, and Banneret ;
best names that England knew,
in the death-prayer dismal due.
Mourn not, Land of Fame !
ne'er the Leopards on thy shield
ed from so sad a field,
ce Norman William came.
thine annals justly boast
es stern by Scotland lost ;
udge not her victory,
or her freeborn rights she strove ;
lear to all who freedom love,
none so dear as thee !

XXXVI.

e to Bruce, whose curious ear
om Fitz-Louis tidings hear ;
m, a hundred voices tell
igy and miracle,
or the mute page had spoke."—
" said Fitz-Louis, " rather say,
el sent from realms of day,

To burst the English yoke.
I saw his plume and bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top ;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen !"
" Spoke he with none ?"—" With none—
one word

Burst when he saw the Island Lord
Returning from the battle-field."—
" What answer made the Chief ?"—" He
kneel'd,
Durst not look up, but mutter'd low,
Some mingled sounds that none might
know,
And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,
As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,
Heap'd then with thousands of the slain,
'Mid victor monarch's musings high,
Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's
eye:—
" And bore he such angelic air,
Such noble front, such waving hair ?
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him ?" he said ;
" Then must we call the church to aid—
Our will be to the Abbot known,
Ere these strange news are wider blown,
To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,
And deck the church for solemn mass,
To pay for high deliverance given,
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array, besides, such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait.
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The Bridal of the Maid of Lorn."*

* " *To Mr. James Ballantyne.*—Dear Sir,—
You have now the whole affair, excepting two
or three concluding stanzas. As your taste for
bride's-cake may induce you to desire to know
more of the wedding, I will save you some criti-
cism by saying, I have settled to stop short as
above.—Witness my hand. " W. S."

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way ;
Go boldly forth ; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame,
There was—and O ! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words !—*there was* a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud !

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below !
What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own to soothe all other woe ;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair :
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know,
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there !



THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN:

OR,

THE VALE OF ST. JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALE.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

COME, LUCY! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must
pass;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a silvan bridge;
For here, compell'd to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their
might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,
From stone to stone might safely trip,
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength: nor fear
That this same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk up-
rear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine.—
So,—now, the danger dared at last,
Look back, and smile at perils past!

III.

And now we reach the favourite glade,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade,
To break affection's whispering tone,

Than the deep breeze that waves the
shade,

Than the small brooklet's feeble moan
Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green
A place where lovers best may meet
Who would not that their love be seen
The boughs, that dim the summer sky
Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
That fain would spread the invidious
tale,

How Lucy of the lofty eye,
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
She for whom lords and barons sigh,
Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV.

How deep that blush!—how deep the
sigh!

And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast
She would not that her Arthur guess?
O! quicker far is lovers' ken
Than the dull glance of common men
And, by strange sympathy, can spell
The thoughts the loved one will not tell
And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met
The hues of pleasure and regret;

Pride mingled in the sigh her voice
And shared with Love the crimson
glow;

Well pleased that thou art Arthur's
choice,

Yet shamed thine own is placed
low:

Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek
As if to meet the breeze's cooling
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
For Love, too, has his hours
schooling.

V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,
The passing pang of humbled pride ;

Too oft, when through the splendid
hall,

The load-star of each heart and eye,
My fair one leads the glittering hall,

Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,

With such a blush and such a sigh !

Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth or
rank,

The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank,

To meet a rival on a throne :

Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies

A nobler name, a wide domain,

A Baron's birth, a menial train,

Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,

A lyre, a falchion, and a heart ?

VI.

My sword—its master must be dumb :

But, when a soldier names my name,

Approach, my Lucy ! fearless come,

Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.

My heart—'mid all yon courtly crew,

Of lordly rank and lofty line,

Is there to love and honour true,

That boasts a pulse so warm as
mine ?

They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare—

Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it
faded ;

They praised the pearls that bound thy
hair --

I only saw the locks they braided ;

They talk'd of wealthy dower and

And titles of high birth the token

I thought of Lucy's heart and hand

Nor knew the sense of what
spoken.

And yet, if rank'd in Fortune's roll

I might have learn'd their choice
wise,

Who rate the dower above the soul

And Lucy's diamonds o'er her crown

VII.

My lyre—it is an idle toy,

That borrows accents not its own

Like warbler of Colombian sky,

That sings but in a mimic tone.

Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted walls

Nor boasts it aught of Border spears

Its strings no feudal slogan pour,

Its heroes draw no broad claymores

No shouting clans applauses raise.

Because it sung their fathers' praise

On Scottish moor, or English down

It ne'er was graced with fair renown

Nor won,—best meed to minstrel true

One favouring smile from fair

CLEUCH !

By one poor streamlet sounds its tune

And heard by one dear maid alone

VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall

Of errant knight, and damozelle ;

Of the dread knot a Wizard tied.

In punishment of maiden's pride,

In notes of marvel and of fear,

That best may charm romantic ears

For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-starr'd name !

Whose lay's requital was that tardy fame,

Who bound no laurel round his living head,

Should hang it o'er his monument when dead,—

For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,

And thread, like him, the maze of Fairy land ;

Of golden battlements to view the gleam,

And slumber soft by some Elysian stream ;

Such lays she loves,—and, such my Lucy's choice,

What other song can claim her Poet's voice ?

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

WHERE is the Maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of
Triermain?

She must be lovely, and constant, and
kind,

Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
Courteous, and generous, and noble of
blood—

Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and
dies,

Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance
in its sighs;

Courteous as monarch the morn he is
crown'd,

Generous as spring-dews that bless the
glad ground;

Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
Such must her form be, her mood, and
her strain,

That shall match with Sir Roland of
Triermain.

II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him
to sleep,

His blood it was fever'd, his breathing
was deep.

He had been pricking against the Scot,
The foray was long, and the skirmish hot;

His dinted helm and his buckler's plight

Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them
Harpers must lull him to his rest,
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.

III.

It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-
gray,

That like a silvery crape was spread
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
And faintly gleam'd each painted panel
Of the lordly halls of Triermain,

When that Baron bold awoke.
Starting he woke, and loudly did call
Rousing his menials in bower and hall
While hastily he spoke.

IV.

"Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye
Touch'd his harp with that dying fall

So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint?

And hearken, my merry-men! When
time or where

Did she pass, that maid with
heavenly brow,

With her look so sweet and her eyes
fair,

And her graceful step and her angel
And the eagle plume in her dark-brown
hair,

That pass'd from my bower
now!"

V.

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville;
Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,

"Silent, noble chieftain, we
Have sat since midnight close,

When such lulling sounds as the brook-
 let sings,
 Murmur'd from our melting strings,
 And hush'd you to repose.
 Had a harp-note sounded here,
 It had caught my watchful ear,
 Although it fell as faint and shy
 As bashful maiden's half-form'd sigh,
 When she thinks her lover near."
 Answer'd Philip of Fastwaite tall,
 He kept guard in the outer-hall,—
 "Since at eve our watch took post,
 Not a foot has thy portal cross'd ;
 Else had I heard the steps, though
 low
 And light they fell, as when earth receives,
 In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
 That drop when no winds blow."—

VI.

"Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
 Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
 When that dark castle, tower, and spire,
 Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
 And redden'd all the Nine-stane
 Hill,
 And the shrieks of death, that wildly
 broke
 Through devouring flame and smother-
 ing smoke,
 Made the warrior's heart-blood chill.
 The truest thou of all my train,
 My fleetest courser thou must rein,
 And ride to Lyulph's tower,
 And from the Baron of Triermain
 Greet well that sage of power.
 He is sprung from Druid sires,
 And British bards that tuned their lyres
 To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
 And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.
 Gifted like his gifted race,
 He the characters can trace,
 Graven deep in elder time
 Upon Hellvellyn's cliffs sublime ;
 Sign and sigil well doth he know,
 And can bode of weal and woe,
 Of kingdoms' fall, and late of wars,
 From mystic dreams and course of stars.
 He shall tell if middle earth
 To that enchanting shape gave birth,
 Or if 'twas but an airy thing.

Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
 Framed from the rainbow's varying dye
 Or fading tints of western skies.
 For, by the blessed rood I swear,
 If that fair form breathe vital air,
 No other maiden by my side
 Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride !"

VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his steed
 And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead
 Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain
 And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
 He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round
 For seats of chivalry renown'd,
 Left Mayburgh's mound and stone
 power,
 By Druids raised in magic hour,
 And traced the Eamont's winding course
 Till Ulfo's lake * beneath him lay.

VIII.

Onward he rode, the pathway still
 Winding betwixt the lake and hill ;
 Till, on the fragment of a rock,
 Struck from its base by lightning shock,
 He saw the hoary Sage :
 The silver moss and lichen twined,
 With fern and deer-hair check'd
 lined,
 A cushion fit for age ;
 And o'er him shook the aspin-tree,
 A restless rustling canopy.
 Then sprung young Henry from his seat
 And greeted Lyulph's grave,
 And then his master's tale did tell,
 And then for counsel crave.
 The Man of Years mused long and deep
 Of time's lost treasures taking keep,
 And then, as rousing from a sleep,
 His solemn answer gave.

IX.

"That maid is born of middle earth
 And may of man be won,
 Though there have glided since her birth
 Five hundred years and one.
 But where's the Knight in all the north
 That dare the adventure follow forth
 So perilous to knightly worth,
 In the valley of St. John ?

* Ulswater.

Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well ;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant 'mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale, by bard and sage,
Is handed down from Merlin's age.

X.

Igulph's Tale.

"King Arthur has ridden from merry
Carlisle,

When Pentecost was o'er :

He journey'd like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.

Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun
Cast amber'd radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant King he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill ;
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen.
The Monarch judged this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.

"O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
On vent'rous quest to ride,
In plate and mail, by wood and wold,
Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of
gold,

In princely bower to bide ;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shiver'd against his mail,
Was merrier music to his ear
Than courtier's whisper'd tale :
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To their monarch's praise
That the harpers of Reged sung.

He loved better to rest by wood or river
Than in bower of his bride, Dan
Guenever,
For he left that lady so lovely of cheer
To follow adventures of danger and fear
And the frank-hearted Monarch for
little did wot,
That she smiled, in his absence,
At the brave Lancelot.

XII.

"He rode, till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell
And though around the mountain's head
Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and
red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the
stream.

With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The King drew up his charger's rein ;
With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight
As dazzled with the level light,
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.

"Paled in by many a lotty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound
And mighty keep and tower ;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung,
The balanced drawbridge trembled
hung,
As jealous of a foe ;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,

With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
 And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
 The gloomy pass below.
 But the gray walls no banners crown'd,
 Upon the watch-tower's airy round
 No warder stood his horn to sound,
 No guard beside the bridge was found,
 And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
 Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV.

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
 In ample round did Arthur ride
 Three times ; nor living thing he spied,
 Nor heard a living sound,
 Save that, awakening from her dream,
 The owlet now began to scream,
 In concert with the rushing stream,
 That wash'd the battled moand.
 He lighted from his goodly steed,
 And he left him to graze on lank and
 mead ;
 And slowly he climb'd the narrow way,
 That reach'd the entrance grim and gray,
 And he stood the outward arch below,
 And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,
 In summons blithe and bold,
 Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
 The guardian of this dismal Keep,
 Which well he guess'd the hold
 Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
 Or pagan of gigantic limb,
 The tyrant of the wold.

XV.

"The ivory bugle's golden tip
 Twice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip,
 And twice his hand withdrew.
 - Think not but Arthur's heart was good !
 His shield was cross'd by the ble sed rood,
 Had a pagan host before him stood,
 He had charged them through and
 through ;
 Yet the silence of that ancient place
 Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
 Ere yet his horn he blew.
 But, instant as its 'larum rung,
 The castle gate was open flung,
 Portcullis rose with crashing groan
 Full harshly up its groove of stone ;
 The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
 And down the trembling drawbridge
 cast ;

The vaulted arch before him lay,
 With nought to bar the gloomy way,
 And onward Arthur paced, with hand
 On Caliburn's resistless brand.

XVI.

"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
 Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
 That lour'd along the walls,
 And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
 The inmates of the halls.
 Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
 Nor giant huge of form and limb,
 Nor heathen knight, was there ;
 But the cressets, which odours flung aloft
 Show'd by their yellow light and soft,
 A band of damsels fair.
 Onward they came, like summer wave
 That dances to the shore ;
 An hundred voices welcome gave,
 And welcome o'er and o'er !
 An hundred lovely hands assail
 The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
 And busy labour'd to unhasp
 Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
 One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
 And one flung odours on his hair ;
 His short curl'd ringlets one smooth
 down,
 One wreath'd them with a myrtle crown
 A bride upon her wedding-day,
 Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII.

"Loud laugh'd they all,—the King,
 vain,
 With questions task'd the giddy train
 Let him entreat, or crave, or call,
 'Twas one reply,—loud laugh'd they all
 Then o'er him mimic chains they flung
 Framed of the fairest flowers of spring
 While some their gentle force unite,
 Onward to drag the wondering knight
 Some, bolder, urge his pace with blow
 Dealt with the lily or the rose.
 Behind him were in triumph borne
 The warlike arms he late had worn
 Four of the train combined to rear
 The terrors of Tintadgel's spear ;
 Two, laughing at their lack of strength
 Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length

One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride ;
Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and sur-
prise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

"Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall ;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band,
(The lovely maid was scarce eigh-
teen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
Bewilder'd with surprise,
Their smother'd mirth again 'gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

"The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays ;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover's dream.
Yet e'en in that romantic age,
Ne'er were such charms by mortal
seen,
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
Advanced the castle's Queen !
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
That flash'd expression strong :
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could
brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,

Had whisper'd, 'Prince, beware !
From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that lovely snare !'—

XX.

"At once, that inward strife suppress
The dame approach'd her warlike guest
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due ;
And then she pray'd that he would ro
That night her castle's honour'd guest
The Monarch meetly thanks express'd
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest
Apace the evening flew.

XXI.

"The lady sate the Monarch by,
Now in her turn abash'd and shy,
And with indifference seem'd to hear
The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That show'd an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide ;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye
Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,
That heav'd her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepherd
know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
From the mist of morning sky ;
And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
That this assum'd restraint express'd
More ardent passions in the breast,
Than ventured to the eye.
Closer he press'd, while beakers rang
While maidens laugh'd and minstrel
sang,

Still closer to her ear—
 But why pursue the common tale?
 Or wherefore show how knights prevail
 When ladies dare to hear?
 Or wherefore trace, from what slight
 cause
 Its source one tyrant passion draws,
 Till, mastering all within,
 Where lives the man that has not tried,
 How mirth can into folly glide,
 And folly into sin!"

CANTO SECOND.

Igulph's Tale continued.

I.

"Another day, another day,
 And yet another, glides away!
 The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
 Maraud on Britain's shores again.
 Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
 Lies loitering in a lady's bower;
 The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
 Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
 And Caliburn, the British pride,
 Hangs useless by a lover's side.

II.

"Another day, another day,
 And yet another, glides away.
 Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd.
 He thinks not of the Table Round;
 In lawless love dissolved his life,
 He thinks not of his beauteous wife:
 Better he loves to snatch a flower
 From bosom of his paramour,
 Than from a Saxon knight to wrest
 The honours of his heathen crest;
 Better to wreath, 'mid tresses brown,
 The heron's plume her hawk struck down,
 Than o'er the altar give to flow
 The banners of a Paynim foe.
 Thus, week by week, and day by day,
 His life inglorious glides away;
 But she, that soothes his dream, with fear
 Beholds his hour of waking near.

III.

"Much force have mortal charms to stay
 Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way;

But Guendolen's might far outshine
 Each maid of merely mortal line.
 Her mother was of human birth,
 Her sire a Genie of the earth,
 In days of old deem'd to preside
 O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,
 By youths and virgins worshipp'd long
 With festive dance and choral song,
 Till, when the cross to Britain came,
 On heathen altars died the flame.
 Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,
 The downfall of his rights he rued,
 And, born of his resentment beir,
 He train'd to guile that lady fair,
 To sink in slothful sin and shame
 The champions of the Christian name.
 Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive
 And all to promise, nought to give,
 The timid youth had hope in store,
 The bold and pressing gain'd no more.
 As wilder'd children leave their home,
 After the rainbow's arch to roam,
 Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,
 Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

IV.

"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame
 She practised thus—till Arthur came;
 Then, frail humanity had part,
 And all the mother claim'd her heart.
 Forgot each rule her father gave,
 Sunk from a princess to a slave,
 Too late must Guendolen deplore,
 He, that has all, can hope no more!
 Now must she see her lover strain,
 At every turn, her feeble chain;
 Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
 To view each fast-decaying link.
 Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
 Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
 Each varied pleasure heard her call,
 The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
 Her storied lore she next applies,
 Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
 Now more than mortal wise, and then
 In female softness sunk again;
 Now, raptured, with each wish con-
 plying,
 With feign'd reluctance now denying
 Each charm she varied, to retain
 A varying heart—and all in vain!

V.

"Thus in the garden's narrow bound,
Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round,
Fain would the artist's skill provide,
The limits of his realms to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse, and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way——
Vain art! vain hope! 'tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim-dress'd tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI.

"Three summer months had scantily
flown,
When Arthur, in embarrass'd tone,
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a Monarch sway,
Duties, unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.—
She listen'd silently the while,
Her mood express'd in bitter smile;
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,
And oft resume the unfinish'd tale,
Confessing, by his downcast eye,
The wrong he sought to justify.
He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
And then her looks to heaven she raised;
One palm her temples veil'd, to hide
The tear that sprung in spite of pride;
The other for an instant press'd
The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.

"At her reproachful sign and look,
The hint the Monarch's conscience took.
Eager he spoke—'No, lady, no!
Deem not of British Arthur so,
Nor think he can deserter prove
To the dear pledge of mutual love.
I swear by sceptre and by sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That if a boy shall claim my care,
That boy is born a kingdom's heir;
But, if a maiden Fate allows,
To choose *that maid a fitting spouse,*

A summer-day in lists shall strive
My knights,—the bravest knights alive,
And he, the best and bravest tried,
Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride.
He spoke, with voice resolved and high
The lady deign'd him not reply.

VIII.

"At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,
Or stirr'd his wing to brush away
A single dewdrop from the spray,
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge fall
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.
The Monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonish'd ken
Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

IX.

"Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood:
Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er again
Must we two meet, in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet wilt thou
stay?
—No! thou look'st forward. Still
tend,—

Part we like lover and like friend.'
She raised the cup—'Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!'—she said and
quaff'd;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

X.

"The courteous Monarch bent him low
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink.
A drop escaped the goblet's brink—

Intense as liquid fire from hell,
 Upon the charger's neck it fell.
 Screaming with agony and fright,
 He bolted twenty feet upright—
 —The peasant still can show the dint,
 Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.—
 From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
 Scattering a shower of fiery dew,
 That burn'd and blighted where it fell!
 The frantic steed rash'd up the dell,
 As whistles from the bow the reed;
 Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,
 Until he gain'd the hill;
 Then breath and sinew fail'd apace,
 And, reeling from the desperate race,
 He stood, exhausted, still.
 The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
 Back on the fatal castle gazed—
 Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
 Darkening against the morning sky;
 But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
 The lonely streamlet brawld around
 A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
 Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
 Musing on this strange hap the while,
 The king wends back to fair Carlisle;
 And cares, that cumber royal sway,
 Wore memory of the past away.

XI.

“Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
 Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's
 head.
 Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
 The Saxons to subjection brought:
 Rython, the mighty giant, slain
 By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
 The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
 And Roman Lucius, own'd his might;
 And wide were through the world
 renown'd
 The glories of his Table Round.
 Each knight, who sought adventurous
 fame,
 To the bold court of Britain came,
 And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,
 From tyrant proud, or faitour strong,
 Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
 Nor there for aid implored in vain.

XII.

“For this the King, with pomp and pride,
 Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,

And summon'd Prince and Peer,
 All who owed homage for their land,
 Or who craved knighthood from his
 hand,
 Or who had succour to demand,
 To come from far and near.
 At such high tide, were glee and game
 Mingled with feats of martial fame,
 For many a stranger champion came,
 In lists to break a spear;
 And not a knight of Arthur's host,
 Save that he trode some foreign coast,
 But at this feast of Pentecost
 Before him must appear.
 Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
 Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
 There was a theme for bards to sound
 In triumph to their string!
 Five hundred years are past and gone,
 But time shall draw his dying groan,
 Ere he behold the British throne
 Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

“The heralds named the appointed spot
 As Caerleon or Camelot,
 Or Carlisle fair and free.
 At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
 And in fair Eamont's vale were met
 The flower of Chivalry.
 There Galaad sate with manly grace,
 Yet maiden meekness in his face;
 There Morolt of the iron mace,
 And love-lorn Tristrem there:
 And Dinadam with lively glance,
 And Lanval with the fairy lance,
 And Mordred with his look askance,
 Brunor and Bevidere.
 Why should I tell of numbers more?
 Sir Cay, Sir Bannier, and Sir Bore,
 Sir Carodac the keen,
 The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
 Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
 And Lancelot, that ever more
 Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen

XIV.

“When wine and mirth did most abound
 And harpers play'd their blythest round,
 A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
 And marshals clear'd the ring;
 A maiden, on a palfrey white,

band of damsels bright,
 Though the circle, to alight
 kneel before the King.
 With strong emotion, saw
 his boldness check'd by awe,
 like huntress of the wold,
 and baldric trapp'd with gold,
 ill'd feet, her ankles bare,
 gle-plume that deck'd her hair.
 Her veil she backward flung——

as from his seat he sprung,
 he cried, 'Guendolen!'—
 a face more frank and wild,
 the woman and the child,
 the of magic beauty smiled
 of the race of men;
 the forehead's haughty grace,
 of Britain's royal race,
 the agon's, you might ken.

XV.

she yet gracefully she said—
 hence! behold an orphan maid,
 parted mother's name,
 would protection claim!
 was sworn in desert lone,
 the valley of St. John.'
 the King the suppliant raised,
 her brow, her beauty praised;
 he said, should well be kept,
 the sea the sun was dipp'd,—
 conscious, glanced upon his queen:
 enruffled at the scene
 frailty, construed mild,
 on Lancelot and smiled.

XVI.

! each knight of gallant crest
 the tackler, spear, and brand!
 the day shall bear him best,
 in my Gyneth's hand.
 her's daughter, when a bride,
 bringing a noble dower;
 the Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
 the Carlisle town and tower.'
 that you hear each valiant knight,
 and squire that cried,
 the armour bright, and my courser
 light:
 each day that a warrior's might
 in a royal bride.'

Then cloaks and caps of maintenance
 In haste aside they fling;
 The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,
 And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
 Small care had they of their peaceful
 array,

They might gather it that wolde;
 For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,
 With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII.

"Within trumpet sound of the Table
 Round

Were fifty champions free,
 And they all arise to fight that prize,—
 They all arise but three.
 Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath,
 One gallant could withhold,
 For priests will allow of a broken vow,
 For penance or for gold.

But sigh and glance from ladies bright
 Among the troop were thrown,
 To plead their right, and true-love plight,
 And 'plain of honour flown.
 The knights they busied them so fast,
 With buckling spur and belt,
 That sigh and look, by ladies cast,
 Were neither seen nor felt.

From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
 Each gallant turns aside,
 And only thought, 'If speeds my lance,
 A queen becomes my bride!
 She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
 And Carlisle tower and town;
 She is the loveliest maid, beside,
 That ever heir'd a crown.'

So in haste their coursers they bestride,
 And strike their visors down.

XVIII.

"The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
 Have throng'd into the list,
 And but three knights of Arthur's court
 Are from the tourney miss'd.
 And still these lovers' fame survives
 For faith so constant shown,—
 There were two who loved their neigh-
 bours' wives,

And one who loved his own.
 The first was Lancelot de Lac,
 The second Tristrem bold,
 The third was valiant Carodac,
 Who won the cup of gold,

What time, of all King Arthur's crew,
 (Thereof came jeer and laugh,)
 He, as the mate of lady true,
 Alone the cup could quaff
 Thoughenvy's tongue would fain surmise,
 That, but for very shame,
 Sir Caradoc, to fight it at prize,
 Had given both cup and dame;
 Yet, since but one of that fair court
 Was true to wedlock's shrine,
 Brand him who will with base report, —
 He shall be free from mine.

XIX.

"Now caracol'd the steeds in air,
 Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
 As all around the lists so wide
 In panoply the champions ride
 King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
 The flower of chivalry march by,
 The bulwark of the Christian creed,
 The kingdom's shield in hour of need
 Too late he thought him of the woe
 Might from their civil conflict flow;
 For well he knew they would not part
 Till cold was many a gallant heart.
 His hasty vow he gan to rue,
 And Gyneth then apart he drew;
 To her his leading-staff resign'd,
 But added caution grave and kind.

XX.

"Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
 I bid the tramp for tourney sound.
 Take thou my wanderer as the queen
 And amant of the martial scene,
 But mark this — as Beauty bright
 Is polar star to valiant knight,
 As at her word his sword he draws,
 His fairest guerdon her applause,
 So gentle maid should never ask
 Of knight hood vain and dangerous task;
 And beauty's eyes should ever be
 Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
 And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace,
 And bid the storm of battle cease.
 I tell thee this, lest all too fur
 These knights — see — turn into war
 But he at the trumpet let them go,
 And fairly counter blow for blow; —

No striplings these, who succour
 For a rated helm or talisman need.
 But, Gyneth, when the strife began,
 And threatens death, or deadly pain,
 Thy sire entreats, thy king beseeches,
 Thou drop the warder for thy he,
 Trust thou thy father with the king,
 Doubt not he chose thee fitting
 Nor be it said, through Gyneth's
 A rose of Arthur's chaplet shed."

XXI.

"A proud and discontented glow
 O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of
 She put the warler by —
 'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she
 'Thus chaffer'd down and limited
 Debased and narrow'd for a maid
 Of less degree than I
 No petty chief, but holds his hear
 At a more honour'd price and rate
 Than Britain's King biddeth
 Although the sun-burn'd maid, for
 Has but her father's rugged tower
 His barren hill and lee.'
 King Arthur swore, 'By crown
 sword,
 As belted knight and Britain's lord
 That a whole summer's day should
 His knights, the bravest knights all
 'Recall thine oath' and to her gl
 Poor Gyneth can return again;
 Not on thy daughter will the stain
 That suits thy sword and crown, re
 But think not she will ever be brid
 Save to the bravest, proudest and
 Pendragon's daughter will not fear
 For clashing sword or splinter'd
 Nor shrink though blood
 flow,
 And all too well sad Guendolen
 Hath taught the faithlessness of
 That child of hers should pity, wh
 Their meed they undergo."

XXII.

"He frown'd and sigh'd, the Me
 bold
 'I give what I may not withhold
 For not for danger, dread, or de
 Must British Arthur break his fair

e I mark, thy mother's art
 ught thee this relentless part.
 her not, for she had wrong,
 to these my faults belong.
 en, the warder as thou wilt;
 t me, that, if life be spilt,
 ur's love, in Arthur's grace,
 shall lose a daughter's place.'
 at he turn'd his head aside,
 ok'd to gaze upon her pride,
 n the truncheon raised, she sate
 itress of mortal fate;
 ok'd to mark, in ranks disposed,
 e bold champions stood opposed,
 ill the trumpet-flourish fell
 is ear like passing bell!
 t from sight of martial fray
 ain's hero turn away.

XXIII.

yneth heard the clangour high,
 s the hawk the partridge cry.
 ne her not! the blood was hers,
 the trumpet's summons stirs!—
 n the gentlest female eye
 ne brave strife of chivalry
 while untroubled view;
 accomplish'd was each knight,
 e and to defend in fight,
 eeting was a goodly sight,
 ile plate and mail held true.
 ts with painted plumes were
 trown,
 ie wind at random thrown,
 and breastplate bloodless shone,
 d their feather'd crests alone
 ould this encounter rue.
 r, as the combat grows,
 mpet's cheery voice arose,
 k's shrill song the flourish flows,
 while the gale of April blows
 e merry greenwood through.

XXIV.

on to earnest grew their game,
 rs drew blood, the swords struck
 ame,
 orse and man, to ground there
 ame
 ights, who shall rise no more!
 is the pride the war that graced,
 lds were cleft, and crests defaced,

And steel coats riven, and helms un-
 braced,
 And pennons stream'd with gore.
 Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
 And desperate strength made deadly way
 At random through the bloody fray,
 And blows were dealt with headlong
 sway,
 Unheeding where they fell;
 And now the trumpet's clamours seem
 Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
 Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulfling stream,
 The sinking seaman's knell!

XXV.

"Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate
 Would Camlan's ruin antedate,
 And spare dark Mordred's crime;
 Already gasping on the ground
 Lie twenty of the Table Round,
 Of chivalry the prime.
 Arthur, in anguish, tore away
 From head and beard his tresses gray,
 And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,
 And quaked with ruth and fear;
 But still she deem'd her mother's shade
 Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
 The sign that had the slaughter staid,
 And chid the rising tear.
 Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
 Helias the White, and Lionel,
 And many a champion more;
 Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
 And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
 Lies gasping in his gore.
 Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd
 Even to the confines of the list,
 Young Vanoc of the beardless face,
 (Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)
 O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,
 His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.
 But then the sky was overcast,
 Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,
 And, rent by sudden throes,
 Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
 And from the gulf,—tremendous birth!--
 The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI.

"Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed
 The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,

And sternly raised his hand :—
 'Madmen,' he said, 'your strife forbear !
 And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear
 The doom thy fates demand !
 Long shall close in stony sleep
 Eyes for ruth that would not weep ;
 Iron lethargy shall seal
 Heart that pity scorn'd to feel.
 Yet, because thy mother's art
 Warp'd thine unsuspecting heart,
 And for love of Arthur's race,
 Punishment is blent with grace,
 Thou shalt bear thy penance lone
 In the valley of Saint John,
 And this weird * shall overtake thee ;
 Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,
 For feats of arms as far renown'd
 As warrior of the Table Round.
 Long endurance of thy slumber
 Well may teach the world to number
 All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
 When the Red Cross champions died.'

XXVII.

"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
 Slumber's load begins to lie ;
 Fear and anger vainly strive
 Still to keep its light alive.
 Twice, with effort and with pause,
 O'er her brow her hand she draws ;
 Twice her strength in vain she tries,
 From the fatal chair to rise ;
 Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
 Vanoe's death must now be wroken.
 Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
 Curtaining each azure ball,
 Slowly as on summer eves
 Violets fold their dusky leaves.
 The weighty baton of command
 Now bears down her sinking hand,
 On her shoulder droops her head ;
 Net of pearl and golden thread,
 Bursting, gave her locks to flow
 O'er her arm and breast of snow.
 And so lovely seem'd she there,
 Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
 That her angry sire, repenting,
 Craved stern Merlin for relenting,
 And the champions, for her sake,
 Would again the contest wake ;

* Doom.

Till, in necromantic night,
 Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

XXVIII.

"Still she bears her weird alone,
 In the Valley of Saint John ;
 And her semblance oft will seem,
 Mingling in a champion's dream,
 Of her weary lot to 'plain,
 And crave his aid to burst her chain
 While her wondrous tale was new,
 Warriors to her rescue drew,
 East and west, and south and north
 From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth
 Most have sought in vain the glen,
 Tower nor castle could they ken ;
 Not at every time or tide,
 Nor by every eye, descried.
 Fast and vigil must be borne,
 Many a night in watching worn,
 Ere an eye of mortal powers
 Can discern those magic towers
 Of the persevering few,
 Some from hopeless task withdrew,
 When they read the dismal threat
 Graved upon the gloomy gate.
 Few have braved the yawning door,
 And those few return'd no more.
 In the lapse of time forgot,
 Wellnigh lost is Gyneth's lot ;
 Sound her sleep as in the tomb,
 Till waken'd by the tramp of doom."

End of Llynph's Tale.

HERE pause, my tale ; for all too soon
 My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
 Already from thy lofty dome
 Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
 And each, to kill the goodly day
 That God has granted them, his way
 Of lazy sauntering has sought ;
 Lordlings and wittings not a few
 Incapable of doing aught,
 Yet ill at ease with nought to do
 Here is no longer place for me ;
 For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see
 Some phantom, fashionably thin,
 With limb of lath and kerchief'd chin
 And lounging gape, or sneering grin
 Steal sudden on our privacy.

ow should I, so humbly born,
e the graceful spectre's scorn?
ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
glish oak is hard at hand.

II.

nt the hour be all too soon
essian boot and pantaloons,
rant the lounge seldom strays
d the smooth and gravelled maze,
ve the gods, that Fashion's train
hearts of more adventurous strain.
are hers, who scorn to trace
rules from Nature's boundless
grace,

eir right paramount assert
it her by pedant art,
ng whate'er of vast and fair
is a canvass three feet square.
ticket, for their *gumption* fit,
rnish such a happy *bit*.

too, are hers, wont to recite
own sweet lays by waxen light,
the salver's tingle drown'd,
the *chasse-casé* glides around;
ch may hither secret stray,
our an extempore:
rtsman, with his boisterous hollo,
ere his wiser spaniel follow,
ge-struck Juliet may presume
ose this bower for tiring-room;
e alike must shun regard,
painter, player, sportsman, bard.
that skim in Fashion's sky,
blue-bottle, or butterfly,
have all alarms for us,
can hum and all can buzz.

III.

, my Lucy, say how long
ll must dread this trifling throng,
oop to hide, with coward art,
guine feelings of the heart!
rents thine, whose just command
rule their child's obedient hand;
ardians, with contending voice,
ach his individual choice.
hich is Lucy's?—Can it be
any fop, trimm'd cap-a-pee,
oves in the saloon to show
ms that never knew a foe;

Whose sabre trails along the ground,
Whose legs in shapeless boots are
drown'd;

A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;
One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,

Who comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery,
Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner of modern days?

IV.

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
So early train'd for statesman's part,
Who talks of honour, faith and truth,
As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls "order," and "divides the house,"
Who "craves permission to reply,"
Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
A *motion*, you should gladly *second*!

V.

What, neither? Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains preferr'd?—
O why, my Lucy, turn aside,
With that quick glance of injured pride?
Forgive me, love, I cannot bear
That alter'd and resentful air.
Were all the wealth of Russel mine,
And all the rank of Howard's line,
All would I give for leave to dry
That dewdrop trembling in thine eye.
Think not I fear such fops can wile
From Lucy more than careless smile;
But yet if wealth and high degree
Give gilded counters currency,
Must I not fear, when rank and birth
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?
Nobles there are, whose martial fires
Rival the fame that raised their sires,
And patriots, skill'd through storms of
fate
To guide and guard the reeling state.

Such, such there are—If such should
come,

Arthur must tremble and be dumb,
Self-exiled seek some distant shore,
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm,
That I see clings to Arthur's arm?
Or is it, that the rugged way
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?
Oh, no! for on the vale and brake,
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,
And this trim sward of velvet green,
Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.
That pressure slight was but to tell,
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And fain would banish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII.

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one restless spell—
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?
'Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase,
A landnet and four flood hays,
But hands agree this wizard band
Can but be found in Northern land.
'Tis there nay, draw not back thy
hand!

'Tis there this slender finger round
Must gild an amulet be bound,
Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer,
Can change to rapture lovers' care,
And doubt and jealousy shall die,
And fears give place to ecstasy.

VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has been thy lover's tale and song.
O, why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And wilt not Lucy deign to say
One word her friend I th bless?
I ask but one—a simple sound,
With three little letters bound,
O, let the word be YES!

CANTO THIRD

INTRODUCTION.

I.

Long loved, long woo'd, and late
My life's best hope, and now my fate
Doth not this rude and Alpine
Recall our favourite haunts of age?
A wild resemblance we can trace
Though rest of every softer grace
As the rough warrior's brow may
A likeness to a sister fair
Full well advised our Highland
That this wild pass on foot be
While round Ben-Cruach's rugged
Wheel the slow steeds and
chaise

The keen old carle, with Scottish
He praised his glen and mountains
An eye he bears for nature's tale
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace
Even in such mean degree we
The subtle Scots of serving men
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder
But when old Allan would rap
Of Beal na parish* the Celtic
His bonnet doff'd, and bow'd
His legend to my bonny bride
While Lucy blush'd beneath his
Courteous and cautious, shrewd

II.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we
Plunged in the vale, the distant
Turn thee, my love! look back on
To the blue lake's retiring shore
On its smooth breast the shallop
Like objects in a morning dream
What time the slumberer is aw
He sleeps, and all the vision's
Even so, on vanderlip I saw
In hues of bright reflection clear
Distinct the shaggy mountains
Distinct the rocks, distinct the
The summer clouds so clear and
That we might count each star
We gaze and we admire, yet lo!
The scene is all delusive show.

* Beal-na-parish, the Vale of the B.

ns of bliss would Arthur draw,
his Lucy's form he saw ;
and sicken'd as he drew,
; they could e'er prove true !

III.

, turn thee now, to view
e fair glen, our destined way:
path that we pursue,
h'd but by greener hue,
s round the purple brae,
fine flowers of varied dye
t serve, or tapestry.
he little runnels leap,
of silver, down the steep,
vell the brooklet's moan !
t the Highland Naiad grieves,
while her crown she weaves,
birch, and alder leaves,
vely, and so lone.
illusion there ; these flowers,
ng brook, these lovely bowers,
Lucy, all our own ;
e thine Arthur call'd thee wife,
is the prospect of his life,
path, on-winding still,
ng brook and sloping hill.
that mortals cannot tell
ts them in the distant dell ;
hap, or be it harm,
the pathway arm in arm.

IV.

, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
y bidding twice deny,
ice you pray'd I would again
he legendary strain
ld knight of Triermain ?
yon peevish vow you swore,
would sue to me no more,
minstrel fit drew near,
e me prize a listening ear.
liest, when thou first didst pray
nce of the knightly lay,
ot on the happy day
: made thy hand mine own ?
izzied with mine ecstasy,
past, or present, or to be,
or think on, hear, or see,
; Lucy, thee alone !
draught my rapture was,
hemist's magic gas.

V.

Again the summons I denied
In yon fair capital of Clyde :
My Harp—or let me rather choose
The good old classic form—my Muse,
(For Harp's an over-scuted phrase,
Worn out by bards of modern days,)
My Muse, then—seldom will she wake,
Save by dim wood and silent lake ;
She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread
Where the soft greensward is inlaid
With varied moss and thyme ;
And, lest the simple lily-braid,
That coronets her temples, fade,
She hides her still in greenwood shade,
To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes ! The murmur dear
Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
The glade hath won her eye ;
She longs to join with each blithe rill
That dances down the Highland hill,
Her blither melody.
And now, my Lucy's way to cheer,
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
How closed the tale, my love whilere
Loved for its chivalry.
List how she tells, in notes of flame,
"Child Roland to the dark tower came !"

CANTO THIRD.

I.

BEWCASTLE now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall ;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plundered flocks
The Borderers bootless may complain ;
They lack the sword of brave De Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord, on high adventure bound,
Hath wander'd forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the valley of Saint John.

II.

When first began his vigil bold,
The moon twelve summer nights was old,
And shone both fair and full ;
High in the vault of cloudless blue,
O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw
Her light composed and cool.
Stretch'd on the brown hill's heathy
breast,

Sir Roland eyed the vale ;
Chief where, distinguish'd from the rest,
Those clustering rocks uprear'd their
crest,

The dwelling of the fair distress'd,
As told gray Lylph's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright,
In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckler's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
As on a crystal well.

III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the mound the moonlight
stream'd,

It aiter'd to his eyes :
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttress'd walls their shapeless range,
Fain think by transmutation strange,
He saw gray turrets rise
But scarce his heart with hope throbb'd
high,

Before the wild illusions fly,
Which fancy had conceived,
Abetted by an anxious eye
That long'd to be deceived.
It was a fond deception all,
Such as, in solitary hall,

Beguailes the musing eye,
When gazing on the sinking fire,
Bulwark, and battlement, and spare,
In the red gulf we spy
For, seen by moon of middle night,
Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
Or by the dawn of morning light,
Or evening's western flame,

In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
The rocks remain'd the same.

IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed
Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it
Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled
At distance seen, resembled
To a rough fortress bore
Yet still his watch the Warrior
Feeds hard and spare, and seldom
And drinks but of the well ;
Ever by day he walks the hill,
And when the evening gale is chill
He seeks a rocky cell,
Like hermit poor to lead his hours
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every saint at need,
For aid to burst his spell.

V.

And now the moon her orb has
And dwindled to a silver thread,
Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast
Before the fury of the blast

The midnight cicadas are dead
The brooklet raved, for on the hill
The upland showers had swelled
And down the torrent's course
Mutter'd the distant thunder droll
And frequent o'er the vale was
A sheet of lightning flame.

De Vaux, within his mountain cell
(No human step the storm durst
To moidy meditation gave
Each faculty of soul,
Till, lull'd by distant torrent sound
And the sad winds that whistled
Upon his thoughts, in musing droll
A broken slumber stole.

VI.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound
(Sound, strange and fearful to
hear,
'Mongst desert hills, where, lone
around,

Dwelt but the gorgecock and the
As, starting from his perch of fern
Again he heard in clangor stern,
That deep and solemn swell

Some times, in measured tone, it spoke,
Some proud minster's pealing clock,
Or city's laram-bell.

That thought was Roland's first when
fell,

That deep wilderness, the knell
Upon his startled ear?
Under warrior were I loth,
Just I hold my minstrel troth,—
That was a thought of fear.

VII.

How lovely was the mingled thrill
That chased that momentary chill,
For Love's keen wish was there,
For eager Hope, and Valour high,
The proud glow of Chivalry,
That burn'd to do and dare.
From the cave the Warrior rush'd,
Where the mountain-voice was
hush'd,

That answer'd to the knell;
Nigh and far the unwonted sound,
Ringing in echoes round and round,
Was toss'd from fell to fell;
Blaramara answer flung,
Brisdale-pike responsive rung,
Legbert heights their echoes swung,
As far as Derwent's dell.

VIII.

Upon trackless darkness gazed
That night, bedeaft and amazed,
Still all was hush'd and still,
The swoln torrent's sullen roar,
The night-blast that wildly bore
Its course along the hill.
On the northern sky there came
It, as of reflected flame,
And over Legbert-head,
By magic art controll'd,
That meteor slowly roll'd
Its orb of fiery red;
You wouldst have thought some demon
Dire
Mounted on that car of fire,
To do his errand dread.
In the sloping valley's course,
Ticket, rock, and torrent hoarse,
Le and Scrae,* and Fell and Force,†
A dusky light arose:

Bank of loose stones. † Waterfall.

Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene;
Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,
Even the gay thicket's summer green,
In bloody tincture glows.

IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams set,
At eve. upon the coronet
Of that enchanted mound,
And seen but crags at random flung,
That, o'er the brawling torrent hung,
In desolation frown'd.
What sees he by that meteor's lour?—
A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,
Return the lurid gleam,
With battled walls and buttress fast,
And barbican ‡ and ballium § vast,
And airy flanking towers, that cast
Their shadows on the stream.
'Tis no deceit! distinctly clear
Crenell|| and parapet appear,
While o'er the pile that meteor drear
Makes momentary pause;
Then forth its solemn path it drew,
And fainter yet and fainter grew
Those gloomy towers upon the view,
As its wild light withdraws.

X.

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,
O'er crag and stream, through briar and
bush;
Yet far he had not sped,
Ere sunk was that portentous light
Behind the hills, and utter night
Was on the valley spread.
He paused perforce, and blew his horn,
And, on the mountain-echoes borne,
Was heard an answering sound,
A wild and lonely trumpet note,—
In middle air it seem'd to float
High o'er the battled mound;
And sounds were heard, as when a guard
Of some proud castle, holding ward,
Pace forth their nightly round.
The valiant Knight of Triermaln
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
But answer came there none;

‡ The outer defence of the castle gate.

§ Fortified court.

|| Apertures for shooting arrows.

And 'mid the mingled wind and rain,
 Darkling he sought the vale in vain,
 Until the dawning shone;
 And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight
 Distinctly seen by meteor light,
 It all had pass'd away
 And that enchanted mount once more
 A pile of granite fragments bore,
 As at the close of day.

XI.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart
 Scorn'd from his vent'ur'd quest to part,
 He walks the vale once more;
 But only sees, by night or day,
 That shatter'd pile of rocks so gray,
 Hears but the torrent's roar
 Till when, through links of azure borne,
 The moon renew'd her silver horn,
 Just at the time her waning ray
 Had faded in the dawning day,
 A summer mist arose;
 Adown the vale the vapours float,
 And cloudy undulations moat
 That tufted mount of mystic note,
 As round its base they close.
 And higher now the fleecy tide
 Ascends its stern and shaggy side,
 Until the airy billows hide
 The rock's majestic tale;
 It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,
 By some fantastical fairy drawn
 Around enchanted pile

XII.

The breeze came softly down the brook,
 And, sighing as it flew,
 The veil of silver mist it shook,
 And to De Vaux's eager look
 Renew'd that wondrous view.
 For, though the loitering vapour braved
 The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
 Its mantle's dewy fold,
 And still, when shook that filmy screen,
 Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
 And Gothic battlements between
 Their gloomy length unroll'd.
 Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
 Once more the fleeting vision die!
 —The gallant knight can speed
 As prompt and light as, when the hound
 Is opening, and the horn is wound,
 Careers the hunter's steed.

Down the steep dell his course
 Hath rivall'd archer's shaft;
 But ere the mound he could reach
 The rocks their shapely forms
 And, mocking him, his lance
 The mountain spurs laugh
 Far up the echoing dell was heard
 Their wild unearthly shout of scorn

XIII.

Wrath wax'd the Warrior
 Fool'd by the enemies of men,
 Like a poor hind, whose hew
 Is haunted by malicious fay
 Is Triermaln become your taunt,
 De Vaux your scorn? False
 avoant!

A weighty curtal-axe he bore,
 The baleful blade so bright and
 And the tough shaft of hewn oak
 Were set in Scottish gore and
 Backward his stately form he bore
 And at the rocks the weapon
 Just where one crag's projected
 Hung proudly balanced o'er the
 Hurl'd with main force, the
 shock

Rent a huge fragment of the rock
 If by mere strength, 'twere hard
 Or if the blow dissolved some
 But down the headlong ruin came
 With cloud of dust and flash of
 Down bank, o'er bush, its course
 borne,

Crush'd lay the copse, the earth
 torn,
 Till staid at length, the ruin'd
 Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed
 And bade the waters' high swells
 Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Triermaln
 Survey'd the mound's rude front
 And, lo! the ruin had laid bare,
 Hewn in the stone, a winding stair
 Whose moss'd and fractured steps

The means the summit to ascend
 And by whose aid the brave De
 Began to scale these magic rocks
 And soon a platform won.

the wild witchery to close,
 In three lances' length arose
 The Castle of Saint John !
 A stately phantom of the air,
 Its armor-blazon'd show was there ;
 In morning splendour, full and fair,
 The massive fortress shone.

XV.

Upright high and proudly tower'd,
 Flanked by pond'rous flankers, lower'd
 The portal's gloomy way.
 High for six hundred years and more,
 Its length had brook'd the tempest's
 Roar,
 Its cutcheon'd emblems which it bore
 Had suffer'd no decay :
 From the eastern battlement
 It had made sheer descent,
 Down in recent ruin rent,
 In the mid torrent lay.
 O'er the Castle's brow sublime,
 Signs of violence or of time
 Unfelt had pass'd away.
 Timeless characters of yore,
 On its gate this stern inscription bore :—

XVI.

Inscription.

Once waits the destined day,
 When strength can clear the cumber'd way.
 For, who hast waited long,
 Of soul, of sinew strong,
 Given to thee to gaze
 On the pile of ancient days.
 The mortal builder's hand
 On enduring fabric plann'd ;
 And sigil, word of power,
 On the earth raised keep and tower.
 It o'er, and pace it round,
 Part, turret, battled mound.
 No more ! To cross the gate
 To tamper with thy fate ;
 Strength and fortitude were vain,
 It o'er—and turn again."—

XVII.

"It would I," said the Warrior bold,
 That my frame were bent and old,
 My youthful blood dropp'd slow and cold
 As icicle in thaw ;

But while my heart can feel it dance,
 Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
 And this good arm wields sword or lance,
 I mock these words of awe !"

He said ; the wicket felt the sway
 Of his strong hand, and straight gave way,
 And, with rude crash and jarring bray,

The rusty bolts withdraw ;
 But o'er the threshold as he strode,
 And forward took the vaulted road,
 An unseen arm, with force amain,
 The ponderous gate flung close again,
 And rusted bolt and bar
 Spontaneous took their place once more,
 While the deep arch with sullen roar
 Return'd their surly jar.

"Now closed is the gin and the prey
 within

By the Rood of Lanercost !
 But he that would win the war-wolf's
 skin,

May rue him of his boast."
 Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,
 By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port
 Led to the Castle's outer court :
 There the main fortress, broad and tall,
 Spread its long range of bower and hall,
 And towers of varied size,

Wrought with each ornament extreme,
 That Gothic art, in wildest dream

Of fancy, could devise ;
 But full between the Warrior's way
 And the main portal arch, there lay

An inner moat ;
 Nor bridge nor boat
 Affords De Vaux the means to cross
 The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
 His arms aside in haste he flings,
 Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
 And down falls helm, and down the
 shield,

Rough with the dints of many a field.
 Fair was his manly form, and fair
 His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair,
 When, all unarm'd, save that the brand
 Of well-proved metal graced his hand,
 With nought to fence his dauntless breast
 But the close gipon's* under-vest,

* A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.

Whose sullied buff the sable stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains, —
Roland De Vaux upon the brim
Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

XIX.

Accounted thus he dared the tide,
And soon he reach'd the farther side,
And enter'd soon the Hold,
And paced a hall, whose walls so wide
Were blazon'd all with feats of pride,
By warrior's done of old.
In middle lists they counter'd here,
While trumpets seem'd to blow;
And there, in den or desert drear,
They quell'd gigantic foe,
Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.
Strange in their arms, and strange in face,
Heroes they seem'd of ancient race,
Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name,
Forgotten long by later fame,
Were here depicted, to appal
Those of an age degenerate,
Whose bold intrusion craved their fate
In this enchanted hall.
For some short space, the venturous
Knight
With these high marvels fed his sight,
Then sought the chamber's upper end,
Where three broad easy steps ascend
To an arch'd portal door,
In whose broad foliing leaves of state
Was framed a wicket window-grate,
And ere he ventured more,
The gallant Knight took earnest view
The grated wicket-window through.

XX.

O, for his arms! Of martial weed
Had never mortal Knight such need! —
He spied a stately gallery; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
The vaulting, and the floor;
And, contrast strange! on either hand
There stood array'd in sable band
Four Maids whom Afric bore;
And each a Lybian tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
As Lucy's golden hair,
For the leash that bound these monsters
dread

Was but of gossamer.
Each Masien's short tartan vest
Left all undressed the knee and breast,
And limbs of shaggy jet,
White was their vest and tunic
On arms and ankles rings of gold
In savage pomp were set,
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hand an assagai
Such and so silent stood they then
That Roland well nigh hoped
He saw a band of statues rare,
Station'd the gazer's soul to stare.
But, when the wicket opened,
Each grisly beast 'gan upward den
Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his limbs
Scented the air, and lick'd his jaws
While these weird Maids, in
tongue,

A wild and dismal warning sang.

XXI.

"Rash Adventurer, bear thee hence
Dread the spell of Dahomay!
Fear the race of Zaharak,*
Daughters of the burning day!

"When the whirlwind's gusts are
ing,
Ours it is the dance to braid;
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,
Join the measure that we tread
When the Moon has don'd her
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad woe,
Music meet for such as we.

"Where the shatter'd columns lie
Showing Carthage once had been
If the wandering Saint in's eye
Our mysterious rites hath seen,
Oft he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
'Azrael's brand hath left the shen
Moslems, thank upon the tomb.

"Ours the scorpion, ours the snake
Ours the hydra of the fen,
Ours the tiger of the brake,
All that plagues the sons of men.

* Zaharak or Zaharah is the Arab of the Great Desert.

the tempest's midnight wrack,
 lence that wastes by day—
 the race of Zaharak!
 the spell of Dahomay!"

XXII.

h and strange the accents shrill
 ; those vaulted roofs among,
 : was ere, faint and still,
 the far-resounding song.
 yet the distant echoes roll,
 arrior communed with his soul.
 en first I took this venturous
 quest,
 wore upon the rood,
 to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
 or evil or for good.
 ward path too well I ween,
 nder fearful ranks between ;
 n unarm'd, 'tis bootless hope
 gers and with fiends to cope—
 I turn, what waits me there,
 mine dire and fell despair?—
 onclusion let me try,
 choose howe'er I list, I die.
 d, lies faith and knightly fame ;
 , are perjury and shame.
 or death I hold my word!"
 at he drew his trusty sword,
 down a banner from the wall,
 tered thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.

h each wayward Maiden threw
 arthy arm, with wild halloo!
 er side a tiger sprung—
 : the leftward foe he flung
 dy banner, to engage
 ungling folds the brutal rage ;
 ht-hand monster in mid air
 ck so fiercely and so fair,
 h gullet and through spinal bone,
 nchant blade hath sheerly gone.
 sly brethren ramp'd and yell'd,
 slight leash their rage withheld,
 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous
 oad
 though swift, the champion
 strode.
 the gallery's bound he drew,
 ss'd an open portal through ;

And when against pursuit he flung
 The gate, judge if the echoes rung !
 Onward his daring course he bore,
 While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,
 Wild jubilee and loud hurra
 Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV.

"Hurra, hurra ! Our watch is done !
 We hail once more the tropic sun.
 Pallid beams of northern day,
 Farewell, farewell ! Hurra, hurra !

"Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
 Hath the pale sun come round agen ;
 Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er
 Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

"Warrior ! thou, whose dauntless heart
 Gives us from our ward to part,
 Be as strong in future trial,
 Where resistance is denial.

"Now for Afric's glowing sky,
 Zwenga wide and Atlas high,
 Zaharak and Dahomay !—
 Mount the winds ! Hurra, hurra !"

XXV.

The wizard song at distance died,
 As if in ether borne astray,
 While through waste halls and chambers
 wide

The Knight pursued his steady way,
 Till to a lofty dome he came,
 That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
 As if the wealth of all the world
 Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
 For here the gold, in sandy heaps,
 With duller earth incorporate, sleeps ;
 Was there in ingots piled, and there
 Coin'd badge of empery it bare ;
 Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
 Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring
 ray,

Like the pale moon in morning day ;
 And in the midst four Maidens stand,
 The daughters of some distant land.
 Their hue was of the dark-red dye,
 That fringes oft a thunder sky ;
 Their hands palmetto baskets bare,
 And cotton fillets bound their hair ;

Slim was their form, their mien was shy,
To earth they bent the humbled eye,
Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd,
And thus their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.

XXVI.

CHORUS.

"See the treasures Merlin piled,
Portion meet for Arthur's child,
Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!"

FIRST MAIDEN.

"See these clots of virgin gold!
Sever'd from the sparry mould,
Nature's mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie;
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin."—

SECOND MAIDEN.

"See these pearls, that long have slept;
These were tears by Naxos wept
For the loss of Marinell.
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them, till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

THIRD MAIDEN.

"Does a livelier hue delight?
Here are rubies blazing bright,
Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between;
Here their varied hues unite,
In the changeful chrysolite."—

FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all, and look on mine!
While their glories I expand,
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.
Mid day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORUS.

"Warrior, seize the splendid store;
Would 'twere all our mountains bore!
We should ne'er in future story,
Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"

XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight
Waved aside the treasures bright—

"Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
But not thus my destined way.
Let these beasted brimant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys.
Bid your streams of rest expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw ne'er need
Save to purvey him arms and food.
And all the ore he deign'd to bore
Inlays his helm, and fillets his sword.
Thus gently parting from their hoard
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold."

XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry.
When, lo! a plashing sound he heard
A gladsome signal that he near
Some frolic water-cure,
And soon he reach'd a court-yard
Where, dancing in the sunny air,
Toss'd high aloft, a fountain jet
Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left, a forest wide,
In long perspective view'd display'd
Alleys and bowers, for sun and shade,
But, full in front, a door,
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as if
To the lone dwelling of the dead,
Whose memory was no more.

XXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space
To bathe his parched lips and face
And mark'd with well pleased eye
Refracted in the fountain stream
In rainbow hues the gazing beam
Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild control,
Like that which lulls the weary soul
From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives
The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood
As if the Nymphs of field and flower
In gay procession came.

Are these of such fantastic mould,
 Seen distant down the fair arcade,
 These Maids enlink'd in sister-fold,
 Who, late at bashful distance staid,
 Now tripping from the greenwood
 shade,
 Nearer the musing champion draw,
 And, in a pause of seeming awe,
 Again stand doubtful now?—
 Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
 That seems to say, "To please be ours,
 Be yours to tell us how."
 Their hue was of the golden glow
 That suns of Candahar bestow,
 O'er which in slight suffusion flows
 A frequent tinge of paly rose;
 Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
 In nature's justest symmetry;
 And, wreathed with flowers, with odours
 graced,
 Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:
 In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
 The hennah lent each shapely nail,
 And the dark sumah gave the eye
 More liquid and more lustrous dye.
 The spotless veil of misty lawn,
 In studied disarrangement, drawn
 The form and bosom o'er,
 To win the eye, or tempt the touch,
 For modesty show'd all too much—
 Too much—yet promised more.

XXXI.

"Gentle Knight, a while delay,"
 Thus they sung, "thy toilsome way,
 While we pay the duty due
 To our Master and to you.
 Over Avarice, over Fear,
 Love triumphant led thee here;
 Warrior, list to us, for we
 Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
 Though no treasured gems have we,
 To proffer on the bended knee,
 Though we boast nor arm nor heart,
 For the assagay or dart,
 Swains allow each simple girl
 Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;
 Or, if dangers more you prize,
 Flatterers find them in our eyes.

"Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,
 Rest till evening steal on day;

Stay, O, stay!—in yonder bowers
 We will braid thy locks with flowers,
 Spread the feast and fill the wine,
 Charm thy ear with sounds divine,
 Weave our dances till delight
 Yield to languor, day to night.
 Then shall she you most approve,
 Sing the lays that best you love,
 Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,
 Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,
 Till the weary night be o'er—
 Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more?
 Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—s
 Is slave to Love and slave to thee."

XXXII.

O, do not hold it for a crime
 In the bold hero of my rhyme,
 For Stoic look,
 And meet rebuke,
 He lack'd the heart or time;
 As round the band of sirens trip,
 He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip,
 And press'd another's proffer'd hand,
 Spoke to them all in accents bland,
 But broke their magic circle through;
 "Kind Maids," he said, "adieu, adieu
 My fate, my fortune, forward lies."
 He said, and vanish'd from their eyes
 But, as he dared that darksome way,
 Still heard behind their lovely lay:
 "Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!
 Go, where the feelings of the heart
 With the warm pulse in concord move
 Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

XXXIII.

Downward De Vaux through dark
 some ways
 And ruin'd vaults has gone.
 Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
 Or safe retreat, seem'd none,—
 And e'en the dismal path he strays
 Grew worse as he went on.
 For cheerful sun, for living air,
 Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
 Whose fearful light the dangers show
 That dogg'd him on that dreadful road
 Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
 They show'd, but show'd not how to
 shun.

These scenes of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poison'd air,
How glally had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 'twere to face yon tigers ranged!

Nay, soothful bards have said,
So perilous his state seem'd now,
He wish'd him under arbour bough
With Asia's willing maid
When, joyful sound that distance near
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
And as it ceased, a lofty lay
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV.

"Son of Honour, theme of story,
Think on the reward before ye!
Danger, darkness, toil despise;
'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

"He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand and foot and knee he tries;
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

"I lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay.
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power, and Conqueror's
glory!"

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the Wanderer found,
And then a turret stair.
Nor climb'd he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,
And next a welcome glimpse was given,
That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.

At length his toil had won
A lofty hall with trophies dress'd
Where, as to greet imperial guest,
Four Maidens stood, whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all,
The first a nymph of lively Gaul,
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her borrow'd air of awe belie;
The next a maid of Spain,
Dark eyed, dark hair'd, sedate, yet bold;
White ivory skin and tress of gold,
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Almaine.

These maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with
Emblems of empire;
The fourth a space behind them
And leant upon a harp, in mood
Of minstrel ecstasy
Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British Druidess,
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the ground.
And, in her hand display'd,
A crown did that fourth Maiden hold
But unadorn'd with gems and gold
Of glossy laurel made.

XXXVI.

At once to brave De Vaux knelt
These foremost Maidens three
And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown
To legedom and signorie,
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir.
But homage would he none;
"Rather," he said, "De Vaux would
A Warden of the Border be,
In plate and mail, than, robed in
A monarch's empire own.
Rather, far rather, would he be
A free born knight of England free
Than sit on Despot's throne.
So pass'd he on, when that fourth
As starting from a trance,
Upon the harp her finger laid,
Her magic touch the chords obey'd
Their soul awaked at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Quake to your foundations do
Stately Towers, and Banner'd
Bid your vaulted echoes mourn,
As the dreaded step they own.

"Fiends, that wait on Merlin's
Hear the foot-fall! mark it well!
Spread your dusky wings abroad
Boone ye for your homeward road.

"It is His, the first who e'er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
His, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth and

ur foundations deep,
and Turret steep!
p! and totter, Tower!
i's waking hour."

XXXVII.

sung, the venturous
ower, where milder light
imson curtains fell;
ade the hill receives,
when twilight leaves
estern swell.
e gazer to bewitch,
store of rare and rich
s seen with eye;
agic skill, I wis,
ning that living is
d in proper dye.
leep—the timid hare
ag upon his lair,
r eyrie fair
ne earth and sky.
ctured rich and rare
/aux's eye-glance, where,
ng in the fatal chair,
ing Arthur's child!
ger, and dismay,
r had pass'd away,
at fell tourney-day,
e slept, she smiled:
the repentant Seer
any a hundred year
le dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.

naiden loveliness,
ildhood and 'twixt youth,
air, that silvan dress,
ankles bare, express
h's tale the truth.
garment's hem
l made purple gem,
er of command
l her sleeping hand;
locks dishevell'd flow
pearl o'er breast of snow;
ne slumberer seems,
x impeach'd his dreams,
l void of might,
er charms from sight.

Motionless a while he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
Trembling in his fitful joy,
Doubtful how he should destroy
Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful, too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
What these eyes shall tell.—
"St George! St Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!"

XXXIX.

Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels,
Soft that lovely hand he steals,
Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—
But the warder leaves her grasp;
Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,
Burst the Castle-walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—
Melt the magic halls away;
— But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux,
Safe the princess lay;
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose's flower
Opening to the day;
And round the Champion's brows were
bound
The crown that Druidess had wound,
Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remain'd of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
The Garland and the Dame:
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
Except from LOVE and FAME!

CONCLUSION.

I.

My Lucy, when the Maid is won,
The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is
done;
And to require of bard
That to his dregs the tale should run,
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,
When tale or play is o'er;

Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
 And saw a numerous race renew
 The honours that they bore.
 Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
 In morning mist or evening maze,
 Along the mountain lone,
 That fairy fortress often mocks
 His gaze upon the castled rocks
 Of the Valley of St. John ;
 But never man since brave De Vaux
 The charmed portal won.
 'Tis now a vain illusive show,
 That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,
 Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

II.

But see, my love, where far below
 Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
 The wheels, up-gazing still,
 Our menials eye our steepy way,
 Marvelling, perchance, what whim can
 stay
 Our steps, when eve is sinking gray,
 On this gigantic hill.

So think the vulgar—Life and time
 Ring all their joys in one dull chime
 Of luxury and ease ;
 And, O ! beside these simple know,
 How many better born are slaves
 To such coarse joys as these,—
 Dead to the nobler sense that glows
 When nature's grander scenes unfold
 But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
 The mountain's misty coronet,
 The greenwood, and the wild ;
 And love the more, that of their
 Adventure high of other days
 By ancient bards is told,
 Bringing, perchance, like my poem
 Some moral truth in fiction's veil :
 Nor love them less, that o'er the
 The evening breeze, as now, all
 chill ;—
 My love shall wrap her warm,
 And, fearless of the slippery way,
 While safe she trips the heathy bog,
 Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO:

A POEM.

*" Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Veré's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound."*

AKENSIDE.

TO

HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,

Princess of Waterloo, &c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this Poem, that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the Author's labours were liable to frequent interruption ; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

ABBOTSFORD, 1815.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
From proud St. Michael's tower ;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain ;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd ;
And the straight causeway which we
tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds ;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between ;
The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd
scythe :—

But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen !
And, lo, a hamlet and its fane :—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view ;

For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire, are thine,
Immortal WATERLOO !

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth
ridge

Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow.
Brief space from thence, the ground again
Ascending slowly from the plain,
Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground
Shuts the horizon all around.

The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser
tread ;

Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
On that wide stubble-ground ;
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there
Her course to intercept or scare,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,
Save where, from out her shatter'd
bowers,
Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been ?

A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain ;

And yonder sable tracks remain
 Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
 When harvest-home was nigh.
 On these broad spots of trampled ground,
 Perchance the rustics danced such round
 As Teniers loved to draw ;
 And where the earth seems scorch'd by
 flame,
 To dress the homely feast they came,
 And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
 Around her fire of straw."

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
 Of that which is from that which seems:—
 But other harvest here,
 Than that which peasant's scythe de-
 mands,
 Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
 With bayonet, blade, and spear.
 No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
 No stinted harvest thin and cheap !
 Heroes before each fatal sweep
 Fell thick as ripen'd grain ;
 And ere the darkening of the day,
 Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
 The ghastly harvest of the fray,
 The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Ay, look again—that line, so black
 And trampled marks the bivouac,
 Yondeep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
 So often lost and won ;
 And close beside, the harden'd mud
 Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
 The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
 Dash'd the hot war-horse on.
 These spots of excavation tell
 The ravage of the bursting shell—
 And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
 That reeks against the sultry beam,
 From yonder trenched mound ?
 The pestilential fumes declare
 That Carnage has replenish'd there
 Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
 Than claims the boor from scythe re-
 leased,
 On these scorch'd fields were known!

Death hover'd o'er the maddening
 And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
 Sent for the bloody banquet out
 A summons of his own.
 Through rolling smoke the Demon's
 Could well each destined guest spy,
 Well could his ear in ecstasy
 Distinguish every tone
 That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
 From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray
 From charging squadrons' wild hurra
 From the wild clang that mark'd the
 way,—

Down to the dying groan,
 And the last sob of life's decay,
 When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
 Feast on !—but think not that a strife
 With such promiscuous carnage rife,
 Protracted space may last ;
 The deadly tug of war at length
 Must limits find in human strength,
 And cease when these are past.
 Vain hope !—that morn's o'erclouded
 Heard the wild shout of fight begun
 Ere he attain'd his height,
 And through the war-smoke, volleys
 high,
 Still peals that unremitted cry,
 Though now he stoops to night.
 For ten long hours of doubt and dread
 Fresh succours from the extended bed
 Of either hill the contest fed ;
 Still down the slope they drew,
 The charge of columns paused not.
 Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot
 For all that war could do
 Of skill and force was proved that day
 And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
 On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels ! then what thoughts were
 thine,
 When ceaseless from the distant line
 Continued thunders came !
 Each burgher held his breath, to hear
 These forerunners of havoc near,
 Of rapine and of flame.
 What ghastly sights were thine to meet
 When rolling through thy stately street

wounded show'd their mangled
 plight
 en of the unfinish'd fight,
 om each anguish-laden wain
 ood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
 often in the distant drum
 'st thou the fell Invader come,
 Ruin, shouting to his band,
 high her torch and gory brand!—
 thee, fair City! From yon stand,
 ent, still his outstretch'd hand
 oints to his prey in vain,
 maddening in his eager mood,
 I unwont to be withstood,
 e fires the fight again.

X.

On!" was still his stern exclaim;
 ont the battery's jaws of flame!
 ish on the levell'd gun!
 el-clad cuirassiers, advance!
 Iulan forward with his lance,
 iard—my Chosen—charge for
 France,
 ance and Napoleon!"
 nswer'd their acclaiming shout,
 ig the mandate which sent out
 bravest and their best to dare
 te their leader shunn'd to share.
 E, his country's sword and shield,
 the battle-front reveal'd,
 danger fiercest swept the field,
 me like a beam of light,
 on prompt, in sentence brief—
 ers, stand firm!" exclaimed the
 Chief,
 England shall tell the fight!"

XI.

ie the whirlwind—like the last
 cest sweep of tempest-blast—
 ne the whirlwind—steel-gleams
 broke
 ghtning through the rolling smoke;
 ie war was waked anew,
 hundred cannon-mouths roar'd
 loud,
 om their throats, with flash and
 cloud,
 eir showers of iron threw.
 a their fire, in full career,
 on the ponderous cuirassier,

The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
 And hurrying as to havoc near,
 The cohorts' eagles flew.
 In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
 The advancing onset roll'd along,
 Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
 That, from the shroud of smoke and
 flame,
 Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
 The terrors of the charging host;
 For not an eye the storm that view'd
 Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
 Nor was one forward footstep staid,
 As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
 Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
 Fast they renew'd each serried square;
 And on the wounded and the slain
 Closed their diminish'd files again,
 Till from their line scarce spears' lengths
 three,

Emerging from the smoke they see
 Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—

Then waked their fire at once!
 Each musketeer's revolving knell,
 As fast, as regularly fell,
 As when they practise to display
 Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
 Down were the eagle banners sent,
 Down reeling steeds and riders went,
 Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And, to augment the fray,
 Wheel'd full against their staggering
 flanks,

The English horsemen's foaming ranks
 Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
 The clash of swords—the neigh of
 steeds—

As plies the smith his clanging trade,
 Against the cuirass rang the blade;
 And while amid their close array
 The well-served cannon rent their way,
 And while amid their scatter'd band
 Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
 Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
 Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
 Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host
 Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
 Hath wrought thy host this hour of
 shame,
 Think'st thou thy broken bands will
 bide
 The terrors of yon rushing tide?
 Or will thy chosen brook to feel
 The British shock of levell'd steel,
 Or dost thou turn thine eye
 Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
 And fresher thunders wake the war,
 And other standards fly?—
 Think not that in yon columns, file
 Thy conquering troops from Distant
 Dyle—
 Is Blucher yet unknown?
 Or dwells not in thy memory still,
 (Heard frequent in thine hour of ill,)
 What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
 In Prussia's trumpet tone?—
 What yet remains?—shall it be thine
 To head the relics of thy line
 In one dread effort more?—
 The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
 And thou canst tell what fortune proved
 That Chieftain, who, of yore,
 Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
 And with the gladiators' aid
 For empire enterprised—
 He stood the cast his rashness play'd.

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ear no yell of horror cleft
 inous, when, all bereft
 , the valiant Polack left—
 ft by thee—found soldier's grave
 psic's corpse-encumber'd wave.
 in those various perils past,
 red thee still some future cast ;
 e dread die thou now has thrown,
 not a single field alone,
 ne campaign—thy martial fame,
 npire, dynasty, and name,
 ave felt the final stroke ;
 ow, o'er thy devoted head
 st stern vial's wrath is shed,
 he last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

live thou wilt—refuse not now
 these demagogues to bow,
 bjects of thy scorn and hate,
 hall thy once imperial fate
 wordy theme of vain debate.—
 ll we say, thou stoop'st less low
 king refuge from the foe,
 st whose heart, in prosperous life,
 hand hath ever held the knife ?
 uch homage hath been paid
 man and by Grecian voice,
 ere were honour in the choice,
 it were freely made.
 safely come—in one so low,—
 t,—we cannot own a foe ;
 h dear experience bid us end,
 e we ne'er can hail a friend.—
 howsoe'er—but do not hide
 in thy heart that germ of pride,
 ile, by gifted bard espied,
 hat “yet imperial hope ;”
 not that for a fresh rebound,
 se ambition from the ground,
 e yield thee means or scope.
 ty come—but ne'er again
 type of independent reign ;
 o islet calls thee lord,
 ive thee no confederate band,
 nbol of thy lost command,
 a dagger in the hand
 rom which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

ven in yon sequester'd spot,
 orthier conquest be thy lot
 han yet *thy life has known ;*

Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
 That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
 A triumph all thine own.
 Such waits thee when thou shalt control
 Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
 That marr'd thy prosperous scene :—
 Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
 Which sighs, comparing what THOU ART
 With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE
 BEEN !

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
 Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
 To thine own noble heart must owe
 More than the meed she can bestow.
 For not a people's just acclaim,
 Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
 Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree,
 The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
 Not these such pure delight afford
 As that, when hanging up thy sword,
 Well may'st thou think, “This honest
 steel
 Was ever drawn for public weal ;
 And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
 Ne'er sheathed unless with victory !”

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd
 heart,
 Ere from the field of fame we part ;
 Triumph and Sorrow border near,
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas ! what links of love that morn
 Has War's rude hand asunder torn !
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here piled in common slaughter sleep
 Those whom affection long shall weep :
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again ;
 The son, whom, on his native shore,
 The parent's voice shall bless no more ;
 The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
 His blushing consort to his breast ;
 The husband, whom through many a year
 Long love and mutual faith endear.
 Thou canst not name one tender tie,
 But here dissolved its relics lie !
 O ! when thou see'st some mourner's veil
 Shroud her thin form and visage pale,

Or mark at the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
Or see st how manlier grief suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no inquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to
close!

Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubt'd PICTON'S soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
Ad that of POSSONBY could die—
DE LANEY change Love's bridal-
wreath,

For laurels from the hand of Death
Saw'st gallant MILLER'S faring eye
Still bent where Albon's banners fly,
And CAMPBELL, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous GORDON, in the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his
own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Whom may your names, your numbers, say?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,

To each the dear earn'd praise
From high-born chiefs of martial
To the poor soldier's lowly name
Lightly ye rose that dawning day
From your cold coach of swamps
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning carpeted
Oft may the tear the green sod
And sacred be the heroes' sleep.

Till time shall cease to run
And ne'er beside their noble grave
May Briton pass and fail to cry
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Welington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blight
Wears desolation's withering tinge
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shattered hats and trampled
With every mark of martial wreath
That scatter'd thy towers, fair Hong
Yet though thy garden's green
The marks man's fatal post was
Though on the shattered I see
The bloodied rage of shot and
Though from thy blacker'd port
Thou fall thy brightest fruits
Has not such havoc brought a
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot

And Blenheim's name to
But still in story and in song
For many an age remember'd
Shall live the towers of Hougou
And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

Stern tide of human Time! that know'st not rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever onward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher skiff, and barge that bears a court,
Still waiting onward all to one dark silent port;—

Stern tide of Time ! through what mysterious change
Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven !
For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,
Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have striven,
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country !—the brave fight
Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill ;
In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still ;
Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill
Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame,
While like the dawn that in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lustre came ;
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
Where first the soldier, stung with generous shame,
Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry,
For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
And rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
And to the gazing world mayst proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down :
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known ;
—Such may by fame be lured, by gold be hired—
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.



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HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

1846.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a mood of mind, we all have known,
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,
Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such drearihood,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that morn which threatens the heath-cock's brood;
Of such, in summer's drought, the anglers plain,
Who hope the soft mild southern shower in vain;
But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain
From county-ball, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee, Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device;—
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning-lathe for framing gimcrack nice;
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst claim,
Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice,
(Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
And much of trifling grave, and much of buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance
Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote!
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote,
That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to Indolence his harp he strung;—
Oh! might my lay be rank'd that happier list among!

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail.
 For me, I love my study-fire to trim,
 And con right vacantly some idle tale,
 Displaying on the couch each listless limb,
 Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim,
 And doubtful slumber half supplies the theme ;
 While antique-shapes of knight and giant grim,
 Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
 And the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
 Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
 Upon the rack of a too-easy chair ;
 And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
 In old romaunts of errantry that tell,
 Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
 Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,
 Of Genii, Talisman, and broad-wing'd Roc,
 Though taste may blush and frown, and sober reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes unsought
 Arrange themselves in some romantic lay ;
 The which, as things unfitting graver thought,
 Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.—
 These few survive—and proudly let me say,
 Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown ;
 They well may serve to while an hour away,
 Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
 Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time she drops it down.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

LIST to the valorous deeds that were done
 By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son !

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
 And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main.
 Woe to the realms which he coasted ! for there
 Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
 Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
 Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast :
 When he hoisted his standard black,
 Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
 And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
 To light his band to their barks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known,
 The winds of France had his banners blown ;
 Little was there to plunder, yet still
 His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill :

But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most.
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung,
Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung,
"Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's ire!"

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell.
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their train,—
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland.
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought;
And the Count took upon him the peaceable style
Of a vassal and liegeman of Briton's broad isle.

IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord;
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led,
Many wax'd aged, and many were dead:
Himself found his armour full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair;
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad,
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.
As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace with prelate and priest,
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said:
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.

"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd;
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn;

Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light :
O ! while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven ! ”
That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he stedfastly gazed ;
“ Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine. ”

VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the church by bridle and spear ,
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
To better his will, and to soften his heart :
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for the faith than the lands that he wan.
The high church of Durham is dress'd for the day,
The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array :
There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm.
He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
With patience unwonted at rites divine ;
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace.
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook ;
And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood,
“ Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good ! ”

VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite ;
The Prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side.
Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearmen behind ;
Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne :
And full in front did that fortress lour,
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower :
At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,
His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.
Rude he was and wild to behold,
Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
Cap of vair nor rich array,
Such as should grace that festal day :
His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,
Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced :

His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy glow ;
A Danish club in his hand he bore,
The spikes were clotted with recent gore ;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
In the dangerous chase that morning slain.
Rude was the greeting his father he made,
None to the Bishop,—while thus he said :—

IX.

“What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,
Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow ?
Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric’s fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda’s haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword ;
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore,
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor ;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull,
Before Odin’s stone, of the Mountain Bull ?
Then ye worshipp’d with rites that to war-gods belong,
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong ;
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,—
Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,—
Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear ?
Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower
To batten with priest and with paramour ?
Oh ! out upon thine endless shame !
Each Scald’s high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father’s name !”

X.

Ireful wax’d old Witikind’s look,
His faltering voice with fury shook :—
“Hear me, Harold of harden’d heart !
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.
Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
Fear my wrath and remain at peace :—
Just is the debt of repentance I’ve paid,
Richly the church has a recompense made,
And the truth of her doctrines I prove with my blade,
But reckoning to none of my actions I owe,
And least to my son such accounting will show.
Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
Who ne’er from thy childhood knew reason or ruth ?
Hence ! to the wolf and the bear in her den ;
These are thy mates, and not rational men.”

XI.

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
“We must honour our sires, if we fear when they chide.

For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made,
I was rock'd in a buckler and fed from a blade ;
An infant, was taught to clasp hands and to shout
From the roofs of the tower when the flame had broke out ;
In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip,
And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip.—
'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast barter'd in eld,
For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors held.
When this wolf,"—and the carcass he flung on the plain,—
"Shall awake and give food to her nurslings again,
The face of his father will Harold review ;
Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian, adieu !"

XII.

Priest, monk, and prelate, stood aghast,
As through the pageant the heathen pass'd.
A cross-bearer out of his saddle he flung,
Laid his hand on the pommel, and into it sprung.
Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
When the holy sign on the earth was thrown !
The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand,
But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand.
"Let him pass free !—Heaven knows its hour,—
But he must own repentance's power,
Pray and weep, and penance bear,
Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear."
Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is gone
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all ;
And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure
The scandal, which time and instruction might cure :
It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to restrain,
In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd Dane.
The mead flow'd around, and the ale was drain'd dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry ;
With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in
The war-songs of Danesmen, Norweyan, and Finn,
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor ;
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild rout,
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son ;
In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the first,
For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed ;
And grieved was young Gunnar his master should roam,
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.

He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of rain,
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane ;
"And oh !" said the Page, "on the shelterless wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold !
What though he was stubborn, and wayward and wild,
He endured me because I was Ermengarde's child, —
And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbidden I run ;
I would I were older, and knighthood could bear,
I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the Wear :
For my mother's command, with her last parting breath,
Bade me follow her nursling in life and to death.

XV. . .

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain,
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain !
Accursed by the church, and expell'd by his sire,
Nor Christian nor Dane give him shelter or fire,
And this tempest what mortal may houseless endure ?
Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the moor !
Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he tarries not here."
He leapt from his couch and he grasp'd to his spear ;
Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by his tread,
The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead :
"Ungrateful and bestial !" his anger broke forth,
"To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the North !
And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty in store,
Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and ore."

XVI.

Then, heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jorvaux's purse :
Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning has miss'd
His mantle, deep furr'd from the cape to the wrist :
The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has ta'en,
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hildebrand's brain.)
To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has pass'd.
Sore snorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace ;
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning show'd there where lay
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the clay.

XVII.

Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand !"
And raised the club in his deadly hand.
The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,
Show'd the palfrey and proffer'd the gold.

"Back, back, and home, thou simple boy !
 Thou canst not share my grief or joy :
 Have I not mark'd thee wail and cry
 When thou hast seen a sparrow die ?
 And canst thou, as my follower should,
 Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,
 Dare mortal and immortal foe,
 The gods above, the fiends below,
 And man on earth, more hateful still,
 The very fountain-head of ill ?
 Desperate of life, and careless of death,
 Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,
 Such must thou be with me to roam,
 And such thou canst not be—back, and home !"

XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough.
 As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark brow,
 And half he repented his purpose and vow.
 But now to draw back were bootless shame,
 And he loved his master, so urged his claim :
 "Alas ! if my arm and my courage be weak,
 Bear with me a while for old Ermengarde's sake ;
 Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith,
 As to fear he would break it for peril of death.
 Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold,
 This surcoat and mantle to fence thee from cold ?
 And, did I bear a baser mind,
 What lot remains if I stay behind ?
 The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath,
 A dungeon, and a shameful death."

XIX.

With gentler look Lord Harold eyed
 The Page, then turn'd his head aside ;
 And either a tear did his eyelash stain,
 Or it caught a drop of the passing rain.
 "Art thou an outcast, then ?" quoth he ;
 "The meeter page to follow me."
 'Twere bootless to tell what climes they sought,
 Ventures achieved, and battles fought ;
 How oft with few, how oft alone,
 Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won.
 Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red
 When each other glance was quench'd with dread,
 Bore oft a light of deadly flame,
 That ne'er from mortal courage came.
 Those limbs so strong, that mood so stern,
 That loved the couch of heath and fern,
 Afar from hamlet, tower, and town,
 More than to rest on driven down ;

That stubborn frame, that sullen mood,
Men deem'd must come of aught but good ;
And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend was at one
With Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XX.

Years after years had gone and fled,
The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead ;
In the chapel still is shown
His sculptured form on a marble stone,
With staff and ring and scapulaire,
And folded hands in the act of prayer.
Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldingar's brow ;
The power of his crozier he loved to extend
O'er whatever would break, or whatever would bend ;
And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall,
And the Chapter of Durham has met at his call.
"And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop said,
"That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind's dead ?
All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy Church for the love of Heaven,
And hath founded a chantry with stipend and dole,
That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his soul :
Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man and abhorr'd by God ;
Meet it is not, that such should heir
The lands of the Church on the Tyne and the Wear,
And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands
May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXI.

Answer'd good Eustace, a canon old,—
"Harold is tameless, and furious, and bold ;
Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name :
Much of bloodshed and much of scathe
Have been their lot who have waked his wrath.
Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will ;
But if rest of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair."
More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sate around,
And with one consent have they given their doom,
That the Church should the lands of Saint Cuthbert resume.
So will'd the Prelate ; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

'Tis merry in greenwood,—thus runs
the old lay,
In the glad some month of lively May,
When the wild birds' song on stem and i
spray

Invites to forest bower ;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is
drest,

And dark between shows the oak's proud
breast,

Like a chieftain's frowning tower,
Though a thousand branches join their
screen,

Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,

With brighter tints the flower :
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red deer find sheltering
den,

When the sun is in his power.

II.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gathered
sheaf,

When the greenwood loses the
name ;

Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the redbreast's note, and the
rustling sound

Of frost mpt leaves that are dropping
round,

Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant
bound

That opens on his game :

Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride,
And gild its many colour'd side :

Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape
strays,

And half involves the woodland maze,
Like an early widow's veil,

Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

III.

Fair Metelil was a woodland maid
Her father a rover of greenwood - ad
By forest statutes unassail'd,

Who lived by bow and quiver,
Well known was Wulfstane's arc
By merry Tyne both on river and
Through wooded Weardale's gl
free,

Well beside Stanhope's willow wood
And well on Gannesse river,

Yet free though he trespass'd on
land game,

More known and more fear'd was
wizard fame

Of Jutta of Rookhope, the O
dame ;

Fear'd when she frown'd was her
flame,

More fear'd when in wrath
laugh'd ;

For then, 'twas said, more fatal
To its dread aim her spell glance

Than when from Wulfstane's
yew

Sprung forth the grey goose

IV.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded
So Heaven decreed, a daughter

None brighter crown'd the
In Britain's bounds, of peer or
Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier

In this fair isle been bred
And nought of fraud, or ire, or
Was known to gentle Metelil, —

A simple maiden she,
The spells in dimpled smile that

And a downcast blush, and the
that fly

With the sidelong glance of a ha
Were her arms and watch eyes

So young, so simple was she yet
She scarce could childhood's joys

And still she loved, in secret set
Beneath the greenwood tree,

To plait the rushy coronet,
And braid with flowers her locks

As, when in infancy,
Yet could that heart, so simple,

The early dawn of stealing love
Ah ! gentle maid, beware !

The power who, now so mild a guest,
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,
Let none his empire share.

V.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And, where a fountain sprung,
She sate her down, unseen, to thread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid,
And while the beads she strung,
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay
Gives a good-morrow to the day,
So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

Song.

"Lord William was born in gilded
bower,
The heir of Wilton's lofty tower ;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's
brow ;
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gawds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dewdrops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss ;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me ;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble's fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

"My nurse has told me many a tale,
How vows of love are weak and frail ;
My mother says that courtly youth
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.
What should they mean ? it cannot be,
That such a warning's meant for me,
For nought—oh ! nought of frau' or ill
Can William mean to Metelill !"

VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel
A weighty hand, a glove of steel,

Upon her shrinking shoulders laid ;
Fearful she turn'd, and saw, dismay'd,
A Knight in plate and mail array'd,
His crest and bearing worn and fray'd.
His surcoat soil'd and riven,
Form'd like that giant race of yore,
Whose long-continued crimes outwore
The sufferance of Heaven.

Stern accents made his pleasure known
Though then he used his gentlest tone
"Maiden," he said, "sing forth thy glee
Start not—sing on—it pleases me."

VIII.

Secured within his powerful hold,
To bend her knee, her hands to fold,
Was all the maiden might ;
And "Oh ! forgive," she faintly said,
"The terrors of a simple maid,
If thou art mortal wight !
But if—of such strange tales are told—
Unearthly warrior of the wold,
Thou comest to chide mine accents bold
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
At noon and midnight pleasing well
The disembodied ear ;
Oh ! let her powerful charms atone
For aught my rashness may have done
And cease thy grasp of fear."
Then laugh'd the Knight—his laughter
sound
Half in the hollow helmet drown'd ;
His barred visor then he raised,
And steady on the maiden gazed.
He smooth'd his brows, as best he might
To the dread calm of autumn night,
When sinks the tempest roar ;
Yet still the cautious fishers eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.

"Damsel," he said, "be wise, and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern :
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have
plann'd
In this my native Northern land
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone—a mate I seek ;
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—
No lordly dame for me ;

Myself am something rough of mood,
And feel the fire of royal blood,
And therefore do not hold it good
To match in my degree.

Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,

'Tis meet that my selected bride
In lineaments be fair;

I love thee well: till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not!
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,
To woo my love, and bear her home."

X.

Home sprung the maid without a pause,
As leveret scaped from greyhound's
jaws,

But still she lock'd, how'er distress'd,
The secret in her boding breast,
Dreading her sire, who oft forbade
Her steps should stray to distant glade,
Night can e—to her accustomed nook
Her distaff and Jutta's book,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and
bow.

Sudden and clamorous from the ground
Upstart'd clambering brach and hound;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Wulfstane snatches at his arms,
When open flew the yielding door,
And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

XI.

"All peace be here—What! none
replies?"

Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
'Tis I—that Maid Lath told my tale,—
Or, trembler, hid thy courage fail?
It reck's not—that I demand
Fair Metelill in marriage band;
Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and cantiff's shame."
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise:
Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began
The stranger's size and thewes to scan,

But as he scann'd, his courage
And from unequal strife he
Then forth, to blight and blight
The harmful curse from Jutta
Yet, fatal howso'er, the spell
On Harold innocently fell,
And disappointment and shame
Were in the witch's wilder'd

XII.

But soon the wit of woman
And to the Warrior in'd she
"Her child was all too young
to wed,"

The refuge of a maiden coy.
Again, "A powerful Baron's
claims in her heart an interest
"A trifle—whisper it to his ear,
That Harold is a suitor here!
Baffled at length, she sought to
"Would not the Knight to
stay?"

Late was the hour—He there
Till morn, their lodge's fire
Such were her words—her
cast,

Her honour'd guest should I see
"No, not to night—But soon,
"He would return, nor let
more."

The threshold then his huge
And soon he was in darkness

XIII.

Appall'd a while the parents
Then changed the fear to anger
And foremost told their word
On unresisting Metelill.

Was she not caution'd and forewarn'd,
Forewarn'd, importuned, accused,
And must she still to prove
To marshal such misfortune?
"Hence, minion—to thy
hence—"

There prudence learn, and prove
She went—her lonely coach
In tears which absent lovers
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep
Fierce Harold's suit was still
And terror of her feverish dream

XIV.

Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire
Upon each other bent their ire ;
“ A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,
And couldst thou such an insult bear ? ”
Sullen he said, “ A man contends
With men, a witch with sprites and
fiends ;

Not to mere mortal wight belong
Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong.
But thou—is this thy promise fair,
That your Lord William, wealthy heir
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear,
Should Metelill to altar bear ?
Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,
His grain in autumn's storms to steep,
Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,
And hag-ride some poor rustic's sleep ?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorceress and witch's name ?

Fame, which with all men's wish con-
spires,

With thy deserts and my desires,
To damn thy corpse to penal fires ?
Out on thee, witch ! aoint ! aoint !
What now shall put thy schemes in joint ?
What save this trusty arrow's point,
From the dark dingle when it flies,
And he who meets it gasps and dies.”

XV.

Stern she replied, “ I will not wage
War with thy folly or thy rage ;
But ere the morrow's sun be low,
Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.
Believe the while, that whatsoe'er
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of pilfer'd deer to die.
But he, and thou, and yon pale moon,
(That shall be yet more pallid soon,
Before she sink behind the dell.)
Thou, she, and Harold too, shall tell
What Jutta knows of charm or spell.”
Thus muttering, to the door she bent
Her wayward steps, and forth she went,
And left alone the moody sire,
To cherish or to slake his ire.

XVI.

Far faster than belong'd to age
Has Jutta made her pilgrimage.
A priest has met her as she pass'd,
And cross'd himself and stood aghast
She traced a hamlet—not a cur
His throat would ope, his foot would stir
By crouch, by trembling, and by groa
They made her hated presence known
But when she trode the sable fell,
Were wilder sounds her way to tell,—
For far was heard the fox's yell,
The black-cock waked and faintly crev
Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew
Where o'er the cataract the oak
Lay slant, was heard the raven's croal
The mountain-cat, which sought his pre
Glared, scream'd, and started from h
way.

Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone :
There, with unhallow'd hymn of prais
She call'd a God of heathen days.

XVII.

Invocation.

“ From thy Pomeranian throne,
Hewn in rock of living stone,
Where, to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett,
And their swords in vengeance whet,
That shall make thine altars wet,
Wet and red for ages more
With the Christians' hated gore,—
Hear me ! Sovereign of the Rock,
Hear me ! mighty Zernebock !

“ Mightiest of the mighty known,
Here thy wonders have been shown ;
Hundred tribes in various tongue
Oft have here thy praises sung ;
Down that stone with Runic seam'd,
Hundred victims' blood hath stream'd
Now one woman comes alone,
And but wets it with her own,
The last, the feeblest of thy flock,—
Hear—and be present, Zernebock !

“ Hark ! he comes ! the night-blast co
Wilder sweeps along the wold ;
The cloudless moon grows dark and di
And bristling hair and quaking limb

Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,—
Those who view his form shall die !
Lo ! I stoop and veil my head ;
Thou who ridest the tempest dread,
Shaking hull and rending oak—
Spare me ! spare me ! Zernebock.

"He comes not yet ! Shall cold delay
Thy votaress at her need repay ?
Thou—shall I call thee god or fiend ?—
Let others in thy mood attend
With prayer and ritual—Jutta's arms
Are necromantic words and charms ;
Mine's the spell, that, utter'd once,
Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
And burst his seven times-twisted
chain"—

So ! com'st thou ere the spell is spoke ?
I own thy presence, Zernebock."—

XVIII

"Daughter of dust," the Deep Voice said,
—Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
Rock'd on the base that massive stone,
The Evil Deity to own,—

"Daughter of dust ! not mine the power
Thou seek'st on Harold's fatal hour.
'Twas heaven and hell there is a strife
Waged for his soul and for his life,
And fair would we the combat win,
And snatch him in his hour of sin,
There is a star now rising red,
That threatens him with an influence dread :

Woman, thine arts of malice wheedle
To use the space before it set
Involve him with the church in shroud
Push on advent as a chance his
Ourselves will in the hour of need,
As best we may, thy counsels speed
So ceased the Voice ; for seven leagues
round

Each hamlet started at the sound ;
But slept again, as slowly died
Its thunders on the hill's brown side

XIX.

"And is this all," said Jutta stern
"That thou canst teach and I can learn
Hence ! to the land of fog and war
There fittest is thine influence plan
Thou powerless, sluggish Deity !
But ne'er shall Briton bend the knee
Again before so poor a god."

She struck the altar with her rod ;
Slight was the touch, as when at
A damsel stirs her tardy steed ;
But to the blow the stone gave place
And, starting from its balancer
Roll'd thundering down the moor
dell,

Re-echo'd moorland, rock, and fen
Into the moonlight tarn it fast'd,
Their shores the sounding surges leapt
And there was ripple, rage, and foam
But on that lake, so dark and lone
Placid and pale the moonbeam shone
As Jutta hied her home.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

GREY towers of Durham ! there was once a time
I view'd your battlements with such vague hope,
As brightens life in its first dawning prime ;
Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
A vision vain of mare, throne, or cope ;
Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
Her flattering dreams would in perspective ope
Some reverend room, some prebendary's stall,—
And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth all.

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot,
And long to roam these venerable aisles,
With records stored of deeds long since forgot ;
There might I share my Surtees' happier lot,

Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
 To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
 And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
 Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
 Each vacant hour, and in another clime ;
 But still that northern harp invites my hand,
 Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time ;
 And fain its numbers would I now command
 To paint the beauties of that dawning fair,
 When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
 Upon the western heights of Beaurepaire,
 Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced,
 Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
 And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
 Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank,
 Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,
 And girdled in the massive donjon Keep,
 And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank
 The matin bell with summons long and deep,
 And echo answer'd still with long-resounding sweep.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
 Each merry bird awaken'd round,
 As if in revelry ;
 Afar the bugles' clanging sound
 Call'd to the chase the lagging hound ;
 The gale breathed soft and free,
 And seem'd to linger on its way
 To catch fresh odours from the spray,
 And waved it in its wanton play
 So light and gamesomely.
 The scenes which morning beams reveal,
 Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
 In all their fragrance round him steal,
 It melted Harold's heart of steel,
 And, hardly wotting why,
 He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
 And hung it on a tree beside,
 Laid mace and falchion by,
 And on the greensward sate him down,
 And from his dark habitual frown
 Relax'd his rugged brow—
 Whoever hath the doubtful task
 From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
 Were wise to ask it now.

IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took,
 And mark'd his master's softening look
 And in his eye's dark mirror spied
 The gloom of stormy thoughts subside
 And cautious watch'd the fittest tide
 To speak a warning word.
 So when the torrent's billows shrink,
 The timid pilgrim on the brink
 Waits long to see them wave and sink
 Ere he dare brave the ford,
 And often, after doubtful pause,
 His step advances or withdraws ;
 Fearful to move the slumbering ire
 Of his stern lord, thus stood the squier
 Till Harold raised his eye,
 That glanced as when athwart the shroud
 Of the dispersing tempest-cloud
 The bursting sunbeams fly.

V.

"Arouse thee, son of Ermengarde,
 Offspring of prophetess and bard !
 Take harp, and greet this lovely prim
 With some high strain of Runic rhyme

Strong, deep, and powerful 'twas it round
Like that loud bear's sonorous sound,
Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
Of bird and hage had the day
Such was my grand sire Eric's sport,
When dawn gleam'd on his martial court.
Heymar the Seala, with harp's high
sound,

Summon'd the chiefs who slept around;
Counsell'd on the spoils of wolf and bear,
They rose like lions from their lair,
Then rush'd in a nation on forth
To enhance the glories of the north.
Proud Eric, mightiest of thy race,
Where's thy shadowy resting place?
In walled halla fast thou shalt find
From fennia's skalamethegan draught,
Or wan forest where thy urn was piled
To frown o'er oceans wide and wild?
Or have the mildest Christa's given
Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven?
Where'er thou art, to thee are known
Our toils enlured, our trophies won,
Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes."
He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

VI.

Song.

"Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy
O'er the beeding cliffs of Hoy,
Crimson foam the beach o'erspread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o'er Eric, Ingvar's son,
Dane and Northman piled the stone;
Singing wild the war-song stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"Where eddying currents foam and boil
By Bersa's burgh and Girmsay's isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-mingled with the mist and storm.
In anxious awe he bears away
To moor his bark in Stromna's bay,
And murmurs from the bounding stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"What cares disturb the mighty dead?
Each hono'rite was duly paid,
No daring hand thy helm undressed,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee
placed,

Thy shiny couch no tear profaned,
Without, with hostile blood was stain'd;

Within, 'twas lined with moss and
Then rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!
"He may not rest— from our realm
Comes voice of battle and of strife
Of contest wrought with blood
On our old's cliffs and Jordan's
When Oan's warlike war could
The turban'd race of Tarmagana

VII.

"Peace," said the Knight, "thou
Scald

Our warlike fathers' deeds recall
But never strive to soothe the
With tales of what I myself had
At Odin's board the bard sits high
Whose harp ne'er stopp'd to flatter
But highest he whose daring lay
Hath dared unwelcome truths to
With doubtful smile young Gunnar
His master's looks, and I thought
But well that smile his master led
To construe what he left unsaid.
"Is it to me, thou timid youth,
Thou fear'st to speak a welcome
My soul no more thy certainty
Than frosts of laurels of the
Say on— and yet— beware the
And with distemper of my mind
Ioth were I that mine art should
The youth that bore my shield.
And who, in service constant still
Though weak in frame, art still
will."

"Oh!" quoth the Page, "ever
depends

My counsel— there my warning
Oft seems as of my master's brow
Some demon were the sudden gloom
Then at the first misconstrued we
His hand is on the mace and sw
From her firm seat his wail m
His life to countless dangers giv
O! would that Gunnar could sub
To be the fiend's last sacrifice,
So that, when glutted with my
He died and tempted thee no mo

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his
The impatient Dane, while thus he

ane not, youth—it is not thine
 dge the spirit of our line—
 old Berserker's rage divine,
 gh whose inspiring, deeds are
 wrought
 uman strength and human thought.
 full upon his gloomy soul
 hampion feels the influence roll,
 vims the lake, he leaps the wall—
 s not the depth, nor plumbs the
 fall—
 elded, mail-less, on he goes
 r against a host of foes ;
 spears he holds like wither'd reeds,
 mail like maiden's silken weeds ;
 gainst a hundred will he strive,
 countless wounds, and yet survive.
 rush the eagles to his cry
 ughter and of victory,—
 blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
 drinks his sword,—deep drinks his
 soul ;
 ll that meet him in his ire
 ves to ruin, rout, and fire ;
 like gorged lion, seeks some den,
 ouches till he's man agen. —
 know'st the signs of look and limb,
 'gins that rage to overbrim—
 know'st when I am moved, and
 why ;
 when thou see'st me roll mine eye,
 y teeth thus, and stamp my foot,
 d thy safety and be mute ;
 lse speak boldly out whate'er
 ing that a knight should hear.
 thee, youth. Thy lay has power
 my dark and sullen hour ;—
 ristian monks are wont to say
 ns of old were charm'd away ;
 fear not I will rashly deem
 thy speech, whate'er the theme."

IX.

own some strait in doubt and dread
 watchful pilot drops the lead,
 cautious in the midst to steer,
 hoaling channel sounds with fear ;
 st on dangerous ground he swerved,
 'age his master's brow observed,
 ng at intervals to fling
 and on the melodious string,

And to his moody breast apply
 The soothing charm of harmony,
 While hinted half, and half exprest,
 This warning song convey'd the rest.—

Song.

I.

" Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,
 And ill when on the breakers driven,—
 Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air,
 And the scared mermaid tears her hair ;
 But worse when on her helm the hand
 Of some false traitor holds command.

2.

" Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed
 'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rana's waste,—
 Ill when the scorching sun is high,
 And the expected font is dry,—
 Worse when his guide o'er sand and heath,
 The barbarous Copt, has plann'd his
 death.

3.

" Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft,
 And ill when of his helm bereft,—
 Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
 Or from his grasp his falchion wrung ;
 But worse, if instant ruin token,
 When he lists rede by woman spoken."—

X.

" How now, fond boy?—Canst thou
 think ill,"
 Said Harold, " of fair Metelill ?"—
 " She may be fair," the Page replied,
 As through the strings he ranged,—
 " She may be fair ; but yet," he cried,
 And then the strain he changed,—

Song.

I.

" She may be fair," he sang, " but yet
 Far fairer have I seen
 Than she, for all her locks of jet,
 And eyes so dark and sheen.
 Were I a Danish knight in arms,
 As one day I may be,
 My heart should own no foreign charms—
 A Danish maid for me !

2.

" I love my father's northern land,
 Where the dark pine-trees grow,

And the bold Baltic's echoing strand
Looks o'er each grassy oe.*
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark loth to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

3.

"But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark's snow,
And form as fair as Denmark's pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;
And sweetly blend that shade of gold
With the cheek's rosy hue,
And Faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

4.

"'Tis hers the manly sports to love
That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter's spear.
She can her chosen champion's flight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!"

XI.

Then smiled the Dane—"Thou canst so
well
The virtues of our maidens tell,
Half could I wish my choice had been
Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen,
And lofty soul;—yet what of ill
Hast thou to charge on Metelill?"—
"Nothing on her," young Gunnar said,
"But her base sire's ignoble trade.
Her mother, too—the general fame
Hath given to Jutta evil name,

And in her grey eye is a flame
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame—
That sordid woodman's peasant cot
Twice have thine honour'd footsteps
sought,
And twice return'd with such ill red
As sent thee on some desperate deed."

XII.

"Thou errest; Jutta wisely said,
He that comes suitor to a maid,
Ere link'd in marriage, should provide
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
My father's by the Tyne and Wear
I have reclaim'd."—"O, all too dear
And all too dangerous the prize,
E'en were it won," young Gunnar cries
"And then this Jutta's fresh device,
That thou should'st seek, a heathen Dene,
From Durham's priests a boon to gain
When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own halls!"—Flash'd Harold
eye,
Thunder'd his voice—"False—age
lie!
The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.
The wild-cat will defend his den,
Fights for her nest the timid wren;
And think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight
Up and away, that deepening bell
Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell.
Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue;
And, if to right me they are loth,
Then woe to church and chapter both
Now shift the scene, and let the curtain
fall,
And our next entry be Saint Cuthbert
hall.

CANTO FOURTH.

1.

FULL many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'er-canopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof,
And blending with the shade—a matchless proof

* Oe—Island.

Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold ;
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred fold,
Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fane of old.

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the route
Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to come,
Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out
And cleanse our chancel from the rags of Rome,
They spoke not on our ancient fane the doom
To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own,
But spared the martyr'd saint and storied tomb,
Though papal miracles had graced the stone,
And though the aisles still loved the organ's swelling tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint
A Prelate sway'd by love of power and gold,
That all who wore the mitre of our Saint
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold ;
Since both in modern times and days of old
It sate on those whose virtues might atone
Their predecessors' frailties trebly told :
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd Barrington.

II.

But now to earlier and to ruder times,
As subject meet, I tune my rugged
rhymes,
Telling how fairly the chapter was met,
And rood and books in seemly order
set ;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which
the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scann'd,
Now on fair carved desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O'erhead with many a scutcheon
graced,
And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows ;
Beneath its shade placed proud and
high,
With footstool and with canopy,
Sate Aldingar,—and prelate ne'er
More haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's
chair ;
Canons and deacons were placed
below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row.

Unmoved and silent each sat there,
Like image in his oaken chair ;
Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they
stirr'd,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard ;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle show'd they were not
stone.

III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd,
Each head sunk reverent on each
breast ;
But ere his voice was heard—without
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear
Hailing the flames, that, bursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased, a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way,
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges bray,
And, ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of
the hall.

IV.

"Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood,
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood !
For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won."
The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled eye,
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny ;
While each Canon and Deacon who heard the Dane speak,
To be safely at home would have fasted a week :—
Then Aldingar roused him, and answer'd again,
"Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not obtain ;
The Church hath no fiefs for an unchristen'd Dane.
Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given,
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven ;
And the fiefs which whilome he possess'd as his due,
Have lapsed to the Church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service Saint Cuthbert's bless'd banner to bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the Wear ;
Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or blame,
But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye came."

V.

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—"They're free from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere,—
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corselet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar !—the tokens !"—and, sever'd anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there.
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear :
"Was this the hand should your banner bear ?
Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the Church's task ?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace ?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine,—
Give him my fiefs, and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of grey."
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain ;
He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echoed as it swung,

Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.—
“How like ye this music? How trow ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be rest of its land?
No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you—grave fathers, farewell.”

VII.

He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oak door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the floor;
And his head from his bosom the Prelate uprears
With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost disappears:
“Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now give me your rede,
For never of counsel had Bishop more need!
Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in bone,
The language, the look, and the laugh, were his own.
In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a knight
Dare confront in our quarrel yon goblin in fight;
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny.”

VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morning
had fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf—'twas thus that
he said:
“Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's
reply;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine
be pour'd high:
If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks,
he is ours—
His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our
towers.”
This man had a laughing eye,
Trust not, friends, when such you spy;
A beaker's depth he well could drain,
Revel, sport, and jest amain—
The haunch of the deer and the grape's
bright dye
Never bard loved them better than I;
But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine,
Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at mine,
Though the buck were of Bearpark, of
Bourdeaux the vine,
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine
On an oaken cake and a draught of the
Tyne.

IX.

Walwayn the leech spoke next—he k
Each plant that loves the sun and
But special those whose juice can g
Dominion o'er the blood and brain
The peasant who saw him by pale m
beam
Gathering such herbs by bank and str
Deem'd his thin form and soundless t
Were those of wanderer from the dea
“Vinsauf, thy wine,” he said, “
power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our to
Yet three drops from this flask of n
More strong than dungeons, gyve
wine,
Shall give him prison under ground
More dark, more narrow, more
found.
Short rede, good rede, let Harold ha
A dog's death and a heathen's grav
I have lain on a sick man's bed,
Watching for hours for the leech's tr
As if I deem'd that his presence al
Were of power to bid my pain beg
I have listed his words of comfort g
As if to oracles from heaven;

I have counted his steps from my chamber door,
And bless'd them when they were heard no more ;—
But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch should nigh,
My choice were by leech-craft unaided to die.

X.

“Such service done in fervent zeal
The Church may pardon and conceal,”
The doubtful Prelate said, “but ne’er
The counsel ere the act should hear.—
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow ;
Thy days, thy nights, in cloister pent,
Are still to mystic learning lent ;—
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
Thou well mayst give counsel to Prelate or Pope.”

XI.

Answer'd the Prior—“’Tis wisdom’s use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse ;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task ;
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread ;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
That calls but for proof of his chivalry ;
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
Our wilds have adventure might cumber them long—
The Castle of Seven Shields”——“Kind Anselm, no more !
The step of the Pagan approaches the door.”
The churchmen were hush’d.—In his mantle of skin,
With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold strode in.
There was foam on his lips, there was fire in his eye,
For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.
“Ho ! Bishop,” he said, “dost thou grant me my claim ?
Or must I assert it by falchion and flame ?”—

XII.

“On thy suit, gallant Harold,” the Bishop replied,
In accents which trembled, “we may not decide,
Until proof of your strength and your valour we saw—
’Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the law.”—
“And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold make sport
For the cowls and the shavelings that herd in thy court?
Say what shall he do ?—From the shrine shall he tear
The lead bier of thy patron, and heave it in air,
And through the long chancel make Cuthbert take wing,
With the speed of a bullet dismiss’d from the sling ?”—
“Nay, spare such probation,” the Cellarer said,
“From the mouth of our minstrels thy task shall be read.
While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of gold,
And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be told ;

And thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell
That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings, meant well."

XIII.

Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang,
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang ;
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul,
E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's control,
Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye,
And often untasted the goblet pass'd by ;
Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear
The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear ;
And the Bishop that day night of Vinsauf complain
That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in vain.

XIV.

The Castle of the Seven Shields.

A BALLAD.

The Druid Urien had daughters seven,
Their skill could call the moon from heaven ;
So fair their forms and so high their fame,
That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales,
Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails ;
From Strath-Clwyde was Ewain, and Ewain was lame,
And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth ;
Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth ;
But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir,
Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have
For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave ;
And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to blows,
When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-fiend arose !

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil—
They swore to the foe they would work by his will.
A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,
"Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

"Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power,
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold,
And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told ;
And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,
With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold gleam,
The castle arose like the birth of a dream—
The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground,
Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were wed,
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead ;
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red,
Seven damsel's surround the Northumbrian's bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done,
Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won,
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune to his bed ;
He sprung from the couch and his broadsword he drew,
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield ;
To the cells of Saint Dunstan then wended his way,
And died in his cloister an anchorite gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad.
Whoever shall guesten these chambers within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes old !
There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,
So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,
As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye,
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly,
And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in the sun,
Before that adventure be peril'd and won.

XV.

"And is this my probation?" wild Harold he said,
"Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cuthbert to borrow,
The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-morrow."

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

DENMARK's sage courtier to her princely youth,
Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale,
Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth ;
For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.

The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale,
Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze,
Are but the ground-work of the rich detail
Which fantasy with pencil wild portrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the Sorceress's empire given ;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge, or vacant heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
She limns her pictures : on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven ;
And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the share.

II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay ;
Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
Ever companion of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite gray
From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement,
Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw, and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought engage
Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,
And at his master ask'd the timid Page,
“What is the emblem that a bard should spy
In that rude rock and its green canopy ?”
And Harold said, “Like to the helmet brave
Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie,
And these same drooping boughs do o'er it wave
Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour gave.”—

“Ah, no !” replied the Page ; “the ill-starr'd love
Of some poor maid is in the emblem shown,
Whose fates are with some hero's interwove,
And rooted on a heart to love unknown :
And as the gentle dews of heaven alone
Nourish those drooping boughs, and as the scathe
Of the red lightning rends both tree and stone,
So fares it with her unrequited faith,—
Her sole relief is tears—her only refuge death.”—

III.

“Thou art a fond fantastic boy,”
Harold replied, “to females coy,
Yet prating still of love ;
Even so amid the clash of war
I know thou lovest to keep afar,
Though destined by thy evil star
With one like me to rove,

Whose business and whose joys are
found
Upon the bloody battle-ground.
Yet, foolish trembler as thou art,
Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,
And thou and I will never part ;—
Harold would wrap the world in flame
Ere injury on Gunnar came.”

IV.

The grateful Page made no reply,
But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye,
And clasp'd his hands, as one who said,
"My toils—my wanderings are o'er-
paid!"

Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again;
And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
They melted into song.

V.

"What though through fields of car-
nage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride
Lord Harold's feats can see?
And dearer than the couch of pride,
He loves the bed of grey wolf's hide,
When slumbering by Lord Harold's
side
In forest, field, or lea."—

VI.

"Break off!" said Harold, in a tone
Where hurry and surprise were shown,
With some slight touch of fear,—
"Break off, we are not here alone;
A Palmer form comes slowly on!
By cowl, and staff, and mantle known,
My monitor is near.
Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully;
He pauses by the blighted tree—
Dost see him, youth?—Thou couldst
not see
When in the vale of Galilee
I first beheld his form,
Nor when we met that other while
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,
Before the fearful storm,—
Dost see him now?"—The Page, dis-
traught
With terror, answer'd, "I see nought,
And there is nought to see,
Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling
down
Upon the path a shadow brown,
That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,
Waves with the waving tree."

VII.

Count Harold gazed upon the oak
As if his eyestrings would have broke
And then resolvedly said,—
"Be what it will yon phantom gray-
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
Count Harold turn'd dismay'd:
I'll speak him, though his accents fit
My heart with that unwonted thrill
Which vulgar minds call fear.
I will subdue it!"—Forth he strode
Paused where the blighted oak-
show'd

Its sable shadow on the road,
And, folding on his bosom broad
His arms, said, "Speak—I hear."

VIII.

The Deep Voice said, "O wild of will
Furious thy purpose to fulfil—
Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still,
How long, O Harold, shall thy tread
Disturb the slumbers of the dead?
Each step in thy wild way thou makest
The ashes of the dead thou wakest;
And shout in triumph o'er thy path
The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath
In this thine hour, yet turn and hear
For life is brief and judgment near."

IX.

Then ceased The Voice.—The Dan
replied

In tones where awe and inborn pride
Formastery strove,—
"In vain ye child
The wolf for ravaging the flock,
Or with its hardness taunt the rock,
I am as they—my Danish strain
Sends streams of fire through ev'ry
vein.

Amid thy realms of ghouls and ghouls
Say, is the fame of Eric lost,
Or Witikind's the Waster, known
Where fame or spoil was to be won
Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shon
They left not black with flame?
He was my sire,—and, sprung of him
That rover merciless and grim,
Can I be soft and tame?

Part hence, and with my crimes a
more upbraid me,
I am that Waster's son, and am he
what he made me."

X.

The Phantom groan'd ;—the mountain shook around,
 The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound,
 The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave,
 As if some sudden storm the impulse gave.
 "All thou hast said is truth—Yet on the head
 Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid,
 That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace,
 From grave to cradle ran the evil race :—
 Relentless in his avarice and ire,
 Churches and towns he gave to sword and fire ;
 Shed blood like water, wasted every land,
 Like the destroying angel's burning brand ;
 Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be invented,
 Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he REPENTED !
 Perchance it is part of his punishment still,
 That his offspring pursues his example of ill.
 But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall next shake thee,
 Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and awake thee ;
 If thou yield'st to thy fury, how tempted soever,
 The gate of repentance shall ope for thee NEVER !"—

XI.

"He is gone," said Lord Harold, and gazed as he spoke ;
 "There is nought on the path but the shade of the oak.
 He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling oppress'd,
 Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's breast.
 My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread,
 And cold dew drops from my brow and my head.—
 Ho ! Gunnar, the flasket yon almoner gave ;
 He said that three drops would recall from the grave.
 For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft has power,
 Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a flower !"
 The Page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill'd
 With the juice of wild roots that his art had distill'd --
 So baneful their influence on all that had breath,
 One drop had been frenzy, and two had been death.
 Harold took it, but drank not ; for jubilee shrill,
 And music and clamour were heard on the hill,
 And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er stone,
 The train of a bridal came blithesomely on ;
 There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel, and still
 The burden was, "Joy to the fair Metelill !"

XII.

Harold might see from his high stance,
 Himself unseen, that train advance
 With mirth and melody ;—
 On horse and foot a mingled throng,
 Measuring their steps to bridal song
 And *bridal minstrelsy* ;

And ever when the blithesome rout
 Lent to the song their choral shout,
 Redoubling echoes roll'd about,
 While echoing cave and cliff sent out
 The answering symphony
 Of all those mimic notes which dwell
 In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the band,
By many a various passion fann'd ;—
As elemental sparks can feed
On essence pure and coarsest weed,
Gentle, or stormy, or refined,
Joy takes the colours of the mind.
Lightsome and pure, but unrepress'd,
He fired the bridegroom's gallant
breast ;

More feebly strove with maiden fear,
Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear
On the bride's blushing cheek, that
shows

Like dewdrop on the budding rose ;
While Wulfstane's gloomy smile de-
clared

The glee that selfish avarice shared,
And pleased revenge and malice high
Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye.

On dangerous adventure sped,
The witch deem'd Harold with the
dead,

For thus that morn her Demon said :—
“ If, ere the set of sun, be tied

The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his
bride,

The Dane shall have no power of ill
O'er William and o'er Metelill.”

And the pleased witch made answer,
“ Then

Must Harold have pass'd from the
paths of men !

Evil repose may his spirit have,—

May hemlock and mandrake find root
in his grave,—

May his death-sleep be dogged by
dreams of dismay,

And his waking be worse at the an-
swering day !”

XIV.

Such was their various mood of glee
Blent in one shout of ecstasy.

But still when Joy is brimming highest,
Of Sorrow and Misfortune nighest,

Of Terror with her ague cheek,

And lurking Danger, sages speak :—

These haunt each path, but chief
they lay

Their snares beside the primrose
way.—

Thus found that bridal band the
Beset by Harold in his wrath.
Trembling beneath his mad
mood,

High on a rock the giant stood
His shout was like the doom of
Spoke o'er their heads that
beneath.

His destined victims might not
The reddening terrors of his eye
The frown of rage that with
face,—

The lip that foam'd like bo
chase ;—

But all could see—and, seeing,
Bore back to shun the threaten
The fragment which their giant
Rent from the cliff and hea
throw.

XV.

Backward they bore ;—yet are
two

For battle who prepare :

No pause of dread Lord William

Ere his good blade was ba

And Wulfstane bent his fatal y

But ere the silken cord he drev

As hurl'd from Hecla's thunde

That ruin through the air

Full on the outlaw's front it c

And all that late had human m

And human face, and human t

That lived, and moved, and h

will

To choose the path of good or

Is to its reckoning gone ;

And nought of Wulfstane rests

Save that beneath that sto

Half-buried in the dinted clay.

A red and shapeless mass ther

Of mingled flesh and bon

XVI.

As from the bosom of the sky

The eagle darts amain,

Three bounds from yonder summ

Placed Harold on the pla

As the scared wild-fowl scream

So fled the bridal train ;

As 'gainst the eagle's peerless

The noble falcon dares the fight

But dares the fight in vain

So fought the bridegroom ; from his
hand
The Dane's rude mace has struck his
brand,
Its glittering fragments strew the sand,
Its lord lies on the plain.
Now, Heaven ! take noble William's
part,
And melt that yet unmelted heart,
Or, ere his bridal hour depart,
The hapless bridegroom's slain !

XVII.

Count Harold's frenzied rage is high,
There is a death-fire in his eye,
Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
His teeth are set, his hand is clench'd,
The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite !
But, as the mace aloft he swung,
To stop the blow young Gunnar sprung,
Around his master's knees he clung,
And cried, " In mercy spare !
O, think upon the words of fear
Spoke by that visionary Seer,
The crisis he foretold is here,—
Grant mercy,—or despair !"
This word suspended Harold's mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsman's rude
That pauses for the sign.
" O mark thee with the blessed rood,"
The Page implored ; " Speak word
of good,
Resist the fiend, or be subdued !"
He sign'd the cross divine—
Instant his eye hath human light,
Less red, less keen, less fiercely bright ;
His brow relax'd the obdurate frown,
The fatal mace sinks gently down,
He turns and strides away ;
Yet oft, like revellers who leave
Unfinish'd feast, looks back to grieve,
As if repenting the reprieve
He granted to his prey.
Yet still of forbearance one sign hath
he given,
And fierce Witikind's son made one
step towards heaven.

XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps
part,
Death is behind and shakes his dart ;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelill seems dying !—
Bring odours—essences in haste—
And lo ! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere pouring it for those she loves—
Then Walwayn's potion was not
wasted,
For when three drops the hag had
tasted,
So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke,
The raven gave his fatal croak,
And shriek'd the night-crow from the
oak,
The screech-owl from the thicker
broke,
And flutter'd down the dell !
So fearful was the sound and stern,
The slumbers of the full-gorged erne
Were startled, and from furze and fern
Of forest and of fell,
The fox and famish'd wolf replied,
(For wolves then prowl'd the Cheviot
side,)
From mountain head to mountain head
The unhallow'd sounds around were
sped ;
But when their latest echo fled,
The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes,
With which the bridal morn arose
Of William and of Metelill ;
But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread,
The summer morn peeps dim and red
Above the eastern hill,
Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
The King of Splendour walks abroad ;
So, when this cloud had pass'd away,
Bright was the noontide of their day,
And all serene its setting ray.

CANTO SIXTH

I.

WELL do I hope that this my minstrel tale
Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,
Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail,
To view the Castle of these Seven Proud Shields.
Small confirmation its condition yields
To Meneville's high lay, —No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Fancy builds,
And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with green,
Is nought remains to tell of what may there have been.

And yet grave authors, with the no small waste
Of their grave time, have dignified the spot
By theories, to prove the fortress placed
By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot.
Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote,
But rather choose the theory less civil
Of boors, who, origin of things forgot,
Refer still to the origin of evil,
And for their master-mason choose that master-fiend the Devil.

II.

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers
That stout Count Harold bent his wondering gaze,
When evening dew was on the heather flowers,
And the last sunbeams made the mountain blaze,
And tinged the battlements of other days
With the bright level light ere sinking down.—
Illumined thus, the dauntless Dane surveys
The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal frown,
And on their blazons traced high marks of old renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat,
And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag;
Strath-Clwyd's strange emblem was a stranded boat,
Donald of Galloway's a trotting nag;
A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's brag;
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag
Surmounted by a cross—such signs were borne
Upon these antique shields, all wasted now and worn.

III.

These scann'd, Count Harold sought the castle-door,
Whose ponderous bolts were rusted to decay;
Yet till that hour adventurous knight forbore
The unobstructed passage to essay.
More strong than armed warders in array,
And obstacle more sure than bolt or bar,
Sate in the portal Terror and Dismay,
While Superstition, who forbade to war

With foes of other mould than mortal clay,
Cast spells across the gate, and barr'd the onward way.

Vain now those spells ; for soon with heavy clank
The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd,
And, as it oped, through that emblazon'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a groan, and then was hush'd.
Is none who on such spot such sounds could hear
But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd ;
Yet to bold Harold's breast that throb was dear—
It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

IV.

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced
Within the castle, that of danger show'd ;
For still the halls and courts were wild and waste,
As through their precincts the adventurers trode.
The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and broad,
Each tower presenting to their scrutiny
A hall in which a king might make abode,
And fast beside, garnish'd both proud and high,
Was placed a bower for rest in which a king might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall ;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.
Flagons, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begilt, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments scar—
Frail as the spider's mesh did that rich woof appear.

V.

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed,
And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung
The wasted relics of a monarch dead ;
Barbaric ornaments around were spread,
Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious stone,
And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head ;
While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them thrown,
The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight,
On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and light,
Was changed ere morning to the murderer's tread.
For human bliss and woe in the frail thread
Of human life are all so closely twined,
That till the shears of Fate the texture shred,

The close succession cannot be disjoin'd,
Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which comes behind.

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been done,
In that seventh chamber, was a sterner sight;
There of the witch brides lay each skeleton,
Still in the posture as to death when night.
For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright;
And that, is one who struggled long in dying;
One bony hand held knife, as if to smite;
One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying;
One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.

The stern Dane smiled this charnel house to see,—
For his chased thought return'd to Meteliff;—
And "Well," he said, "hath woman's perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged. The origin of ill
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine saith;
Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
Can show example where a woman's breath
Hath made a true love vow, and, tempted, kept her faith."

VII.

The minstrel-boy half smiled, half
sigh'd,
And his half-bling eyes he dried,
And said, "The theme I should but
wrong,
Unless it were my dying song,
(Our Sealds have said, in dying hour
The Northern harp has treble power,)
Else could I tell of woman's faith,
Defying danger, scorn, and death
Firm was that faith, - as diamond stone
Pure and unflaw'd, - her love un-
known,
And unrequited;—firm and pure,
Her stainless faith could all endure;
From clime to clime, from place to
place,
Through wint, and danger, and dis-
grace,
A wanderer's wayward steps could
trace —
All this she did, and guerdon none
Required, save that her burial stone
Should make at length the secret
known,

'Thus hath a faithful woman
Not in each breast such true
But Eivir was a Danish maid

VIII.

"Thou art a wiltentist
Count Harold, "for thy De
And yet, young Gunnar, f
Hers were a faith to rest
But Eivir sleeps beneath
And all resembling her art
What mable ever saw I such
In plighted faith, like this
But couch thee, boy, the
shade
Falls thickly round, not b
Because the dead are
They were as we, our life
O'erspent, and we shall be
Yet near me, Gunnar, be
Thy couch upon my roun
That thou mayst think, o
inside,
Thy master slumbers
Thou shalt find them in that d
Unto the beams of Leav

IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,
When he beheld that dawn unclosed—
There's trouble in his eyes,
And traces on his brow and cheek
Of mingled awe and wonder speak:
"My page," he said, "arise;—
Leave we this place, my page."—No
more
He utter'd till the castle door
They cross'd—but there he paused
and said,
"My wildness hath awaked the dead—
Disturb'd the sacred tomb!
Methought this night I stood on high,
Where Hecla roars in middle sky,
And in her cavern'd gulfs could spy
The central place of doom;
And there before my mortal eye
Souls of the dead came flitting by,
Whom fiends, with many a fiendish
cry,
Bore to that evil den!
My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain
Was wilder'd, as the elvish train,
With shriek and howl, dragg'd on
amain
Those who had late been men.

X.

"With haggard eyes and streaming
hair,
Jutta the Sorceress was there,
And there pass'd Wulfstane, lately
slain,
All crush'd and foul with bloody
stain.—
More had I seen, but that uprose
A whirlwind wild, and swept the
snows;
And with such sound as when at need
A champion spurs his horse to speed,
Three arm'd knights rush on, who lead
Caparison'd a sable steed.
Sable their harness, and there came
Through their closed visors sparks of
flame.
The first proclaim'd, in sounds of fear,
'Harold the Dauntless, welcome here!'
The next cried, 'Jubilee! we've won
Count Witikind the Waster's son!'

And the third rider sternly spoke,
'Mount, in the name of Zernebock!—
From us, O Harold, were thy
powers,—
Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are
ours;
Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,
With hell can strive.' The fiend
spoke true!
My inmost soul the summons knew,
As captives know the knell
That says the headsman's sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
Commands them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
When to my rescue sped
That Palmer's visionary form,
And—like the passing of a storm—
The demons yell'd and fled!

XI.

"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd
The features it before conceal'd;
And, Gunnar, I could find
In him whose counsels strove to stay
So oft my course on wilful way,
My father Witikind!
Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for
mine,
A wanderer upon earth to pine
Until his son shall turn to grace,
And smooth for him a resting-place.—
Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain
This world of wretchedness and pain:
I'll tame my wilful heart to live
In peace—to pity and forgive—
And thou, for so the Vision said,
Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.
Thy mother was a prophetess,
He said, who by her skill could guess
How close the fatal textures join
Which knit thy thread of life with mine;
Then, dark, he hinted of disguise
She framed to cheat too curious eyes,
That not a moment might divide
Thy fated footsteps from my side.
Methought while thus my sire did
teach,
I caught the meaning of his speech,
Yet seems its purport doubtful now."

His hand then sought his thoughtful
brow
Then first he mark'd, that in the tower
His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale,
Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale ;
But when he learn'd the dubious close,
He blush'd like any opening rose,
And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek,
Hied back that glove of mail to seek ;
When soon a shriek of deadly dread
Summon'd his master to his aid.

XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that bower,
So late his resting-place ?—
The semblance of the Evil Power,
Adored by all his race !
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear ;
For plummy crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its haggard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown :
So flow'd his hoary beard ;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine ;—
But when his voice he rear'd,
Deep, without harshness, slow and
strong,
The powerful accents roll'd along,
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.

"Harold," he said, "what rage is
thine,
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God ?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face
Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarine ?—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,

Victory and vengeance—only
Can give the joys for which t
The immortal tilt—the banquet
The brimming draught from t
skull.

Mine art thou, witness this t
The faithful pledge of vassal's

XV.

"Tempter," said Harold, firm
"I charge thee, hence ! what
art,

I do defy thee—and resist
The kindling frenzy of my br
Waked by thy words ; and of
Norglove, nor buckler, splent,
Shall rest with thee—tha
release,

And God, or Demon, part in p
"Eivir," the Shape replied, "
Mark'd in the birth-hour with
Think'st thou that priest wi
of spray

Could wash that blood-red ma
Or that a borrow'd sex and n
Can abrogate a Godhead's cl
Thrill'd this strange speech
Harold's brain,

He clench'd his teeth in high
For not his new-born faith s
Some tokens of his ancient r
"Now, by the hope so lately
Of better trust and purer hea
I will assail thee, fiend !" —
His mace, and with a storm
The mortal and the Demon

XVI.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd
Darken'd the sky and sh
ground ;

But not the artillery of
The bickering lightning, nor
Of turrets to the earthquake

Could Harold's courage
Sternly the Dane his purpos
And blows on blows resistles

Till quail'd that Demon
And—for his power to hurt
Was bounded by a higher wi
Evanish'd in the storm.

paused the Champion of the
North,
raised, and bore his Eivir forth,
on that wild scene of fiendish strife,
right, to liberty, and life !

XVII.

placed her on a bank of moss,
A silver runnel bubbled by,
new-born thoughts his soul
engross,
tremors yet unknown across
His stubborn sinews fly,
while with timid hand the dew
on her brow and neck he threw,
mark'd how life with rosy hue
her pale cheek revived anew,
And glimmer'd in her eye.
he said, "That silken tress,—
at blindness mine that could not
guess !
how could page's rugged dress
That bosom's pride belie ?
all of heart, through wild and wave
march of blood and death to rave,
With such a partner nigh !"

XVIII.

in the mirror'd pool he peer'd,
ned his rough locks and shaggy
beard,
stains of recent conflict clear'd,—
And thus the Champion proved,
t he fears now who never fear'd,
And loves who never loved.

And Eivir—life is on her cheek,
And yet she will not move or speak,
Nor will her eyelid fully ope ;
Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,
Through its long fringe, reserved and
shy,
Affection's opening dawn to spy ;
And the deep blush, which bids its dye
O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,
Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek
For terms his new-born love to
speak,—
For words, save those of wrath and
wrong,
Till now were strangers to his tongue ;
So, when he raised the blushing maid,
In blunt and honest terms he said,
(Twere well that maids, when lovers
woo,
Heard none more soft, were all as true,)
"Eivir ! since thou for many a day
Hast follow'd Harold's wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side,
A Christian knight and Christian
bride ;
And of Witikind's son shall the marvel
be said,
That on the same morn he was christen'd
and wed."

CONCLUSION.

And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid ?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow ?
No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead,
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—'tis ended—and I will not borrow,
To try thy patience more, one anecdote
From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Snorro.
Then pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath wrote
A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd to add a note.



BALLADS, SONGS,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

1012
1070~

**BALLADS, TRANSLATED OR IMITATED,
FROM THE GERMAN, &c.**

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

IMITATED FROM THE "LENORÉ" OF BÜRGER.

I.

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red :
— Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !
O art thou false or dead ?"—

II.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade ;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And ev'ry knight return'd to dry
The tears his love had shed.

IV.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy ;
Green waved the laurel in each plume,
The badge of victory.

V.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

VI.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles
Array'd full many a face.

VII.

For joy nor smile for Helen sad ;
She sought the host in vain ;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.

The martial band is past and gone ;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

IX.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,
"Nor sorrow thus in vain ;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again."—

X.

"O mother, what is gone, is gone,
What's lost for ever lorn :
Death, death alone can comfort me ;
O had I ne'er been born !

XI.

"O break, my heart, O break at once
Drink my life-blood, Despair !
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share."—

XII.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord !"
The pious mother prays ;
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child !
She knows not what she says.

XIII.

"O say thy pater noster, child !
O turn to God and grace !
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale
Can change thy bale to bliss."—

XIV.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss ?
O mother, what is bale ?
My William's love was heaven on earth
Without it earth is hell.

XV.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slun?
I only pray'd for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain." —

XVI.

"O take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O hallow'd be thy woe!" —

XVII.

"No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

XVIII.

"O break, my heart, O break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer." —

XIX.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord,
With this frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

XX.

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Weal can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss." —

XXI.

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?" —

XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering twilight shone
The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge
That o'er the moat was hung,
And, clatter! clatter! on its hinges
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was
As off the rider bounded,
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.

And hark! and hark! a knock
tap!
A rustling stifled noise: —
Door-latch and tinkling staples
At length a whispering voice.

XXVII.

"Awake, awake, arise, my love,
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st
or weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fate?

XXVIII.

"My love! my love! so late by
I waked, I wept for thee
Much have I borne since dawn
Where, William, couldst thou be?

XXIX.

"We saddle late - from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell,
And to its bourne we both return
Before the morn-bell!" —

XXX.

"O rest this night within my arms
And warm thee in their fold
Chill howls through hawthorn
wind
My love is deadly cold."

XXXI.

"Let the wind howl through the
bush!
This night we must away,
The steed is wight, the spur is
I cannot stay till day

XXXII.

Busk, busk, and boune ! Thou mount'st
behind
Upon my black barb steed :
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed."

XXXIII.

"To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—
O dearest William, stay !
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal
hour !
O wait, my love, till day!"—

XXXIV.

"Look here, look here—the moon shines
clear—
Full fast I ween we ride ;
Mount and away ! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings ;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee !
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."

XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd : she busks, she
bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.

And, hurry ! hurry ! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be ;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering
heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot, and castle, flew.

XXXIX.

"Sit fast—dost fear !—The moon shines
clear—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold !
Fear'st thou ?"—"O no !" she faintly
said ;
"But why so stern and cold ?

XI.

"What yonder rings ? what yonder sings !
Why shrieks the owlet gray ?"—
"Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

XLI.

"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn,
Ye may inter the dead :
To-night I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,
To swell our nuptial song !
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast.
Come all, come all along !"—

XLIII.

Ceased clang and song ; down sunk the
bier ;
The shrouded corpse arose :
And, hurry hurry ! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

XLIV.

And, forward ! forward ! on they go ;
High snorts the straining steed ;
Thick pants the rider's labouring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

"O William, why this savage haste ?
And where thy bridal bed ?"—
"Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid."

XLVI.

"No room for me ?"—"Enough for
both ;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course !"
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling
surge,
He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp ! tramp ! along the land they rode,
Splash ! splash ! along the sea ;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower !
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower !

XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon
shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?—
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!"—
"O William, let them be!"—

L.

"See there, see there! What yonder
swings
And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"—
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain.—

LI.

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dace
Before me and my bride."—

LII.

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

LIII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their head!

LV.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines
clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Does faithful Helen fear for them?"—
"O leave in peace the dead!"—

LVI.

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well-nigh done."—

LVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;

The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIII.

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead,
The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home."—

LIX.

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

LX.

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

LXI.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone passed
He spurr'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He check'd the wondrous course.

LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mould'ring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam
And, with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

LXV.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance
And howl the funeral song;

LXVI.

"E'en when the heart's with anguish torn
Revere the doom of Heaven,
Her soul is from her body rest;
Her spirit be forgiven!"

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

IMITATED FROM BÜRGER'S "WILDE JÄGER."

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse ! halloo, halloo !
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the
brake ;

While answering hound, and horn, and
steed,

The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had
toll'd :

But still the Wildgrave onward rides ;
Halloo, halloo ! and, hark again !
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell ;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young and
fair,

His smile was like the morn of May ;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, " Welcome, welcome, noble
lord !

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford ? "

" Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice ;
" And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

" To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane ;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in
vain."—

" Away, and sweep the glades along
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies ;
" To muttering monks leave matin-song
And bells, and books, and mysteries

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed
And, launching forward with a bound

" Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede
Would leave the jovial horn and
hound ?

" Hence, if our manly sport offend !
With pious fools go chant and pray :
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brown
friend ;

Halloo, halloo ! and, hark away ! "

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill
And on the left, and on the right,
Each Stranger Horseman follow'd still

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn
A stag more white than mountain
snow ;

And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn
" Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way ;
He gasps, the thundering hoofs beat
low ;—

But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, " Forward, forward ! " on they go

See, where yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessing
crown'd ;

See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embrown'd

" O mercy, mercy, noble lord !
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry
" Earn'd by the sweat these brows have
pour'd,

In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound ! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing
blow !" —

Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward ! holla, ho !"

So said, so done : — A single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale ;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along ;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening
throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and
hill ;

Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd ;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd ;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds
trace ;

O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall ; —
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all ;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care !"

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog ! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine !" —

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman
near ;

The murderous cries the stag
Again he starts, new-nerv

With blood besmear'd, and
foam,

While big the tears of ang
He seeks, amid the forest's
The humble hermit's hall

But man and horse, and horn
Fast rattling on his traces
The sacred chapel rung aro
With, "Hark away ! and,

All mild, amid the rout pro
The holy hermit pour'd h
"Forbear with blood God
stain ;

Revere His altar, and for

"The meanest brute has rig
Which, wrong'd by cruel
Draw vengeance on the ruth
Be warn'd at length, and

Still the Fair Horseman anx
The Black, wild whooping
prey : —

Alas ! the Earl no warning
But frantic keeps the forw

"Holy or not, or right or w
Thy altar, and its rites, I
Not sainted martyrs' sacred
Not God himself, shall mak

He spurs his horse, he wind

"Hark forward, forward, h
But off, on whirlwind's pini
The stag, the hut, the her

And horse and man, and horn
And clamour of the chase.
For hoofs, and howls, and b
A deadly silence reign'd a

Wild gazed the affrighted E
He strove in vain to wake
In vain to call : for not a so
Could from his anxious lip

He listens for his trusty hou
No distant baying reach'd
His courser, rooted to the g
The quickening spur unmi

Still dark and darker frown
Dark as the darkness of t'

And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased for ever through the wood;
For ever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child."

'Twas hush'd:—One flash, of sombre
glare,
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call;—her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,

Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the
throng,

With bloody fangs, and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end:
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears;
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear,
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of "Holla, ho!"

THE FIRE-KING.

"The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."—*Eastern Tale.*

[1801.]

This ballad was written at the request of Mr. LEWIS, to be inserted in his *Tales of Wonder*.^{*} It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

^{*} Published in 1801.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high ?
 And see you that lady, the tear in her eye ?
 And I see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
 The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand ?

" Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
 What news bring you home from the Holy Countree ?
 And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand ?
 And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land ? " —

" O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
 For to lead and Nablos, and Ramah we have ;
 And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
 For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won. "

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung ;
 O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung :
 " O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
 For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countree.

" And palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
 O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle as I live ?
 When the Crescent went back, and the Red cross rush'd on,
 O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon ? " —

" O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows,
 O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows ;
 Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high ;
 But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die

" The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
 It leaves of your castle but levin scorch'd walls ;
 The pure stream runs muddy, the gay hope is gone,
 Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon. "

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed ;
 And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need,
 And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
 To ransom Count Albert from Soldan's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Kosahe,
 Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he :
 A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
 The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

" O Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou be,
 Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee.
 Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take ;
 And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

" And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
 The mystical flame which the Cardinals afore,
 Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake ;
 And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake

" And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
 To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land.
 For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
 When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake.

He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord ;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watch'd until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed ;
They search'd all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round ;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burn'd unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the King,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing ;
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo ! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again ;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell :
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell !

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to retreat ;
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad,
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high ;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguish'd in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm ;
I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke :
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon ; and see !
The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee :
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave;
Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of Saint John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war symbols clatter'd, the trumpets repli'd,
The lances were couer'd, and they clos'd on each side;
And horseman and horses Count Albert overthrew,
Till he pierc'd the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red cross shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the March before,
And clef't the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dent, that Count Albert stoop'd low
Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddlebow,
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,
" *Bonne Grace, A tre Dame!*" he unwittingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more,
But true men have said, that the lightning's rearing
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand,
He stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdians, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the salter, and crossletted shield,
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel head
From Bethsada's fountains to Naphtali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsada's plain
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd 'mid the slain?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalind!

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound,
The Count he was left to the vulture and hound:
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it fell
And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalind.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

[1801.]

THIS tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced Goethe's "Claudina Von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break in the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. LEWIS, whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his *Tales of Wonder*.

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastes his steps to measure,
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
Keen to prove his untried blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the war of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, blithe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick lie
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night brook
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,
 Slowly opes the iron door !
 Straight a banquet met his eye,
 But a funeral's form it wore !
 Coffins for the seats extend ;
 All with black the board was spread ;
 Girt by parent, brother, friend,
 Long since numbered with the dead !

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
 Ghastly smiling, points a seat ;
 All arose, with thundering sound ;
 All the expected stranger greet.
 High their meagre arms they wave,
 Wild their notes of welcome swell ;
 "Welcome, traitor, to the grave !
 Perjured, bid the light farewell !"

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

[1818.]

THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss established their independence ; the author, Albert Tschudi, denominated the latter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meister-Singer*, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier.

'Twas when among our linden-trees
 The bees had housed in swarms,
 (And grey-hair'd peasants say that these
 Betoken foreign arms,)

Then look'd we down to Willisow,
 The land was all in flame ;
 We knew the Archduke Leopold
 With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,
 So hot their heart and bold,
 "On Switzer carles we'll trample now,
 And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud,
 From Zurich on the lake,
 In martial pomp and fair array,
 Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all—
 Ye seek the mountain strand,
 Nor wot ye what shall be your lot
 In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins,
 Before ye farther go ;
 A skirmish in Helvetian hills
 May send your souls to woe."—

"But where now shall we find a priest
 Our shrift that he may hear?"—

"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,
 He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
 He'll lay his hand of steel ;
 And with his trusty partisan
 Your absolution deal."—

'Twas on a Monday morning then,
 The corn was steep'd in dew,
 And merry maids had sickles ta'en,
 When the host to Sempach drew.

The stalwart men of fair Lucerne
 Together have they join'd ;
 The pith and core of manhood stout
 Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
 And to the Duke he said,
 "Yon little band of brethren true
 Will meet us undismay'd."—

"O Hare-castle, thou heart of haughty
 Fierce Oxenstern replied.—

"Shalt see then how the game will
 The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets
 And closing ranks amain ;
 The peaks they hew'd from their
 points

Might well-nigh load a wain.
 And thus they to each other said,
 "Yon handful down to hew
 Will be no boastful tale to tell,
 The peasants are no few."—

lant Swiss Confederates there
 pray'd to God aloud,
 display'd his rainbow fair
 'st a swarthy cloud.

heart and pulse throbb'd more
 and more

courage firm and high,
 own the good Confederates bore
 the Austrian chivalry.

astrian Lion 'gan to growl,
 toss his main and tail ;
 ll, and shaft, and crossbow bolt,
 t whistling forth like hail.

pike, and halbert, mingled there,
 game was nothing sweet ;
 ughs of many a stately tree
 shiver'd at their feet.

astrian men-at-arms stood fast,
 ose their spears they laid ;
 d the gallant Winkelreid,
 to his comrades said—

e a virtuous wife at home,
 fe and infant son ;
 them to my country's care,—
 field shall soon be won.

nobles lay their spears right thick,
 keep full firm array,
 all my charge their order break,
 make my brethren way."

h'd against the Austrian band,
 sperate career,
 th his body, breast, and hand,
 down each hostile spear.

nces splinter'd on his crest,
 hiver'd in his side ;
 the serried files he press'd—
 roke their ranks, and died.

atriot's self-devoted deed
 tamed the Lion's mood,
 e four forest cantons freed
 a thraldom by his blood.

here his charge had made a lane,
 valiant comrades burst,
 word, and axe, and partisan,
 hack, and stab, and thrust.

unted Lion 'gan to whine,
 granted ground amain,

The Mountain Bull he bent his brows,
 And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
 At Sempach in the flight,
 The cloister vaults at Konig's-field
 Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,
 So lordly would he ride,
 But he came against the Switzer churls,
 And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
 "And shall I not complain ?
 There came a foreign nobleman
 To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn
 Has gall'd the knight so sore,
 That to the churchyard he is borne,
 To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,
 And fast the flight 'gan take ;
 And he arrived in luckless hour
 At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd,
 (His name was Hans von Rot,)
 "For love, or meed, or charity,
 Receive us in thy boat !"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
 And, glad the meed to win,
 His shallop to the shore he steer'd,
 And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
 Hans stoutly row'd his way,
 The noble to his follower sign'd
 He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,
 The squire his dagger drew,
 Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
 The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,
 He stunn'd them with his oar,
 "Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
 You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake
 This morning have I caught,
 Their silver scales may much avail,
 Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
 Has sought the Austrian land :
 "Ah ! gracious lady, evil news !
 My lord lies on the strand.
 "At Sempach, on the battle-field,
 His bloody corpse lies there."—
 "Ah, gracious God !" the lady cried,
 "What tidings of despair !"

Now would you know the minstrel
 Who sings of strife so stern,
 Albert the Souter is he hight,
 A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
 The night he made the lay,
 Returning from the bloody spot
 Where God had judged the

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

I.

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
 It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay ;
 He halsed and kiss'd his dearest dame, that was as sweet as May,
 And said, "Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

II.

"'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
 And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land that's mine
 Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay,
 That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and a day."

III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer,
 "Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takest thou here ;
 And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy lordly sway,
 And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away ?"

IV.

Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of that have thou no care,
 There's many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair ;
 The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and my state,
 And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

V.

"As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have plight,
 When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight ;
 And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now,
 But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow."

VI.

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him boune,
 And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer and with gown :
 He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd with miniver,
 He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead fair.

VII

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine,
And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine,
For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead my vassal train,
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return again."

VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from me ;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven twelvemonths didst thou say ?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day."

IX.

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was full of care,
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir,
To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou trusty squire to me,
Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea ?

X.

"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my land,
And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band ;
And pledge thee for my Lady's faith, till seven long years are gone,
And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John."

XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young,
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue ;
"My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

XII.

"Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with your vassals ride ;
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year."

XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his cheek ;
A long adieu he bids to all—hoists topsails, and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and a day.

XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept,
When on the Baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept ;
And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake,
Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

XV.

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train ;
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair,
This night within thy father's hall she weds Marstetten's heir."

XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,
"Oh would that I had ne'er been born ! what tidings have I heard !
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my care,
But, God ! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my Lady fair.

XVII.

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd, "my patron Saint art thou
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my vow !
My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name,
And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard his pilgrim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpower'd his care ;
He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd beside a rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around ;
"I know my father's ancient towers, the mill, the stream I know,
Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his pilgrim's woe !"

XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew,
So alter'd was his goodly form that none their master knew ;
The Baron to the miller said, "Good friend, for charity,
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be ?"

XXI.

The miller answer'd him again, "He knew of little news,
Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose ;
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word,
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy Lord.

XXII.

"Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free,
God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me !
And when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and millers take their toll
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole."

XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began,
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man ;
"Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match to break."

XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe ;
And to the warder thus he spoke : "Friend, to thy Lady say,
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for a day.

XXV.

"I've wander'd many a weary step, my strength is well-nigh done,
And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun ;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dole,
And for the sake of Moringer's, her once-loved husband's soul."

XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before,
"A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil'd, stands at the castle-door ;
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for harbour and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul."

XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was moved, "Do up the gate," she said,
"And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed ;
And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to stay,
These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a day."

XXVIII.

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,
It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode ;
"And have thou thanks, kind heaven," he said, "though from a man of sin,
That the true lord stands here once more his castle-gate within."

XXIX.

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow ;
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their Lord to know ;
He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with woe and wrong,
Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd little space so long.

XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was evening hour,
The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial bower ;
"Our castle's wont," a bridesman said, "hath been both firm and long,
No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant a song."

XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by the bride,
"My merry minstrel folk," quoth he, "lay shalm and harp aside ;
Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold,
And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold."—

XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus the pilgrim sung,
"Nor golden meed, nor garment gay, unlocks his heavy tongue ;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms was mine."

XXXIII.

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver-hair'd,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left this brow and beard ;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age."

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woful lay that hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dimm'd with tears ;
She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden beaker take,
And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp'd amid the wine
A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine :
Now listen, genties, to my song, it tells you but the sooth,
'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal truth.

XXXVI.

Then to the cupbearer he said, " Do me one kindly deed,
And should my better days return, full rich shall be thy meed ;
Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the bride ;
" Lady," he said, " your reverend guest sends this, and bids me pra
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it close and near,
Then might you hear her shriek aloud, " The Moringer is here !"
Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in torrents fell,
But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies best can tell.

XXXIX.

But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and every saintly power,
That had return'd the Moringer before the midnight hour ;
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was there bride,
That had like her preserved her troth, or been so sorely tried.

XL.

" Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, " to constant matrons due
Who keep the troth that they have plight, so stedfastly and true ;
For count the term howe'er you will, so that you count aright,
Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll twelve to-ni

XLI.

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew,
He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his weapon threw ;
" My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were the words he s
" Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's he

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
" He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven twelvemonths and a c
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her sweet and fai
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir.

XLIII.

“The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old bridegroom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually were told;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle gate,
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late.” *

An odd misconception is very common in regard to the title of this poem. Many people suppose that “Moringer” is either a title of dignity, or the designation of some office, and learned derivations have been attributed to it—such as Moringer, one who wears a morion. Moringer, however, is a family name, and appears in the ballad which Scott translated, and which he found in a collection of German popular songs, entitled “*Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder*,” Berlin, 1807. According to the German editor, the original ballad was extracted from a manuscript chronicle of Nicolas vonmann, chaplain to St. Leonard in Wiessenhorn, which bears date 1533. Scott adds that there is nothing like a real foundation for the story; at any rate the editor quotes tombstones and obituaries prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and alleges that there was actually a Lady von Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was by birth of the house of Moringer, and whom he identifies with the Moringer’s daughter mentioned in the ballad. She died on 11th May, 1349. In his preface to “*The Betrothed*,” Scott refers to the class of legends of which that of the noble Moringer is a type, and which owe their origin to the peculiar circumstances of the Crusades. “The confusion among families,” says Scott, “was not the least concomitant evil of the extraordinary prevalence of this superstition. It was no unusual thing for a Crusader, returning from his long labours of war and pilgrimage, to find his family augmented by some young offshoot, of whom the married matron could give no very accurate account, or perhaps to find his marriage-bed filled, instead of becoming nurse to an old man, his household dame had preferred being the lady of a young one. Numerous are the stories of this kind told in different parts of Europe; and the returned knight or baron, according to his temper, sat down good-naturedly contented with the situation which his lady gave of a doubtful matter, or called in blood and fire to vindicate his honour, which after all had been endangered chiefly by his forsaking his household gods to seek adventures in Palestine.” A story somewhat similar to that of the Moringer is told of one of the ancient lords of Haigh Hall, in Lancashire. In the genealogy of the Bradshaigh family, to whom the mansion was formerly belonged, there is the following passage:—“Of this Mabel is a story by tradition of reputed verity that in Sir William Bradshage’s absence (being ten yeares away in the wares) she married a Welch knight. Sir William returning from the wares came in a palmer’s habit amongst the poore to Haghe. Who when she saw and congetringe that he favoured her former husband, for which the knight chasticed her, at which Sir William went and made him selfe knowne to his tenants, in which space the knight fled, but neare to Newton Parke Sir William overtooke him and slue him. The said Dame Mabell was enjoyned by her confessor to doe penances by going at every week bare foot and bare legg’d to a Crosse near Wigan from the Haghe wilest she lived, which is called Mabb X to this day; and ther monument lyes in Wigan church, as you see ther rayd.” Scottish tradition also ascribes to the family of Tweedie on the Scotch border, descent from the spirit of the river Tweed, who insisted on paying his addresses to a lady whose husband was in Palestine.

The translation of “*The Noble Moringer*” was composed by Scott during a severe illness in which it was dictated, in the intervals of agony, to his daughter Sophia and his old friend William Hall.

BALLADS.

GLENFINLAS:

OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.*

THE simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, is that while two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and wine, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, both of a green hue, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was so attracted by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the body of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the wolves, whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Banffshire, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes through the district, and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Callender is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a beautiful tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in Mr. LEWIS'S *Tales of Wonder*.

“For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare.”

COLLINS.

“O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'! †
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald
more!”—

O, sprung from great Macgillanore,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

* *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

† *O hone a rie'* signifies—“Alas for the prince or chief.”

Well can the Saxon widows tell
How, on the Teith's resounding
The boldest Lowland warriors
As down from Lenny's pass
But o'er his hills, in festal day
How blazed Lord Ronald's
tree,

While youths and maids
In the strathspey

So nimbly danced with Highland

‡ The term *Sassenach*, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Lowland neighbours.

he strength of Ronald's shell,
forgot his tresses hoar ;
e loud lament we swell,
o see Lord Ronald more !

it isles a chieftain came,
of Ronald's halls to find,
with him the dark-brown
d,
nds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

; whom in Columba's isle
s prophetic spirit found,
minstrel's fire the while,
ed his harp's harmonious
d.

a spell to him was known,
andering spirits shrink to
;
a lay of potent tone,
er meant for mortal ear.

his said, in mystic mood,
verse with the dead they hold,
y the fated shroud,
l the future corpse enfold.

that on a day,
the red deer from their den,
have ta'en their distant way,
r'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

wait their sports to aid,
their safety, deck their board ;
e dress, the Highland plaid,
asty guard, the Highland
d.

ner days, through brake and
istling shafts successful flew ;
hen dewy evening fell,
ry to their hut they drew.

nfinlas' deepest nook
ary cabin stood,
neira's sullen brook,
urmurs through that lonely
l.

night, the sky was calm,
ee successive days had flown ;
er mist in dewy balm
eathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy ;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high ?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye ?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the
sigh :

But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and
smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow ?"—

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's
death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and
fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,

To dash each glimpse of joy was given -
The gift, the future ill to know.

"The Lark thou saw'st, yon summer
morn,

So gaily part from Oban's lay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Lark, too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's
power,

As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore

"Thou only saw'st their turtans* wave,
As down Benvenutach's side they
wound,

Heard'st but the pibroch,† answering
brave

To many a target clanking round.

"I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serr'd Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone,
and now . . .

No more is given to gifted eye!"—

"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Nay, should we scorn joy's transient
dreams,

Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillan's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon
spear.

"Then now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

* *Turtan*—The full Highland dress, made
of the choicest stuffs, worn by

† *Pibroch*—A piece of martial music adapted
to the Highland bagpipe.

Within an hour returned
In rush'd the roasters of
They howl'd in merriment
Then closely couch'd to

No Ronald yet, though mid
And sad were Moy's prop
As, bending o'er the dying
He fed the watch-fire
gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect th
And sudden cease their m
Close press'd to Moy, they
fears

By shivering limbs and s
Untouch'd, the harp began
As softly, slowly, cied th
And shook responsive ever
As light a footstep press'd

And by the watch-fire's gam
Close by the minstrel's m
An huntress maid, in beaut
All dropping wet her robe

All dropping wet her game
Chill'd was her cheek, her
As, bending o'er the dying
She wrung the moisture fr

With maiden blush, she so
"O gentle huntsman, has
In deep Gientinlas' moan
A lovely maid in vest of

"With her a Chief in High
His shoulders bear the h
The mountain track adorns h
Far on the wild he start

"And what art thou* and wh
All ghastly gruing, Moy
"And why, beneath the m
Dare ye thus roam Gientin

"Where wild Loch Katrine
lides,
Blue, dark, and deep, rou
isle,

Our father's towers o'erhang
The castle of the bold Gl
"To chase the lion Glen
Our woodland course th
here,

And haply met, while wand
"The son of great Macgill

, then, to seek the pair,
loitering in the woods, I lost ;
are not venture there,
walks, they say, the shrieking
st." —

ny a shrieking ghost walks
e ;
st, my own sad vow to keep,
I pour my midnight prayer,
still must rise when mortals
p." —

or pity's gentle sake,
lone wanderer on her way !
cross the haunted brake,
ach my father's towers ere
" —

ee times tell each Ave-bead,
ce a Pater-noster say ;
with me the holy rede ;
we safely wend our way." —

to knighthood, strange and
!
the bonnet from thy brow,
d thee in the monkish cowl,
rest befits thy sullen vow.

oy high Dunlathmon's fire,
rt was froze to love and joy,
y rung thy raptured lyre
on Morna's melting eye."

d the minstrel's eyes of flame,
h his sable locks arose,
his colour went and came,
and rage alternate rose.

1! when by the blazing oak
her and love resign'd,
ye on the eddying smoke,
lye on the midnight wind ?

e a race of mortal blood,
Glengyle's pretended line ;
the Lady of the Flood—
the Monarch of the Mine."

'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
rice St. Fillan's powerful
yer ;
d him to the eastern clime,
nly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind ;
And loud, and high, and strange, they
rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew ;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear :
The slender hut in fragments flew ;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise ;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell ;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm ;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn
blade :

And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Ben-
more ;

That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxongore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills !
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen !
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen !

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell ;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie' ! O hone a rie' !
The pride of Albin's line is o'er !
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree ;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more !

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of hills called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Hardcastle [now Lord Polwarth.] The tower is a high square building, surrounded by a wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep ascent and a path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two towers or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is within an outer iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, may be seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the site of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. LEWIS's *Tales of Wonder*. It is illustrated, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquities. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition. The fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and he claims from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky
way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack* was braced, and his
helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel
sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

* The plate-jack is coat-armour: the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body: the sperthe, a battle-axe.

He came not from where Ancram
Ran red with English blood
Where the Douglas true, and
Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and
His action pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with
imbrued,—

But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still
And he whistled thrice for
foot-page,

His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little fellow,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou knowest
And look thou tell me true!

From Smaylho'me tower have
 I seen, and did thy lady do?"—
 And each night, sought the lonely
 Watchfold;
 From height to height, the beacons
 English foemen told.
 When clamour'd from the moss,
 And blew loud and shrill;
 In the aggy pathway she did cross
 The dreary Beacon Hill.
 And her steps, and silent came
 She sat her on a stone;—
 A man stood by the dreary flame,
 And all alone.
 And night I kept her in sight,
 When the fire she came,
 By Mary's might! an Armed Knight
 By the lonely flame.
 By a word that warlike lord
 Spoke to my lady there;
 He fell fast, and loud blew the
 Wind,
 Heard not what they were.
 And night there the sky was fair,
 The mountain-blast was still,
 I watch'd the secret pair,
 In the lonesome Beacon Hill.
 Heard her name the midnight
 Wind,
 And me this holy eve;
 'Come this night to thy lady's
 Chamber;
 And bold Baron's leave.
 With his spear with the bold Buc-
 cinch;
 And he is all alone;
 He'll undo, to her knight so true,
 The eve of good St. John.'—
 It come; I must not come;
 It not come to thee;
 The eve of St. John I must wander
 Alone;
 The tower I may not be.'—
 It on thee, fainthearted knight!
 I couldst not say me nay;
 In the worst and when lovers meet,
 In summer's day.

" 'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and
 the warder shall not sound,
 And rush shall be strew'd on the stair;
 So, by the black rood-stone, and by
 the holy St. John,
 I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'—
 " 'Though the blood-hound be mute,
 and the rush beneath my foot,
 And the warder his bugle should not
 blow,
 Yet there sleepeth a priest in the cham-
 ber to the east,
 And my footstep he would know.'—
 " 'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth
 to the east,
 For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
 And there to say mass, till three days
 do pass,
 For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'—
 " He turn'd him around, and grimly he
 frown'd;
 Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
 'He who says the mass-rite for the soul
 of that knight,
 May as well say mass for me:
 " 'At the lone midnight hour, when
 bad spirits have power,
 In thy chamber will I be.'—
 With that he was gone, and my lady
 left alone,
 And no more did I see."
 Then changed, I trow, was that bold
 Baron's brow,
 From the dark to the blood-red high;
 "Now, tell me the mien of the knight
 thou hast seen,
 For, by Mary, he shall die!"—
 "His arms shone full bright, in the
 beacon's red light;
 His plume it was scarlet and blue;
 On his shield was a hound, in a silver
 leash bound,
 And his crest was a branch of the
 yew."—
 "Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-
 page,
 Loud dost thou lie to me!
 For that knight is cold, and low laid in
 the mould,
 All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I
trow,

From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the
corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy
Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the
white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped
the tower-gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids
that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's
wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady
bright!"—

"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram
fight?

What news from the bold Buc-
cleuch?"—

"The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her
chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd,
Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep
bloody grave is deep.
It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matins
The night was well-nigh done
When a heavy sleep on that Baron
On the eve of good St. John

The lady look'd through the
fair,
By the light of a dying flame
And she was aware of a knight
there—

Sir Richard of Coldinghame

"Alas! away, away!" she cried
"For the holy Virgin's sake
"Lady, I know who sleeps by
But, lady, he will not awake

"By Eildon-tree, for long night
In bloody grave have I lain
The mass and the death-prayer
for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain

"By the Baron's brand, near
fair strand,
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the
height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell

"At our trysting-place,* for
space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to
thy bower
Had'st thou not conjured me

Love-master'd fear—her brows
"How, Richard, hast thou
And art thou saved, or art thou
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above
This awful sign receive."

* Trysting-place—Place of rendezvous.

Left palm on an oaken beam ;
 Light upon her hand ;
 Shrunken, and fainting sunk,
 Scorched like a fiery brand.

Score, of fingers four,
 Is on that board impress'd ;
 Yermore that lady wore
 Ring on her wrist .

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
 Ne'er looks upon the sun ;
 There is a monk in Melrose tower,
 He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
 That monk, who speaks to none—
 That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
 That monk the bold Baron.

CADYOW CASTLE.

DECEASED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the Hamiltons, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the course of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose household of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation is, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhung by a brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate neighbourhood of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern coast to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference ; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that they witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in the forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their extirpation, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being black, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by authors as having white manes ; but those of latter days had lost that, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.

Concerning the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of painting.

John of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous deed. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already related, and owed his life to the Regent's clemency. But part of his pardon had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favourites, who seized his house, and carried off his wife, naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before long, she became furiously mad. This injury made a deeper impression upon the Regent than the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be the enemy of the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resentment against his kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of Machiavelli justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He remained in the Regent's service for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, and then he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took

his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street, with feather bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard. . . . a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without, and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some instigator of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he so much regarded it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crowd, whose gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly to the street, and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet into the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on either side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break out the house where the blow had come, but they found the door strongly barricaded, and, when it could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready for him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound. — *History of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwell haugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in truth for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray's were yet smoking, and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enormity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short stay at Hamilton, this heroic and determined man left Scotland and served a time under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was indebted for having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assist Gaspar de Coligny, the famous Admiral of France, and the leader of the Huguenot cause; but the character of Bothwell haugh was mistaken. He was no traitor in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France, he had not his own just quarrel, but he would neither for price nor prayer, avenge the murder of a man. — *Le Monnier*, cap. 4th.

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatised by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious test of Bothwell haugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, his sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrew's covering," but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the refusal of Hamilton to nuzzle less than the miraculous interference of the Deity. — *ibid.* v. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection, for, when Mather argues Berkeley to assassinate P. de la Roche, quoted the examples of Poltro and Bothwell haugh, the other conspirator was "that neither Poltro nor Hamilton did attempt their enterprise, without reason or consideration to lead them to it, as the one, by love and, and preferment or reward; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge for a wrong done unto him, as the report goeth, according to the vile traitor's dys-sysyon of the whole nation of the Scotches." — *MURDOCH'S State Papers*, v. p. 197.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Calvow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flowed,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay tone
So sweetly long each vessel won
And eel-ood light the dancing floor
As mirth and wine, drew out the

's towers, in ruins laid,
s, by ivy mantled o'er,
music of the shade,
Evan's hoarser roar.
Cadyow's faded fame,
he tell a minstrel tale,
y harp, of Border frame,
ld banks of Evandale.
om scenes of courtly pride,
asure's lighter scenes, canst

ivion's pall aside,
the long-forgotten urn.
maid ! at thy command,
crumbled halls shall rise ;
van's banks we stand,
eturns—the present flies.
he rock's wood cover'd side,
ided late the ruins green,
n fantastic pride,
d banners flaunt between :

de torrent's brawling course
g'd with thorn and tangling

uttrech braves its force,
arts frown in battled row.
he shade of keep and spire
dance on Evan's stream ;
wave the warder's fire
ing the moonlight beam.

neir light ; the east is gray ;
warder leaves his tower ;
uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
r hunters quit the bower.

dge falls—they hurry out—
ach plank and swinging

o'er, the jovial rout
hy steed, and slack the rein.

roop, the Chief rode on ;
ing merry-men throng be-

princely Hamilton
r than the mountain wind.
k copse the roebucks bound,
d red-deer scuds the plain,
ie bugle's warrior-sound
d their mountain haunts

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have
worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?
Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The Mountain Bull comes thundering
on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band,
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the
sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.
Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has
flown ;
Struggling in blood the savage lies ;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
Sound, merry huntsmen ! sound the
pryse !

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear ;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland
cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share ?
Why comes he not our sport to grace ?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"—

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,)

"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets
foam,

When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born
child.

"O change accursed! past are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through wood-
land flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride!
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling Chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs
glare,

As one some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his
hair?—

'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,* and reeling steel,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a
bound,

And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded
town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,
In haughty triumph marched he,
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

* *Selle*—Saddle. A word used by Spenser,
and other ancient authors.

"But can stern Power, with all his van,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glan,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt
Or change the purpose of Despair?

"With hackbut bent, my secret stand
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and Engli-
bows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van:
And clash'd their broadswords in their
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead were
nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely glare,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high:
Scarce could his trampling charger move
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe:
Some friend was whispering in his breast
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts—the charge
springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumed helmet rings—
—Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptur'd youth can feel
To hear her love the loved one tell
Or he, who broaches on his steel
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

en speed thee, noble Chatlerault !
read to the wind thy banner'd tree !*
warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !—
urray is fall'n, and Scotland free !”

s every warrior to his steed ;
ud bugles join their wild acclaim—
urray is fall'n, and Scotland freed !
uch, Arran ! couch thy spear of
flame !”

see ! the minstrel vision fails—
e glimmering spears are seen no
more ;

oak, half-sawn, with the motto *through*,
ncient cognizance of the family of Ha-

The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo ! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale ;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale !

THE GRAY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a
nstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is
found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's
tion to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his
satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not
ed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred
ing these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.
e tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony
ilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gil-
on Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure.
barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who
one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of New-
s, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of
arquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and
ed also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of
dy's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He
ed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the
al character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, there-
a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a
interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles,
he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing
the dwelling, with all its inmates.

e scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious
ge, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and
cuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and
ccessor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps,
believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts ; for the wild scenes
they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their
riction, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in

"About the same time he [Peelen] came to Andrew Normand's house, in parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. As he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill-looking upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a while with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door at the back of the *hallan*, [partition of the cottage:] immediately he halted and said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge him to go out, and not stop my mouth!' This person went out, and he *insisted* [went on,] yet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—*The Life and Preaching of Mr. Alexander Peelen, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Galloway* part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peelen." *Vid. Hæc Fabulas*, cap. 26. "*Meia Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Æcum Pandionis filium venit in hospitium, eique nupsit.*"

— "*Papa sacerdos Dianæ Meiam exagitare cepit, regique negabat in casto fore posse, eo quod in ea civitate esset mulier censua et sœclata; tunc exulatur.*"

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,

All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the
saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around,
And from each man's soul his sins did
pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While, through vaulted roof, and aisles
aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
And falter'd in the sound —
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhor-
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water cle-
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

at feet his native seat,
 ke's fair woods, regain ;
 ds more fair no stream more
 et

the eastern main.

to meet the pilgrim came,
 sals bent the knee ;
 id Scotland's chiefs of fame,
 ne more famed than he.

y for his country, still,
 e he had stood,
 when on the banks of Till
 lest pour'd their blood.

the paths, O passing sweet !
 's fair streams that run,
 steep, through copsewood
 p,
 ous to the sun.

rapt poet's step may rove,
 ld the muse the day ;
 uty, led by timid Love,
 in the tell-tale ray ;

fair dome, where suit is paid,
 of huggle free,
 adinny's hazel glade,
 unted Woodhouselee.

s not Melville's beechy grove,
 slin's rocky glen,
 which all the virtues love,
 ssic Hawthornden ?

a path, from day to day,
 grim's footsteps range,
 he solitary way
 idale's ruin'd grange.

lace was that, I ween,
 ow could desire ;
 ng to the fall was each crum-
 ig wall,
 : roof was scathed with fire.

n a summer's eve,
 on Carnethy's head,
 aint gleams of the sun's low
 ms
 eak'd the grey with red ;
 onvent bell did vespers tell,
 tle's oaks among,
 led with the solemn knell
 iye's evening song :

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
 Came slowly down the wind,
 And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
 As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
 Nor ever raised his eye,
 Until he came to that dreary place,
 Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with
 fire,

With many a bitter groan—
 And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
 Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save !" said the
 Gray Brother ;

"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
 But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
 Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from
 west,

Or bring reliques from over the sea ;
 Or come ye from the shrine of St. James
 the divine,
 Or St. John of Beverley ?"—

"I come not from the shrine of St.
 James the divine,
 Nor bring reliques from over the sea ;
 I bring but a curse from our father, the
 Pope,
 Which for ever will cling to me."—

"Now, woful pilgrim, say not so !
 But kneel thee down to me,
 And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly
 sin,

That absolved thou mayst be."—

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
 That I should shrive to thee,
 When He, to whom are given the keys
 of earth and heaven,

Has no power to pardon me ?"—

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
 Five thousand miles away,
 And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
 Done *here* 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
 And thus began his saye—
 When on his neck an ice-cold hand
 Did that Gray Brother laye.

* * * * *

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM.

[1809]

Published anonymously in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* of 1809.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
 Though bootless be the theme :
 I loved, and was beloved again,
 Yet all was but a dream,
 For, as her love was quickly got,
 So it was quickly gone,
 No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
 But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was
 e'er

My fancy shall beguile,
 By flattering word, or feigned tear,
 By gesture, look, or smile :
 No more I'll call the shaft fair shot
 Till it has fairly flown,
 Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;
 I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
 In cheek, or chin, or brow,
 And deem the glance of woman's eye
 As weak as woman's vow :
 I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
 That is but lightly won ;
 I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,
 And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon I'll see
 The diamond's ray at last ;
 The flame its glory hurls at me
 The gem its lustre hides :
 Such gem I fondly deem'd I was
 And glow'd in diamond stone
 But, since each eye may see it
 I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall be
 thought

With dyes so bright and vain
 No silken net, so slightly wron'
 Shall tangle me again :
 No more I'll pay so dear for woe
 I'll live upon mine own,
 Nor shall wild passion trouble
 I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to
 "Thy loving labour's lost ;
 Thou shalt no more be wildly
 To be so strangely cross'd :
 The widow'd turtles mateless
 The phoenix is but one ;
 They seek no loves—no more
 I'll rather dwell alone."

NORA'S VOW.

AIR—"Chas teud mis a chaoidh" *

WRITTEN FOR ALBANY'S ANTHOLOGY.

[1816.] †

In the original Gaelic, the lady makes protestations that she will not go for Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the mountain, until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind—the vehemence of her protestation.

HEAR what Highland Nora said, "
 "The Earle's son I will not wed,
 Should all the race of nature die,
 And none be left but he and I.

I.
 For all the gold, for all the gear,
 And all the lands both far and near,
 That ever valour lost or won,
 I would not wed the Earle's son.

* "I will never go with him."

† (See also Mr. Thomson's *Gaelic Anthology*.)

2.

maiden's vows," old Callum
oke,
lightly made, and lightly
oke;
heather on the mountain's
ight
to bloom in purple light;
ost-wind soon shall sweep away
ustre deep from glen and brae;
ora, ere its bloom be gone,
lithely wed the Earlie's son."—

3.

swan," she said, "the lake's clear
east
arter for the eagle's nest;

The Awe's fierce stream may backward
turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

4.

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce
river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SONG,

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

[1814.]

O, DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foemen,
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
— her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget his grey head, who, all dark in affliction,
 Is deaf to the tale of our victories won,
 And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection,
 The shout of his people applauding his Son ;
 By his firmness unmoved in success and disaster,
 By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim !
 With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master,
 Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure,
 The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
 To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
 The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd !
 Fill Wellington's cup till it beam like his glory,
 Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Græme ;
 A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
 And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

"On the 30th July, 1814, Mr. Hamilton,* Mr. Erskine,† and Mr. I. missionaries, along with Mr (now Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, Lighthouse, the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when at the entreaty of the party, upon inscribing his name in the Album, interesting lines."—STEVENSON'S *Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse*.

FAR in the bosom of the deep,
 O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep ;
 A ruddy gem of changeful light,
 Bound on the dusky brow of night,
 The seaman bids my lustre hail,
 And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

* The late Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, long Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshire, and one of the Principal Clerks of Session in Scotland—died in 1831.

† Afterwards Lord Kinnedder.

‡ Adam Duff, Esq., Sheriff-Depute of the county of Edinburgh.

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

se lines first appeared, April 5, 1817, in a weekly sheet, called "The Sale m," conducted and published by Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. at Edinburgh. t note prefixed, Mr. James Ballantyne says, "The character fixed upon, with py propriety, for Kemble's closing scene, was Macbeth, in which he took his l leave of Scotland on the evening of Saturday, the 29th March, 1817. He had ured under a severe cold for a few days before, but on this memorable night the sical annoyance yielded to the energy of his mind.—'He was,' he said, in the n-room, immediately before the curtain rose, 'determined to leave behind him most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever shown;' and his success was plete. At the moment of the tyrant's death the curtain fell by the universal amation of the audience. The applauses were vehement and prolonged; they ed—were resumed—rose again—were reiterated—and again were hushed. In w minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of cbeth (the audience by a consentaneous movement rising to receive him), to deliver farewell. Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and a an effect that was evidenced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lind long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and ured him with the waving of hats and long shouts of applause. At length, he lly retired, and, in so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his essional life for ever."

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;
To think my scenic hour for ever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
And sense of duty fire the fading eye;
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude?
Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude can wage
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,
To live a pensioner on your applause,

To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;
Till every sneering youth around inquires,
"Is this the man who once could please our sires?"
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene
This must not be; and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave,
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men.
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By memory treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this fall bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL.

SONGS FROM THE NOVELS.

From Waverley.

[1814.]

ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

ON Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd ;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair :
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege ;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks ;—
Is it the moody owl that shrieks ?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream ?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow ;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form !

* * * *

FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid with rust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust,
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush, or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mate every string, and be hush'd every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn in our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenala hallow'd peaks are hallow'd with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfahman leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray! the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD appear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Rannald, Gengarr, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And restless in unceasing rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy target on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Hough Kappoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarnick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Graham, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivet, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Rann More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shumei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet or tresses of grey!
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Calum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
 Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

From Guy Mannering.

[1815.]

TWIST YE, TWINE YE.

ST ye, twine ye! even so,
 gle shades of joy and woe,
 e, and fear, and peace, and strife,
 ie thread of human life.

le the mystic twist is spinning,
 the infant's life beginning,
 ly seen through twilight bending,
 what varied shapes attending!

sions wild, and follies vain,
 sures soon exchanged for pain;
 bt, and jealousy, and fear,
 ne magic dance appear.

r they wax, and now they dwindle,
 rling with the whirling spindle.
 st ye, twine ye! even so,
 gle human bliss and woe.

From the Heart of Midlothian.

[1818.]

PROUD MAISIE.

UD Maisie is in the wood,
 'alking so early;
 et Robin sits on the bush,
 nging so rarely.

ll me, thou bonny bird,
 'hen shall I marry me?"—
 en six braw gentlemen
 irkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?"—

"The grey-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady.
 The owl from the steeple sing,
 'Welcome, proud lady.'"

From the Bride of Lammermoor.

[1819.]

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,—
 Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
 Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
 Speak not when the people listens,—
 Stop thine ear against the singer,—
 From the red gold keep thy finger,—
 Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
 Easy live and quiet die.

From the Legend of Montrose.

ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY.

I.

BIRDS of omen dark and foul,
 Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
 Leave the sick man to his dream—
 All night long he heard you scream.
 Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
 Ivy tod, or dinged-bower,
 There to wink and mop, for, hark!
 In the mid air sings the lark.

2.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
 Prowling wolf and wily fox,—

Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trams, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night ;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

3.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams ;
Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay
That scare the pilgrim on his way —
Quench, kelpy ' quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch, that cheats benighted men ;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyeglo hath seen the sun.

4.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and
deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day :
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone !
Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

NOVEMBER's hail cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare ;

The hail-drops had not met
Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, — "by
That child and in her k
And one who never knew th
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan
Is hard and sad to bear ;
Yet worse the widow'd mother
Who mourns both lord and heir."

"Twelve times the rolling year
Since, while from vengeance
Of fierce Strathallan's chief
Forth's eddies whelm'd and clear."

"Twelve times the year it
borne,"

The wandering maid replied
"Since fishers on Saint Bridget's
Drew nets on Campsie's side."

"Saint Bridget sent no such
An infant, well nigh dead
They saved, and rear'd it in w
To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady said

"My husband's looks you
Saint Bridget and her monks
You are his widow's heirs."

They've rob'd that maid, and
pale,

In silk and sandals rare ;
And pearls, for drops of frost
Are glistening in her hair."

From Ivanhoe.

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain ;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

2.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even song prick'd through with a spear
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

3.

Your monarch !—Pshaw ! many a Prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown ;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a Friar ?

4.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is marked for his own ;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

5.

He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he comes,
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums ;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot ;
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

7.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope !
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

IN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
From the land of bondage came,
Fathers' God before her moved,
A awful guide in smoke and flame.
Ay, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
Nigh, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Turn'd the fiery column's glow.

He rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice be-
tween.

Portents now our foes amaze,
 forsaken Israel wanders lone :
Fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !
When brightly shines the prosperous
day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and
horn.
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Dust unto dust,
To this all must ;
The tenant hath resign'd
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her kind.
Through paths unknown
Thy soul hath flown,

To seek the realms of wo
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling be
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free

From the Monastery.

[1830.]

ON TWEED RIVER.

1.

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakens my nestlings?" the raven he said,
"My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!
For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

2.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height :
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour ;
The monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip should toll the bell?

3.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light,
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
Calm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool :
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

4.

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night ?
A man of mean or a man of might ?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your c-
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?

Hark ! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,—
 "God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast!
 All that come to my cove are sunk,
 Priest or layman, lover or monk."

Landed—landed ! the black book hath won,
 Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun !
 Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
 For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

GOOD evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
 With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide ;
 But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill,
 There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.

Back, back,
 The volume black !

I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho ! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
 To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier ?
 Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,
 Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.

Back, back,
 There's death in the track !

In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

That which is neither ill nor well,
 That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
 A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
 'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream ;

A form that men spy
 With the half-shut eye

In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right !
 Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night ;
 I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
 And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.

Again, again,
 At the crook of the glen,

Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,
 Men of rude are wild and reckless.

Lie thou still
 In the nook of the hill,

For those be before thee that wish thee ill.

BORDER BALLAD.

I.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
 Many a banner spread,
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story.
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

2.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

From the Pirate.

[1821.]

CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG.

FAREWELL to Northmaven,
 Grey Hillswicke, farewell!
 To the calms of thy haven,
 The storms on thy fell—
 To each breeze that can vary
 The mood of thy main,
 And to thee, bonny Mary!
 We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,
 Which Iacon could brave,
 When the peaks of the Skerry
 Were white in the wave.
 There's a maid may look over
 These wild waves in vain,—
 For the skiff of her lover—
 He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,
 On the wild currents fling them;
 On the quicksand and rock
 Let the mermaidens sing them:

New sweetness they'll give
 Bewildering strain;
 But there's one who will not
 Believe them again.

O were there an island,
 Though ever so wild,
 Where woman could smile
 No man be beguiled—
 Too tempting a snare
 To poor mortals were given
 And the hope would fix them
 That should anchor in heaven.

SONG OF
HAROLD HARFAGE

THE sun is rising dimly red,
 The wind is wailing low and drear
 From his cliff the eagle sallies,
 Leaves the wolf his darksome den
 In the mist the ravens hover,
 Peep the wild dogs from the cover
 Screaming, croaking, baying, yell
 Each in his wild accents telling,
 "Soon we feast on dead and dying"
 Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying

a crest on the air is streaming,
 a helmet darkly gleaming,
 an arm the axe uprears,
 'd to hew the wood of spears.
 long the crowded ranks
 as neigh and armour clanks ;
 s are shouting, clarions ringing,
 er still the bard is singing,
 her footmen, gather horsemen,
 e field, ye valiant Norsemen !

t ye not for food or slumber,
 not vantage, count not number :
 reapers, forward still,
 the crop on vale or hill,
 or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,
 ll down before the scythe.

Forward with your sickles bright,
 Reap the harvest of the fight. —
 Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
 To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen !

“Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,
 O'er you hovers Odin's daughter ;
 Hear the choice she spreads before ye, —
 Victory, and wealth, and glory ;
 Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
 Her ever-circling mead and ale,
 Where for eternity unite
 The joys of wassail and of fight.
 Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
 Charge and fight, and die like Norse-
 men !”

SONG OF THE ZETLAND FISHERMAN.

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song, and to laugh,
 For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf ;
 And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
 Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal,
 We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise and seal ;
 The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
 And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
 By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea ;
 And when twenty-score fishes are straining our line,
 Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while we haul,
 For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all :
 There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle,
 And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

Huzza ! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf,
 We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh ;
 For light without mirth is a lamp without oil ;
 Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil !

1
 Love wakes :
 While Beauty
 O for Music's softer
 To prompt a l
 For Beauty's d
 Soft as the pillow o

2.
 Through groves
 Sigh gales of ba
 Fire-flies in the air :
 While through t
 Comes soft perfu
 The distant beds of fl

3-
 O wake and live
 No dream can giv
 A shadow's bliss, the res
 No longer sleep,
 From lattice peep,
 And list the tale that Low

All! County Guy,
 The sun has le
 e orange flow
 The breeze
 Lark, his
 The bird
 e, lark
 But why

A part of the Field of Batt
 news, alarms, and

Enter, as
 V

'Tis sweet &
 Gordon and

'Tis passing
 Paul, who
 The knot

From the Betrothed.

[1825.]

SOLDIER, WAKE.

1.

Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,
 ne'er was won in sleeping,
 when the sunbeams still
 reflected on the hill :
 when they are glinted back
 on e and armour, spear and jack,
 thy promise future story
 page of deathless glory.
 What are the foeman's terror,
 the morning's mirror.

2.

Up—the morning beam
 I'd the rustic to his team,
 I'd the falc'ner to the lake,
 I'd the huntsman to the brake ;

The early student ponders o'er
 His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
 Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame ;
 Thy study, conquest ; war, thy game.
 Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
 Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

3.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain ;
 More paltry still the sportsman's gain ;
 Vainest of all, the student's theme
 Ends in some metaphysic dream :
 Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
 Since first the peep of dawn has smiled,
 And each is eagerer in his aim
 Than he who barter's life for fame.
 Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror !
 Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

1.

Man's faith, and woman's trust—
 e characters in dust ;
 them on the running stream,
 sm on the moon's pale beam,
 h evanescent letter
 clearer, firmer, better,
 re permanent, I ween,
 e thing those letters mean.

2.

I have strain'd the spider's thread
 'Gainst the promise of a maid ;
 I have weigh'd a grain of sand
 'Gainst her plight of heart and hand ;
 I told my true love of the token,
 How her faith proved light, and her
 word was broken :
 Again her word and truth she plight,
 And I believed them again ere night.

HALIDON HILL.

SCOTT's dramatic compositions are his least successful efforts; indeed, dramatic only in appearance, and neither in spirit nor construction. His translation of "Goetz von Berlichingen," which appeared in 1799, Scott plays: "The House of Aspen" (which was indeed partly a translation from German), published in 1830, though composed some thirty years before. "Halidon Hill," written and published in 1822. "The Doom of Devorgoil," "Ayrshire Tragedy," which came out together in 1830. Of these "The House of Aspen" and "The Doom of Devorgoil" were undoubtedly intended for the stage. The first was offered to Kemble, who at one time thought of playing it, but was afraid of the "blood and thunder" character of some parts of it. "The Doom of Devorgoil" was composed for Scott's friend, Terry, but was found unsuitable for representation on account of the supernatural machinery of the plot. "Halidon Hill" and "The Ayrshire Tragedy" are purely dramatic sketches, written with reference to the theatre, in fact, in his preface to the former Scott is warning that the drama (if it can be termed so) is in no particular manner adapted or calculated for the stage. We have selected a scene from "Halidon Hill" chiefly as a specimen of Scott's blank verse. The work is "designed," as he tells us, "to illustrate military antiquities and the manners of chivalry." It is taken with some modification from Scottish history, the battle of Halidon Hill (1402) being transferred to Halidon Hill, an imaginary Regent being placed, and some private traditions of the Swinton family, with which it is connected, being worked into the story. The action of the piece turns on Gordon's generous resolve to forgive a desperate family feud, in which his father had fallen by Swinton's hand, and range himself under the command of the English, who had already routed them. Only a small band follows him, a warrior and his new found friend, who were both slain in the fight.

HALIDON HILL.

A part of the Field of Battle betwixt the two Main Armies. Thunder, and scenes; alarms, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon," "Swinton, a Swinton."

*Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard,
VIPONT, REYNALD, and others*

VIPONT.

'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together, —
Gordon and Swinton.

REYNALD

'Tis passing pleasant, yet 'tis strange withal
Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's slogan
Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck down
The knave who cried it.

Enter SWINTON and GORDON.

SWINTON.

Pitch down my pennon in yon holly-bush.

GORDON.

Mine in the thorn beside it ; let them wave,
As fought this morn their masters, side by side.

SWINTON.

Let the men rally, and restore their ranks
Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase
Leads to disorder'd flight ; we have done our part,
And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet
Must turn his bridle southward. —
Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet
Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard ;
Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him,
And by that token bid him send us succour.

GORDON.

And tell him that when Selby's headlong charge
Had well-nigh borne me down, Sir Alan smote him.
I cannot send his helmet, never nutshell
Went to so many shivers. — Harkye, grooms !
[To those behind the scenes.]
Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffening
After so hot a course ?

SWINTON.

Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon,
For Edward's men-at-arms will soon be on us,
The flower of England, Gascony, and Flanders ;
But with swift succour we will bide them bravely.—
De Vipont, thou look'st sad ?

VIPONT.

It is because I hold a Templar's sword
Wet to the cross'd hilt with Christian blood.

SWINTON.

The blood of English archers—what can gild
A Scottish blade more bravely ?

VIPONT.

Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,
England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage,
Save to their King and law. Hence are they resolute,
Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.

Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
 As men who have their portion in its plenty.
 No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness
 Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

SWINTON.

I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,
 Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
 Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner,
 And die in the defence on't.

GORDON.

And if I live and see my halls again,
 They shall have portion in the good they fight for.
 Each hardy follower shall have his field,
 His household hearth and sod-built home, as free
 As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!—
 And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
 I have betray'd myself.

SWINTON.

Do not believe it.—
 Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
 And see what motion in the Scottish host,
 And in King Edward's.— [Exit VIPONT.

Now will I counsel thee;
 The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
 Being wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
 The brave young knight that hath no lady-love
 Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
 And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious
 When the pure ray gleams through them.—
 Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?

GORDON.

Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan?
 The thought of thee, and of thy matchless strength,
 Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.
 The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient
 To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
 And wouldst thou now know hers?

SWINTON.

I would, nay must.
 Thy father in the paths of chivalry
 Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.

GORDON.

Nay, then, her name is—hark— [Whispers.

SWINTON.

I know it well, that ancient northern house.

GORDON.

O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honour
In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee——

SWINTON.

It did, before disasters had untuned me.

GORDON.

O, her notes

Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,
Knows the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,
Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood.
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And grey-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first
And choicest homage render to th' enchantress.

SWINTON.

You speak her talent bravely.

GORDON.

Though you smile,

I do not speak it half. Her gift creative
New measures adds to every air she wakes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark;
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!
To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.
Methinks I hear her now!—

SWINTON.

Bless'd privilege

Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
List'ning her harping!—

[Enter VIPONT.]

Where are thine, De Vipont?

VIPONT.

On death—on judgment—on eternity!
For time is over with us.

SWINTON.

There moves not, then, one pennon to our aid,
Of all that flutter yonder!

VIPONT.

From the main English host come rushing forward
Pennons enow—ay, and their Royal Standard.
But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.

SWINTON (*to himself*).

I'll rescue him at least.—Young Lord of Gordon,
Spur to the Regent—show the instant need——

GORDON.

I penetrate thy purpose ; but I go not.

SWINTON.

Not at my bidding ? I, thy sire in chivalry—
Thy leader in the battle ?—I command thee.

GORDON.

No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety,—
For such is thy kind meaning,—at the expense
Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.
While I abide, no follower of mine
Will turn his rein for life ; but were I gone,
What power can stay them ? and, our band dispersed,
What swords shall for an instant stem yon host,
And save the latest chance for victory ?

VIPONT.

The noble youth speaks truth ; and were he gone,
There will not twenty spears be left with us.

GORDON.

No, bravely as we have begun the field,
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host
Against yon bursting storm. If not for honour,
If not for warlike rule, for shame at least
He must bear down to aid us.

SWINTON.

Must it be so ?
And am I forced to yield the sad consent,
Devoting thy young life ? O Gordon, Gordon !
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue ;
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command ;
But I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice,
Rather than such a victim !—(*Trumpets.*) Hark, they come !
That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.

GORDON.

Yet shall my lady's name mix with it gaily.—
Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry, "Gordon !
Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth !"

[*Exeunt. Loud alarm.*]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE VIOLET.

[1797.]

appears from the *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 333, that these lines, first published in the *English Minstrelsy*, 1810, were written in 1797, on occasion of the Poet's disappointment in love.

THE violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels
mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.
Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight re-
clining ;

I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre
shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

[1797.]

Written in 1797, on an excursion from Gillsland, in Cumberland. See *Life*, vol. i. p. 365.

TAKE these flowers which, purple
waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there ;
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's
hair.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION IN THE AUTUMN OF 1804.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is all of black pine and the dark
oak-tree ;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain
deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby :

The moon looks through the drifting
storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her
form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.

There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves washing against
the rock ; -

There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fiftful mood ;
His song was lower than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the
forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days !
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly
blaze :

The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,
Is wandering through the wild wood-
land,

The owl and the raven are mute for
dread,

And the time is meet to awake the dead !"

"Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
To what log! strain your harps
were strung,

When Lochlinj low'd her Lillow y way,
And on your shores her Norsemen
flung ?

Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and
blood,

Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food,
All, by your harpings, doom'd to die
On bloody Largs and Luncarty.

"Mute are ye all ? No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by ;

Nor through the pines,
change

Mimic the harp's wild
Mute are ye now ? -
mute,

When Murder with his
And Rapine with his
Were hovering near
strand

"O yet awake the strain

By every leech in song

By every chief who ston

For Albuon's weal in

From Ceilgach, lest wh

Through the deep rank

To him, of veteran men

Who victor died on Ab

"By all the swords, by

By all their names,

By all their wounds, by

Arise, the mighty str

For better than better H

More impious than the

More grasping than all

Gaul's raven's legions

The wind is lash'd, and l

Strange marmors till n

Bristles my harp, my sin

At the dread voice of d

"When targets clash"

ring,

And blades round warri

fung,

The foremost of the b

And hymn'd the joys o

HELLVELLYN.

[1805]

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most position, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found faithful terror-butch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary in the wilds of Cumber and an l Westmoreland.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,

Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wild
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,

And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending

And Catbedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,

When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had d

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
 Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
 Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
 And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
 Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
 In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
 When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE DYING BARD.

[1806.]

AIR—Daffydz Gangwen.

The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp,
 and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting that it might be
 performed at his funeral.

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die:
 No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
 Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
 For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
 That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh, Dinas Emlinn ! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair ;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die ?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivi ! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been ;
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn ! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids !
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved Harp ! my last treasure, farewell !

THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

[1806.]

Air—The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only a breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invader. The following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marcher of Glamorgan : Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon the banks of the river, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground !

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of
morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn ;

And forth, in banded pomp :
Stout Clare and fiery Neville
They swore, their banners br
gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's
They vow'd, Caerphili's sod
The Norman charger's spurn

III.

And sooth they swore—the s
And Rymny's wave with crim
For Clare's red banner, floati
Roll'd down the stream to Ser
And sooth they vow'd—the
green

ow'd where hot Neville's charge had
been :
every sable hoof-tramp stood
Norman horseman's curdling blood !

IV.

d Chepstow's brides may curse the
toil,

That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian
broil ;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead ;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE MAID OF TORO.

[1806.]

O, Low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
"O, saints ! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending ;
Sweet Virgin ! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die !"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary ;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen ;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying !
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low !
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair :
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

THE PALMER.

[1806.]

O, OPEN the door, some pity to show,
Keen blows the northern wind !
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched
state
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin ;
O, open, for Our Lady's sake !
A pilgrim's blessing win !

"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And reliques from o'er the sea,—
Or if for these you will not ope,
Yet open for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind ;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

"You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

"The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain ;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
Who hears me thus complain.

"Farewell, farewell ! and Mary grant,
When old and frail you be,

You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me."

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain ;
But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again :

For lo, when through the vapours dank
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

[1806.]

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence the lady fell into a consumption ; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Fleur d'Epine."

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining ;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying ;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seem'd in her frame residing ;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him ;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[1806.]

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea ;
O weary betide it ! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain ;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle,
And blithe was each heart for the great victory,
In secret I wept for the dangers of battle,
And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar ;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten ;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers,
When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ec ;
How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers,
And the love of the faithfulest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it ?—I pined and I ponder'd
If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—
Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd,
Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame !

Enough now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain ;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part wi' thee again.

HUNTING SONG.

[1808.]

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear.
Hounds are in their coopses yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springs in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have luscious been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size,
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers laid,
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and
Can a course as well as we,
Time, stern huntsmen! who can
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hare,
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SONG.

OH, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to mounds that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreath with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
Whose life blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground.

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstacy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

[1814.]

"In the beginning of the year 1692, an action of unexampled barbarity did the government of King William III. in Scotland. In the August previous proclamation had been issued, offering an indemnity to such insurgents as take the oath to the King and Queen, on or before the last day of December; the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James, soon after took advantage of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by accident

ign, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end
nber he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort-William,
he oaths of allegiance to the Government ; and the latter having furnished
a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county of Argyll, directed
repair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner
that magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable
ns, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered
deep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oaths before
ted time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his
use, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived
erary. The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his
sion ; but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in in-
that functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify
se of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair,
n attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage
donald's neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured
he king a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan.
was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the
e men had plundered, and whose treachery to Government in negotiating with
ighland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly
ded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands ;
ne fact of the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the
nary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in
uence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the
s own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the
ands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon,
tain in Argyll's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to
oe on the 1st of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell,
uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all manner
ndship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses
tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month
oops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people ; and on the
ight of the massacre, the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's
. In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a
ly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in
ct of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two
s. His wife had already dressed ; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers,
ore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became
al, and neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women, in defending their
en, were killed ; boys imploring mercy, were shot dead by officers on whose
they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at
were butchered by the soldiers. In Inverriggon, Campbell's own quarters,
nen were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals, one by one.
y forty persons were massacred by the troops ; and several who fled to the
tains perished by famine and the inclemency of the season. Those who
ed owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton,
ad received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march
our hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe ; but he
bliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the
unate clan. Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and
d away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and
rs."—Article "BRITAIN ;" *Encyc. Britannica*.

"O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?" -

"No, not to these, for they have rest, -
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,
The stag his lair, the crane her nest,
Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from lay,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'd, and mute their
drum,

The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality."

The friendly hearth which warm'd that
hand,

At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazoury.

"Then woman's shriek was
Nor infancy's unpeopled place
More than the warrior's groan.

Respite from ruthless
The winter wind that whistled
The snows that night that
Though wild and pitiless,
Far more than Southron.

"Long have my harp's been
gone,

Few are its strings, and I fear
They can but sound in death.

Their grey-lair'd masters
Were each grey hair'd man,
Each chord should I impress
Till startled Scotland loud
'Revenge for blood and

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO RALPH
ESQ. OF STAFFA

[1814]

STAFFA, sprung from high
Worthy branch of old Cl
Staffa! King of all kind fe
Well befall thy hills and v
Lakes and inlets, deeps an
Cliffs of darkness, caves o
Echoing the Atlantic thun
Mountains which the grey
Where the Chieftain's p
Pausing while his pinions
Stretch'd to quit our land
Each kind influence to ge
Warmer heart, twist this
Beats not, than in heart of

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE,
HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL

FROM THE GAELIC.

[1815.—ÆT. 44.]

original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is
ted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore dis-
from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the
ily Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take
e in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart
ly, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North,
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth ;
To the Chieftain this morning his course who began,
Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan.
For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail,
Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail !

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean should boil ;
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,*
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail !

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale !
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail ;
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe :
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail !

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise,
To measure the seas and to study the skies :
May he hoist all his canvass from streamer to deck,
But O ! crowd it higher when wafting him back—
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail !

SAINT CLOUD.

[Paris, 5th September, 1815.]

r spread the southern summer night
er veil of darksome blue ;
thousand stars combined to light
he terrace of Saint Cloud.

evening breezes gently sigh'd,
ike breath of lover true,
ailing the deserted pride
nd wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

* Bonail, or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

We sale upon its steps of stone,
 Nor could its silence rue,
 When waked, to music of our own,
 The echoes of Saint Cloud
 Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
 Fall light as summer dew,
 While through the moonless air they float,
 Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.
 And sure a melody more sweet
 His waters never knew,
 Though music's self was wont to meet
 With Princes at Saint Cloud.
 Nor then, with more delighted ear,
 The circle round her drew,
 Than ours, when gather'd round to hear
 Our songstress at Saint Cloud.
 Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
 Then give those hours their due,
 And rank among the foremost class
 Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

[1815.]

I.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting
 Over Waterloo;
 Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
 Faint and low they crew,
 For no paly beam yet shone
 On the heights of Mount Saint John;
 Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
 Of timeless darkness over day;
 Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
 Mark'd it a predestined hour
 Broad and frequent through the night
 Flash'd the sheets of levin light;
 Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
 Show'd the dreary bivouack
 Where the soldier lay,
 Chill and stiff, and trench'd with rain,
 Wishing dawn of morn again,
 Though death should come with day.

II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour.
 Wizard, witch, and fiend, have power,
 And ghastly forms through mist and
 shower
 Gleam on the gifted ken;

And then the affrighted peer
 Drinks whispers strange of
 Presaging death and ruin
 Among the sons of men
 Apart from Albion's war—
 'Twas then grey Allan slew
 Grey Allan, who, for many
 Had follow'd stout and true
 Where, through battle's red
 Storm of shot and hedge
 Led the grandson of Loch
 Valiant Fassiefern
 Through steel and shot he
 Low laid 'mid friends'
 gore
 But long his native lake's
 And snapt rough, and his
 And Morven long shone
 And proud Bennevis hear
 How, upon bloody Quatre
 Brave Cameron heard the
 Of conquest as he fell

III.

'Lone on the outskirts of
 The weary sentinel held post
 And heard, through darkness
 The frequent clang of combat
 Where held the cloak'd
 course.
 And spur'd 'gainst storm
 horse;
 But there are sounds in Albion
 Patrol nor sentinel may hear
 And lights before his eyes
 Invisible to them I have said
 When down the death
 'Twixt Britain and the land
 Wild as marsh-borne meteors
 Strange phantoms wheel'd
 And doom'd the future
 Such forms were seen,
 were heard,
 When Scotland's James
 pared
 For Godlen's fatal post
 Such, when he drew his
 As Choosers of the Slane
 The yet unchristen'd
 An indistinct and phantom
 They wheel'd their ring-
 hand,

With gestures wild and dread ;
Seer, who watch'd them ride the
storm,
through their faint and shadowy form
The lightning's flash more red ;
I still their ghastly roundelay
of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

IV.

Song.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirl-
winds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by ;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance !
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room ;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier !
Room for the men of steel !
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear !
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream ;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled
sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say ;
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[1815.]

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, who was killed at Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood, as to indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which the translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his vows before Saint Mary's shrine
"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the Soldier's
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."
His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord,
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war cry fill'd the air,
"Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his Large Lord said
"The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid."
My daughter Isabe! and thou shalt be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

[1815.]

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head

And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-rol
With dauntless heart he
"Mad splintering lance
sweep,

And still was heard his
"My life 't is my country
My heart is in my lady
For love to die, for fame
Becomes the valiant T

Alas! upon the bloody
He fell beneath the foe
But still reclining on his
Expiring sung the exult
"My life it is my country
My heart is in my lady
For love and fame to fall
Becomes the valiant T

SONG,

THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT
FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.

[1815.]

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame ;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

A Stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround ;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR :
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
To each Laird and each Lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward,
From the hall of the Peer to the Herd's ingle-nook ;
And huzza ! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan, and the Duke !

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.*

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

Air—"Cadul gu lo."

[1815.]

I.

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
 O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
 O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
 O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
 O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER.

[1816.]

ONCE again,—but how changed since my wand'rings began—
 I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
 And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar,
 That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
 Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
 With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
 Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
 That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
 High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
 The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
 The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
 I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
 At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
 To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
 But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
 And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the ball;

And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who stood by,
And listed my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew?
Oh! would it had been so,—Oh! would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr, that sigh'd and was still!

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
"Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again."

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

AIR—"A Border Melody."

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient. The others were written for
Mr. Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*.

[1816.]

I.

WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

riobaireachd Dhonnail
Pìob agus bratach air fa
The pipe-summons of D
The pipe-summons of D
The war-pipe and the p

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice and
Summon Clan Donuil
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.
Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one
Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterd,
The bride at the altar ;

MACGREGOR

Air " Dh "

WRITTEN FOR A

Ch.

Then haloo, Grigalach ! haloo, Grigalach !
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword !
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach !
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles !
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach !
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever !
Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach !
Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

AIR—" *Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run.*"

[1817.]

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet ;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it
bore ;
Through evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.
With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.

The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the
tree,—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me ?
Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye !
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply !
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill ;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

AIR—" *Ymdaith Mionge.*"

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S WELSH MELODIES.

[1817.]

HELFRID, or OLFRID, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613,
and BROCKMAEL, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the
neighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success

of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the king put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tunes these verses are adapted to is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to be played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar in gray
March'd from Bangor's fur Abbaye,
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the silvan Dee.

O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin in their mid
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could it be such saintly band
To be led to fight and slay a hand?
Such was the Divine decree,

O miserere, Domine!

Panels that masses only sung,
Halls that censers only swung,
Mace the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill:

Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Oslind's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty.

O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain
Spurn'd by steeds with blood
Slaughter'd down by heathen
Bangor's peaceful monks are
Word of parting rest unspeak
Mass at sung, and bread unb
For their souls for charity,

Sine, O miserere, Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wall
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Scatter'd towers and broken
Long recall'd the woful tale
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return
The pilgrim sighs and sings

O miserere, Domine!

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

Air: "Chait na tuisle"

[1818.]

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event proved to be true, that he was to be slain in the approaching field; and hence the Gaelic name "Chait na tuisle," *god thills Macleod chait na Mackrimmon*, "I shall not return, although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return." The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the Clans from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shores.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the grey castle salbes,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys;
Gleam war axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are towering;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river,
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!"

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping,
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!" and for ever
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!

The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
 The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me ;
 But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
 Though devoted I go—to return again never !

“Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
 Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing ;
 Dear land ! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,
 Return—return—return shall we never !

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille !
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
 Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
 Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon !”

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

AIR—“*Malcolm Caird's come again.*”

[1818.]

CHORUS.

DONALD CAIRD'S *come again !*
Donald Caird's come again !
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again !

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
 lithely dance the Hieland fling,
 Prink till the gudeman be blind,
 leech till the gudewife be kind ;
 Loop a leglin, clout a pan,
 or crack a pow wi' ony man ;
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again !
Donald Caird's come again !
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 lens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin',
 eisters kipper, makes a shift
 to shoot a muir-fowl in the drift ;
 Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 le can wauk when they are sleepers ;
 Not for bountith or reward
 care ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again !
Donald Caird's come again !
Gar the bagpipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
 as fast as hostler-wife can fill ;
 lka ane that sells gude liquor
 lens how Donald bends a bicker ;

When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
 Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey ;
 Hieland chief and Lawland laird
 Maun gie room to Donald Caird !

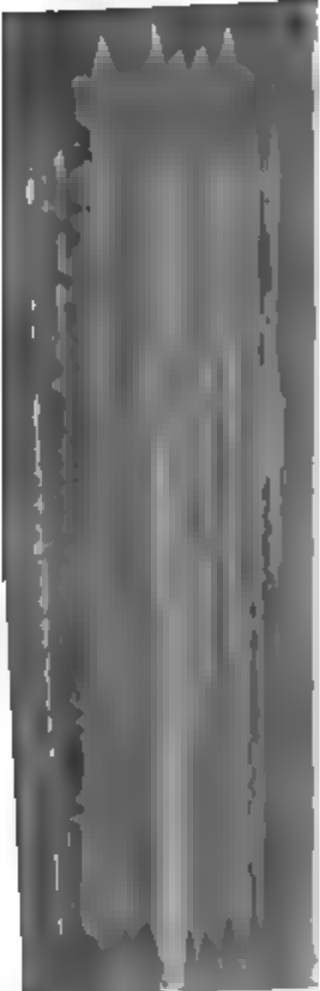
Donald Caird's come again !
Donald Caird's come again !
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
 Else some gear may weel be mist ;
 Donald Caird finds orra things
 Where Allan Gregor fand the tings ;
 Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo,
 Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
 'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird !

Donald Caird's come again !
Donald Caird's come again !
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
 Craig to tether, legs to airn ;
 But Donald Caird wi' mickle study,
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie ;
 Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel !
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again !

Donald Caird's come again !
Donald Caird's come again !
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again.



And springs, where grey-hair'd sh
herds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.
Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs
And the line whistles through the ring
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.

THE MA

AIR—"T,

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE

[
Oh, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?—
Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

[1822.]

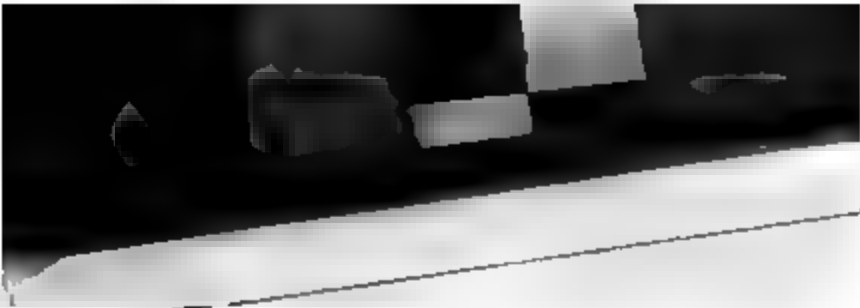
ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking
The language alternate of rapture and woe :
Oh ! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day !
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage ;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain ;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell, then, Enchantress ;—I meet thee no more.

END OF THE POEMS..





NOTES.



APPENDIX.

NOTES TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Page 12. *The feast was over in Branksome tower.*

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Riddelford, confirmed by Robert III. 3d May 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature—complained much of the injuries, to which he was exposed from the English Harriers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanché for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

12. *Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-hall.*

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour and from their frontier situa-

tion, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle.

13. *— with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow*

“(Of a truth,” says Froissart, “the Scots cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes.” The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horse-men, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

13. *They watch, against Southern force
guile,*

*Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy
powers,*

*Threaten Branksome's lordly tower
From Warkworth, or Naworth,
merry Carlisle.*

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbours.

13. *Bards long shall tell,
How Lord Walter fell.*

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs.

13. *While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott.*

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, was a bond executed in 1529, betwixt the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in quarrel. But either this indenture never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards. The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Border.

words that cleft Eildon hills in three.

1 Scott was, once upon a time, much seduced by a spirit, for whom he was under duty of finding constant employment. Banded him to build a *cauld*, or dam—on the Tweed at Kelso, it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the great architect. Michael next ordered, in hill, which was then a uniform cone, to be divided into three. Another night went to part its summit into the three unequal peaks which it now bears. At the enchanter conquered this indefatigable, by employing him in the hopeless task of making ropes out of sea-

Baron's Dwarf his courier held.

22 of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is a being called Gilpin Horner, who had made some stay, at a farm-house on the Border mountains.

'twas delusum, naught was truth.

23 In the legends of Scottish superstitions the magic power of imposing on the sight of the spectators, so that the aspect of an object shall be totally different from reality. To such a charm the ballad of *Fa' imputes the fascination of the wuntess, who eloped with that gipsy*

24 soon as they saw her weel far'd face,
they cast the *glamour* o'er her "

running stream dissolved the spell

25 firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. You can interpose a brook betwixt you and a spectre, or even fiends you are in safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circum-

He never counted him a man

Would strike below the knee

26 and an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, seemed contrary to the law of arms. In the story of Gawain Michael, an English knight, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, it is at the spear-point rudely, the quyer justed right pleasantly, the lance ran too low, for he struck the knight deep into the thigh. Wherewith of Buckingham was right sore distressed so were all the other lords, and it was shamefully done. —*Froussart*, p. 366.

Penckryst glows a bale of fire.

27 beacon-fogot. The Border beacons, their number and position formed a sort of public communication with Edinburgh. A Parliament 1455, c. 48. directs, that no beacon shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two

bales, that they are coming indeed; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.

27. *On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.*

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction, the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments, his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

28. *Fell by the side of great Dundee.*

The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Kullierankie.

28. *For pathless marsh and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lowly shed.*

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army — *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. 1. p. 393. Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaw, upon the Ale at Ancrum, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Esk, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses.

28. *Watt Tinninn.*

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a sutor, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated and forced to fly. Watt Tinninn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground, and seeing Tinninn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult — "Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots — the heels rive, and the seams rive." — "If I cannot sew," retorted Tinninn, discharg-

* Rive, creak. — Rive, wax.

ing a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, — "If I cannot sew, I can yerk!"

29. *His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud*

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be seized and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females. See LESLEY *de Moribus Limitanorum*.

29. *Belted Will Howard*

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was wanderer of the Western Marches, and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.

29. *Lord Dacre*

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the battle of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion.

29. *The German hackbut men*

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinkie there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners.

31. *Their gathering word was Belenden*

Belenden is situated near the head of Lough Wick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scots, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.

33. *That he may suffer march treason pain*

Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march treason. Among others, was the crime of murdering or raising to murder, against the opposite country during the time of truce.

33. *Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword*

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by no one who himself possessed it upon a layman who after due probation was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement.

* *Peek*, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work

33. *When English blood ran
ford*

The battle of Ancrum Moor was fought A.D. 1445. The leaders by Sir Ralph Fitz Langham, were totally routed. The leaders slain in the action. The was commanded by Archibald of Angus, assisted by the Laird and Norman Lesley.

34. *For who so fell for France
Gave the black roe her name*

This was the cognomen of the of Howard noble branches bearing of a warrior, was the *nomme de guerre*.

36. *The Bloody Heart brand
Announcing Douglas*

The chief of the potent race the date of the poem was Archibald seventh Earl of Angus a noble and active. The Bloody Heart known cognomen of the Earl assumed the name in the good whose care Robert Bruce came to be carried to the Holy Land.

36. *The Seven Spears of W*

Sur David Home of Wester fatal battle of Flodden left were called the Seven Spears of

36. — *Clarence's Portage*

At the battle of Beaugency Duke of Clarence leader of the with Lord of St. John Swinton distinguished himself by a courageous deed, which he wore on the surcoat of Swinton an ancient of Scotland, and proclaimed warriors.

36. *And shouting still, "Home!"*

The Earls of Home, as Jesse Duffry, ancient Earls of Marham rampant argent, but changed the colour of the shield vert in allusion to Greenway possession. The slogan of the powerful family was "A Home!"

The Hepburns, a powerful Lothian, were usually called the Homes. The chief of this clan Lord of Hailes, a family which the two famous Earl of Fife well.

37. *'Tis not true and not
change*

*Was not infrequent word
In the old border song,*

Notwithstanding the custom of the Borders, and the use of the marked the mutual inviolability of the other side do not appear to have other with their violent and violent

it have been expected. On the con- the outposts of hostile armies, they ed on something resembling friendly , even in the middle of hostilities ; evident, from various ordinances ade and intermarriages between id Scottish Borderers, that the go- of both countries were jealous of hing too intimate a connexion.

*er the dark blood-hound on his way,
! with the bugle rouse the fray!*

suit of Border marauders was fol- ne injured party and his friends with ds and bugle-horn, and was called d. He was entitled, if his dog could cent, to follow the invaders into the ngdom ; a privilege which often oc-loodshed. The breed of the blood- kept up by the Buccleuch family on er estates till within the 18th cen-

wrought not by forbidden spell.

belief, though contrary to the doc- ne Church, made a favourable dis- twixt magicians and necromancers ;—the former were supposed to the evil spirits, and the latter to t least to be in league and compact : enemies of mankind. The arts of the demons were manifold ; some- iends were actually swindled by the

erlin sat upon her wrist.

n, or sparrow-hawk, was actually ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in eace, the constant attendant of a aron. Godscroft relates, that when orraine was regent, she pressed the agus to admit a royal garrison into f Tantallon. To this he returned no ver ; but, as if apostrophizing a goss- ch sat on his wrist, and which he was iring the Queen's speech, he ex- The devil's in this greedy glede ; she be full."—*Hume's History of the Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131. Bar- lains of the common and indecent f bringing hawks and hounds into

*' princely peacock's gilded train,
! o'er the boar-head, garnished
brave.*

cock, it is well known, was consi- ing the times of chivalry, not merely ite delicacy, but a dish of peculiar

After being roasted, it was again with its plumage, and a sponge, ighted spirits of wine, was placed in When it was introduced on days of val, it was the signal for the adven- ghts to take upon them vows to do l of chivalry, "before the peacock lies."

The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was some- times surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—*Pinkerton's His- tory*, vol. i. p. 432.

43. *Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunt- hill.*

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw- the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, re- markable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion.

43. — *bit his glove.*

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shak- speare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drink- ing-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom had he quarrelled ? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, in- sisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that, though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

44. — *old Albert Græme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name.*

"John Græme, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly surnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves, and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says, (which in- deed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides,) 'They were all stark moss- troopers, and arrant thieves : Both to England and Scotland outlawed ; yet sometimes con- nived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, (which is now become proverbial,) *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.'"—*Intro- duction to the History of Cumberland*.

45 *Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ?*

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time ; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on

The *formangandi*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarock*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

47. *Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell.*

These were the *Valcyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader, as Gray's fatal Sisters.

47. *Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,*

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39. *As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied
corse.*

The romance of the Morte d'Arthur contains a sort of abridgment of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in conversative manner,

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sieges which the castle had sustained, frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, most rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon; standing which, King Henry II. in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the management of it to William de Neville. Afterward it seems to have been chiefly garrisoned by the King, and considered as a royal castle.

The Greys of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the castle: yet, as the castle was situated on the property of St. Cuthbert, the property remained in the hands of the see of Durham till the Reformation. At that period it passed through various hands. At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey (afterwards Lord of Monmouth) for his own life, and that of his sons. After King James's accession, it was sold to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for £6000. See his curious history, published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is in the Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious drawing of the Dacres on the state of Norham in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden.

The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable:—"The provisions are great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, and heads of salted salmon, forty quarters besides many cows and four hundred sheep lying under the castle-wall nightly; but not one of the arrows wanted feathers, and a feather-maker [i.e. maker of arrows] was retained."—*History of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 201.

The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, enclosed within a high wall of great circuit.

the battled towers, the donjon keep.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers that the *donjon*, in its proper significance, means the strongest part of a feudal castle; a square tower, with walls of tremendous height, situated in the centre of the other parts, from which, however, it was usually accessible. Here, in case of the outward defence being gained, the garrison retreated to their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for the king on occasions, and also the prison of the king, from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word. Ducange (*vocæ* DUNJO) conjectures that the name is derived from these castles being usually built upon a hill, which is called DUN. Borlase supposes the name to come from the darkness of the apartments of the towers, which were thence figuratively called *unseen*; thus deriving the ancient word from a modern application of it.

61. *Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel.*

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—*JOHNES' Froissart*, vol. iv. p. 597.

61. *Who checks at me, to death is right.*

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

"I bear a falcon, fairest of flight;
Whoso pinches at her, his death is right *
In graith." †

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared the next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

"I bear a pie, picking at a piece;
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nese, ‡
In faith."

This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice: in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited if, on

* Prepared.

† Armour.

‡ Nose.

entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the way Scot demanded that Sir Pieris, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Clithero. As Countess de Montfort, thus exasperated by equal powers, Dalziel demanded the forfeit which, after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying he surpassed the English in valor and valour. It must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

- 61 *They hail'd Lord Marmion,
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenay,
Of Waterbury and S. rethore
Of a unworth tower and town*

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivethy in Lincolnshire. One of both of these latter possessions, was held by the honourable service of being the Royal Champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 1208. Edward I. with an issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Marmion's grand daughter, Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his wife of Tamworth claimed the office of Royal Champion, and thus the service appearing none, on the day of coronation to ride solemnly armed upon a barbed horse into Westminster Hall and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainway the king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivethy had descended by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion, and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrers. I have not therefore created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary personage.

It was one of the Marmion family who, in the reign of Edward II. performed that chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad "The Hermit of Warkworth." The story is thus told by Leland

"The Scotmen came yn to the
Englond, and destroyed the ar
and Heronry, and overthre
unther and narches.

At this time, it was then and
defensed North from the Scotmen.

"It were a wonder if there were
what mischances, and by the way, I
the spirit of an yere in North
the Scotmen becom so private, when
got Heronry, that they nothing til
Englishmen.

"Also at this time there was a
made yn Lincolneshe, to whiche
gentlemen and ladies, and among
lady brought a head of a
with a very red crested gill. W
mion knight, with a letter of comm
her lady that he had brought the
place in Englond, and there to let
be seen, and he was so famous. So
North, whither within 4 days of
came Philip Maudray, guard of
having yn his banner 4 red dunc
flour of oer of the North, mar
her.

"Thomas de Marmion, captain of North
this, brought his garrison before
the castle, behind which was
arrayed, as might be seen, the
the beauline, his lady's presence.

"Then said Thomas de Marmion
Knight, be ye com hither to face
meant upon your horse, and trye
man, your eyes even here a hand
sake God, if I rescue not thy lady
alive, or I myse, wyll die for it.

"Whereupon he took his armor
among the throng of esquires, the
sore stripes on him, and pulled him
out of his saddle to the ground.

"Then Thomas Cray, with all the
son, lette prick yn among the Scot
won, I them and their horses
overthrew, and Marmion was
horne againe, and, with Cray, per
Scotmen yn chase. There were
of price, and the women of North
them to the footmen to follow the

- 62 *Sir Hugh the Heron knight,
Baron of Tutwell, and of Fer
And Captain of the Field.*

Were a curiosity of any consequence
this narrative, the castle of Norham
have been William, Sir Hugh Her
was husband to the famous Lady R
synchism are well have not up
so dear. Moreover, the name of
was, at the time supposed to be
land, being surrendered by Henry
account of his share in the war
Robert Ker of Cessford. His name
in the text as residing at the castle
was, in fact, living in her own
See Sir Richard Hakluyt's account
of the Heron Family.

- 3- *James back'd the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Ayton Tower.*

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, 1st of York, is well known. In 1496, he was received honourably in Scotland; and James, after conferring upon him in marriage his daughter, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking an inconsiderable fortress of Ayton.

- 53- *— here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the bees of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods.*

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Berwick, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Complaint," when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was harried by Rowland Foster, an English captain of Wark, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5,000 sheep, 200 nolt, 20 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (£8 : 6 : 8), and everything else that was portable.

- 64 *The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train.*

This churchman seems to have been akin to Velsh, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1542. "This man," says Holinshed, "had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightilie compact: he was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long bow and also in the cross-bow; he handled his hand-gun and peece very well; he was a very good woodman, and a hardie, and such a one would not give his head for the polling, or beard for the washing." This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged on the steeple of his own church.

- 54- *— that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the south of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.*

"Sante Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and when very young, was so horrified by the vanities of this world, that she avoided the converse of mankind, resolving to dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, and at last, by divine inspiration, forsook her

father's house, and never was more heard of till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels: for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steepy, and breakneck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees in a certain place, which is now opened on purpose to show it to those who come here"—*Voyage to Sicily and Malta*, by Mr. John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.

65. *Friar John ———
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have mark'd ten aves and two creeds.*

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, 'I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep.' The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to *Beati quorum* they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

65. *The summon'd Palmer came in place.*

A *Palmer*, opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the *Pilgrim* retired to his usual home and occupations when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The *Palmer*s seem to have been the *Questionarii* of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296.

65. *To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.*

St. Regulus (*Scotticè*, St. Rule), a monk of Patrae, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A. D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews, in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewn is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On

England. I speak of it, because it is a house I saw in those parts; for I was in the place of twelve days after before I saw a house, corn-field, or habitation for man, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and other creatures,—which made me doubt I should never have seen a house again. On the first day we travelled eight miles, and there were small cottages, built on purges in, which they call Lonquhards. A good Lord Erskine, he commanded I should always be lodged in his lodging: I being always on the side of a bank; fires and pots boiling, and many spits of venison darning, with great variety of venison baked; sodden, roast, and broil; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh geese, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, heath-cocks, caperkellies, and gulls; good ale, sack, white and red (or allegant), with most potent

use, and more than these, we had in superfluous abundance, caught by fowling, fowling, and brought by merchants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen men and horses. The manner of the hunt is this: Five or six hundred men do in the morning, and they do disperse in divers ways, and seven, eight, or nine compass, they do bring, or chase in, many herds (two, three, or four in a herd) to such or such a place, as the lords shall appoint them; then, when the lords and gentlemen of their country do ride or go to the said places, wading up to the middles, through the rivers; and then, they being come, do lie down on the ground, till the said scouts, which are called the hounds, bring down the deer; but, as the words of the bad cook, so these tinkers: their own fingers; for, besides their arrows, which they carry with them, now and then, a harquebuss or a staff, which they do seldom discharge when, after we had staid there three hours hereabouts, we might perceive the men on the hills round about us (their arms being a show like a wood), which, being very close by the tinkers, are chased into the valley where we lay; then all on each side, being waylaid with a couple of strong Irish greyhounds, I let loose as occasion serves, upon the deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, and daggers, in the space of two hours, the deer were slain; which after are carried some one way, and some another, thirty miles, and more than enough to make merry withall, at our residence.

near Saint Mary's silent lake.

A beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir, which the Yarrow takes its source.

It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

68. ——— *in feudal strife, a foe
Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low.*

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (*de lacubus*) was situated on the eastern side of the lake to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns, but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the Tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note.

68. ——— *the Wizard's grave;
That Wizard-Priest's, whose bones are
thrust
From company of holy dust.*

At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called *Binram's Corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry.

69. *Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark
Loch-skene.*

Loch-skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the eagle, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Grey

om that a human body had ever
position within its walls. The
and swathed in five silk robes of
nbroidery, the ornamental parts
af, and these again covered with

Beside the skeleton were also
al gold and silver *insignia*, and
he Saint.

*otland's dauntless king, and
ir, &c.*

is standard fled.

as heard, that when David I.,
enry, invaded Northumberland
lish host marched against them
banner of St. Cuthbert; to the
h was imputed the great victory
tained in the bloody battle of
r Cutonmoor. The conquerors
much indebted to the jealousy
ty of the different tribes who
id's army; among whom, as
he text, were the Galwegians,
trath-Clyde, the men of Teviot-
ian, with many Norman and
rs, who asserted the cause of
aud. See *Chalmers' Caledonia*,
a most laborious, curious, and
ication, from which considerable
and manner ought not to turn
sh antiquary.

*to vindicate his reign,
lfred's falchion on the Dane,
n'd the Conqueror back again.*

have seen, had no great reason
anes, when opportunity offered.
find, in Simeon of Durham, that
ared in a vision to Alfred, when
marshes of Glastonbury, and
assistance and victory over his
es; a consolation, which, as was
red, after the victory of Ashen-
d by a royal offering at the
Saint. As to William the Con-
or spread before his army, when
punish the revolt of the North-
96, had forced the monks to fly
oly Island with the body of the
however, replaced before William
and, to balance accounts, the
ing intimated an indiscreet cu-
he Saint's body, he was, while in
anding the shrine to be opened,
and sickness, accompanied with
ror, that, notwithstanding there
us dinner prepared for him, he
ing a morsel (which the monkish
to have thought no small part
miracle and the penance), and
bridle till he got to the river

*stbert sits, and toils to frame
born beads that bear his name.*

do not learn that Cuthbert was,
such an artificer as Dunstan, his

brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has
acquired the reputation of forging those *En-
trochi* which are found among the rocks of
Holy Island, and pass there by the name of
St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is
supposed to sit during the night upon a certain
rock, and use another as his anvil. This story
was perhaps credited in former days; at least
the Saint's legend contains some not more
probable.

73. *Old Colwulf.*

Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumber-
land, flourished in the eighth century. He was
a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede
dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History."
He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired
to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of
sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I
fear the foundation of the penance-vault does
not correspond with his character; for it is
recorded among his *memorabilia*, that, finding
the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged
the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined
them to milk or water, with the comfortable
privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid
antiquary insists on this objection, he is wel-
come to suppose the penance-vault was intended
by the founder for the more genial purposes of
a cellar.

73. *Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.*

That there was an ancient priory at Tyne-
mouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a
high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow
was made to the shrine by the distressed
mariners who drove towards the iron-bound
coast of Northumberland in stormy weather.
It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess
of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet
alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation
of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him
a coffin; but, as in the case of Whitby, and of
Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tyne-
mouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an
anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is
altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was
unlikely to permit such an establishment; for,
notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary
gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a
visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Cold-
ingham, he certainly hated the whole female
sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played
to him by an Irish princess, he, after death,
inflicted severe penances on such as presumed
to approach within a certain distance of his
shrine.

74. *On those the wall was to enclose, Alive, within the tomb.*

It is well known that the religious, who
broke their vows of chastity, were subjected
to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a
similar case. A small niche, sufficient to en-
close their bodies, was made in the massive
wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food
and water was deposited in it; and the awful

of Tilbury (*Old England's Story*, ser. vol. 1, p. 332) relates the following story concerning a fairy knight — a bold and powerful baron visited a nix in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in spite of Ely. Among other stories of the social circle of his friends, who, in custom, assumed each other by ancient tales and traditions, he was that if any knight, unattended, on adjacent plain by moonlight, and as an adversary to appear, he would lately encountered by a spirit in the bog. Osbert resolved to make the test, and set out, attended by a single horse he ordered to remain without the plain, which was surrounded by an stretchment. On repeating the challenge was instantly assailed by an adversary, quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins. During this operation, his ghostly spring up, and darting his spear into Osbert, wounded him in the thigh, returned in triumph with the horse, committed to the care of his servants. It was of a noble colour, as well as his pasterns, and apparently of great vigour. He remained with his ill cock-crowing, when, with eyes fixed, he roared, upturned the ground, and. On disarming himself, Osbert that he was wounded, and that one of his limbs was full of blood. Corvus 1 "as long as he lived, the scar of his wound stood on the anniversary of the day he encountered the spirit." *Life of the gallant Bohemian knight, falling by night with a single corn some sight of a fairy host, arrayed played banners. Despoiling the rest of his friend, the knight pricked a lance with a champion, who from the ranks apparently in defiance, smote behind the Bohemian over own and man, by his aerial adversary, sing to the spot next morning, he mangled corpse of the knight and *Verities of Blessed Angels*, p. 354.*

These instances of fairy chivalry need, many others might be alleged of employing fairy machinery in the. The forest of Glenmore, in the North, is believed to be haunted by a spirit in-dress in the array of an ancient giving a bloody hand from which he came. He meets upon those with needs doing battle with him, and the, who makes up an account of the tale in the Macfarlane MS. in the Library gravely assures us, that, as, *Liam-drag* fought with three whom he met on his walk none of survived the ghastly conflict. *Bar* as "Euphemus," gives a singular, as officer who had ventured, with, rather to intrude upon a haunt, is torn in Flanders, then to put up

with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fire, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when, behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling — this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self union nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember and have not the book by me. But I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption which being declined, he was obliged to retract.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to watch for and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject, in *Barrow-Linn, De Causis contemptis Mortis a Dant,* p. 253.

III. *Close to the bed no more his own,
Close to the end he sought in vain,
The more may find the stiffer of ruin.*

I cannot help here mentioning that, on the night in which these lines were written suggested as they were by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashcroft.

22. — *Fardax.*

Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, Harrow, unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Rannie," whom he befriended and patronised in life as well as celebrated after his decease was not long published before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend to whom this Introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

By *Franz Ruch*

Alone, "Will o' the Wisp." The personage is a strolling dromed, or *esport follet* who, once upon a time got admittance into a monastery as a scullion and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Good-fellow and Jack o' Lantern. It is an allusion to the mischievous dromed that Milton's clown speaks, —

"She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by Franz's lantern led."

which was down to his shoulders; forehead was bald and bare. He to be a man of two-and-fifty years, great piketall in his hand, and came forward among the lords, crying and spurring the King, saying, he desired to speak. While, at the last, he came where he was sitting in the desk at his prayers, as he saw the king, he made him little or salutation, but leaned down groff-he desk before him, and said to him in tier, as after follows — 'Sir King, my bath sent me to you, desiring you not at this time, where thou art purposed, as does, thou wilt not fare well in thy nor none that passeth with thee. she bade thee mell; with no woman, their counsel, nor let them touch thy or thou there, for if thou do it, thou unfounded and brought to shame' this man had spoken this words unto the race the evening song was near done, King paused on their words, studying him an answer, but, in the meantime, to King's eyes, and in the presence of wds that were about him for the time, vanished away, and could no ways be comprehended, but vanished away as been a blink of the sun, or a whip of wind, and could no more be won. I y, Sir David Lindsay Lyon-herald, a logic the marshal, who were, at that ung men, and special servants to the grace, were standing presently beside g, who thought to have laid hands on e, that they might have opened further a him. But all for nought, they could h him, for he vanished away betwixt ed was no more seen."

he wild-buck bells.

glad of an opportunity to describe this deer by another word than *braying*, the latter has been sanctified by the Scottish metrical translation of the *Bell* seems to be an abbreviation of This rhyman sound conveyed great to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, ecitation. A gentle knight in the reign y VIII Sir Thomas Wortley, built Lodge, in Wanchell Forest, for the 'as an ancient inscription testifies) of to the hart's bell."

was now his father's overthrow.

rebellion against James III was dignified by the cruel circumstance of his son's in the hostile army. When the king own banner displayed against him, and in the faction of his enemies, he lost the crown he had ever possessed shed out of fall from his horse as it started at a and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is understood by whom, James IV after e, passed to Stirling, and hearing the win. † Aching. ‡ Middle.

monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. (See a following note on stanza in of canto v.) The battle of Hauchor Burn, in which James III fell, was fought 18th June 1488.

95. *The Borough-moor.*

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Brand Hills. It was anciently a forest, and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Mare Stone, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Brand, not far from the head of Bruntsfield Links. The Mare-Stone probably derives its name from the British word *Mar*, signifying an army.

96. — in proud Scotland's royal shield, *The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.*

The well-known arm of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double tressure round the shield, mentioned, *counter fleur-de-lys or lingard and armed above*, was first assumed by Echmarcach, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France. But later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Breiford, whom old Greg (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

97. — *Caledonia's Queen is changed.*

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

98. *The cloth-yard arrow.*

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for

popular name of *Bell-the-Cat*, upon a remarkable occasion:—James the Fourth, whom Pitscottie complains that he was more in music and “policies of building, in hunting, hawking, and other amusements, was so ill advised as to make use of his architects and musicians, the same historian irreverently terms fiddlers. His nobility, who did not rise in the King’s respect for the services they were extremely incensed at the preference conferred on those persons, particularly a mason, who had been a friend of Mar; and seizing the opportunity in 1482 the King had convoked a council of the country to march against them, they held a midnight council in the presence of the King, for the purpose of forcibly seizing the person of the King’s person. They agreed on the propriety of this order. Lord Gray told the assembly that the Mice, who had formed a resolution, it would be highly advantageous to the King to tie a bell round the cat’s neck, so that they might hear her approach at a distance, at which public measure unopposed, from no mouse being willing to take the task of fastening the bell. “And the moral,” said Angus, “and, I propose may not lack execution, *the cat.*”

*Just the war had Angus stood,
Chafed his royal lord.*

As an old man when the war against the King was resolved upon. He earnestly desired that measure from its commencement to the eve of the battle of Flodden, and so freely upon the impolicy of the King said to him, with scornful irony, “If he was afraid he might go to the Earl burst into tears at this insult, and retired accordingly, leaving George, Master of Angus, and Sir John Lenbervie, to command his followers. Both slain in the battle, with two gentlemen of the name of Douglas. Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his country, retired into a remote place, where he died about a year after Flodden.

Tantallon Hold.

of Tantallon Castle occupy a high position on the coast, looking into the German Ocean, about six miles west of North Berwick. The building is the principal castle of the Douglas family, in which the Earl of Angus was banished, in 1482, and continued to hold out against James V. who went in person against it, and for its surrender was allowed to the Duke of Albany, two great hawthorn-mouth’d Meg and her Mar; two great botcards and two moynan, falcons and four quarter falcons.” standing all this apparatus, James was to raise the siege, and only after-

wards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus’s protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI.

105. *Their motto on his blade.*

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land.

105. *This awful summons came.*

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those adverse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV.

106. ——— *Martin Swart.*

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. There were songs about him long current in England.—See Dissertation prefixed to *Ritson’s Ancient Songs*, 1792, p. lxi.

107. *The Cross.*

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh.

110. ——— *one of his own ancestry,
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.*

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: “*Homo bellicosus, ferocia, et astucia fere nullo suo tempore impar.*” This Baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the Divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion’s horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop against a body

of the Earl's followers, the orders being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

111 — — — *the savage Dane*
As Iol more deep the mind did drain

The Iol of the heathen Danes, a word still applicable to a nation so untamed and so barbarized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in playful rather than in serious and perhaps tells a long and curious story of the history of Hrolf Kraki, of old Hattus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with the riddles, such that he constructed out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment against those who continued the rascality.

112 *On Christmas Eve*

In Roman & Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve.

113 *Who lists now in their prancing see*
Tricks of ancient mystery

It seems certain that the *Mummers* of England, who in Northumberland at least used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the three wheels of the mill, and the *Gowdies* of Scotland, not yet in total disrepute, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English Drama. In Scotland, *one who tells*, we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul and John, bearing the first the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dale of our rascal boys' un- cake was deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes, another was

— "Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone."

These and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote and unconnectedly. There was also occasionally I believe, Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies and other popular personages, were usually exhibited.

113 *The Highlander* — — —
Will on a Friday morn look pale,
If asked to tell a fairy tale

The *Duine* thi' or *Men of Penne* of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Loegres* than the English Faries. Notwithstanding their name, they are, I am almost everywhere, at least, a great disrepute, and in fact, a great mischief, in the eyes of the people. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed in the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of the *thi*, who wear their favourite colour, green,

or in any respect interfere with them. This is especially to be avoided, whether as dedicated to Venus or Germany. This is not the case, as they are more active, and more powerful. Some curious particulars of the popular superstitions of the *thi* may be found in Dr. Craik's *Sketches of Perthshire*.

113 *The towers of Frank*

The journal of the friend to Canto of the poem is inserted with the following account of the *thi*.

"Passed the pretty little of Mont St. Spaw, with the the old castle of the Counts of the lead, the old tower, a strong ground, at the entrance stands the ancient castle, the many a period of its history, by the neighbouring sea and Baron of Frenchment, depositing the treasure, a preserving an immense treasure in which, by some magic spell, the care of the Devil who is sitting on the chest in the shape. Any one who dares to go, is instantly seized with the the the, a priest of the old the the, he used the the, persuade his infernal majesty, but even the the the. At last moved by the the, he told him that he would the, if the ex-poser would blood. In the prison, and refused, as by that act he lived over his soul. The body, and discover the the, person who deposited the the, the the the the. I had many stories of a the, peasant who had himself seen shape of a great cat."

117 — — — *the huge and*
Which went of yore, the
His form was like a
As a god he felt the

The Earl of Angus had acted, corresponding to him of Kildonan, a favourite of spoken of in light of the the, hawking and compelling him at one blow cut under his killed him on the spot. But of James's garden for the the, no god to yield his castle, change for that of his well, do not run to the same great with which he struck was presented by his descendant Morton, afterwards Regent of

of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell
combat on Carberry Hill. See Intro-
the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

*and hopest thou hence unscathed to
go!—*

*no, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no! —
to drawbridge, grooms!—what, War-
der, ho!*

Let the portcullis fall.

ullition of violence in the potent Earl
is not without its example in the real
the house of Douglas, whose chief-
essed the ferocity, with the heroic
a savage state. The most curious
occurred in the case of Maclellan,
Bombay, who, having refused to ac-
the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas
gentlemen and barons of Galloway,
and imprisoned by the Earl, in his
he Thrieve, on the borders of Kirk-
shire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander
ames the Second's guard, was uncle
or of Bombay, and obtained from the
sweet letter of supplication," praying
to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand.
Patrick arrived at the castle, he was
with all the honour due to a favourite
the King's household; but while he
nner, the Earl, who suspected his
used his prisoner to be led forth and

After dinner, Sir Patrick presented
a letter to the Earl, who received it
affectation of reverence; "and took
hand, and led him forth to the green,
a gentleman was lying dead, and
in the manner, and said, 'Sir Patrick,
come a little too late; yonder is your
lying, but he wants the head: take
and do with it what you will.'—Sir
answered again, with a sore heart, and
lord, if ye have taken from him his
one upon the body as ye please;' and
illed for his horse, and leaped thereon;
he was on horseback, he said to the
in this manner, 'My lord, if I live, you
rewarded for your labours that you
at this time, according to your de-

saying the Earl was highly offended,
for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the
, spurred his horse, but he was chased
burgh ere they left him; and had it
his led horse was so tried and good,
n taken."—*Pitscottie's History*, p. 39.

*letter forged!—Saint Jude to speed!
d ever knight so foul a deed!*

reader should partake of the Earl's
ent, and consider the crime as incon-
the manners of the period, I have
him of the numerous forgeries (partly
by a female assistant) devised by
Artois, to forward his suit against the
Matilda; which, being detected, occa-
flight into England, and proved the
se of Edward the Third's memorable

wars in France. John Harding, also, was ex-
pressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such
documents as might appear to establish the
claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the
English monarchs.

120. *Twisel Bridge.*

On the evening previous to the memorable
battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were
at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an in-
accessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill,
one of the last and lowest eminences detached
from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and
slow river, winded between the armies. On
the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey
marched in a north-westerly direction, and
crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at
Twisel Bridge, nigh where that river joins the
Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a
mile higher, by a ford. This movement had
the double effect of placing his army between
King James and his supplies from Scotland,
and of striking the Scottish monarch with sur-
prise, as he seems to have relied on the depth
of the river in his front. But as the passage,
both over the bridge and through the ford, was
difficult and slow, it seems possible that the
English might have been attacked to great ad-
vantage while struggling with these natural
obstacles. I know not if we are to impute
James's forbearance to want of military skill,
or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie
puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to
have his enemies before him on a plain field,"
and therefore would suffer no interruption to be
given, even by artillery, to their passing the
river.

121. *Hence might they see the full array Of either host, for deadly fray.*

The reader cannot here expect a full account
of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is neces-
sary to understand the romance, I beg to re-
mind him, that, when the English army, by
their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed
between King James and his own country, the
Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting
fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of
Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence
of Brankstone, on which that village is built.
Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing
each other, when, according to the old poem of
"Flodden Field,"

"The English line stretch'd east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes they met."

The English army advanced in four divisions.
On the right, which first engaged, were the
sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard,
the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the
Knight-Marshal of the army. Their divisions
were separated from each other; but, at the
request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion
was drawn very near to his own. The centre
was commanded by Surrey in person; the left

was treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

15. *The fair cathedral storm'd and took.*

This storm of Lichfield Cathedral, which had been garrisoned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brooke, with Sir John Gill, commanded the as-

sailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet. The Royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which he had said he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

NOTES TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

34. ——— *the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old.*

Uam-Var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north of the village of Callander in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, bounded with large rocks, and open above.

34. *Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and
speed.*

The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds are commonly all black, yet nevertheless the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was interwoven with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may perceive that (by the grace of God, all good Christians shall follow them into paradise."—*noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen.* Lond. 1611. 4to, p. 15.

15. *For the death-wound and death-halloo
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard
drew.*

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies—

"Thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,
At barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear."

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword.

136. *And now to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.*

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

136. *To meet with Highland plunderers
here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.*

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours.

138. *A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision'd future bent.*

If force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic *Taishitarangh*, from *Taish*, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it:—

"The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end: the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the

persons are erected, and the eyes continue staring into the object vacated. It is as if, as to others, who are only when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me."

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married, brothers, or unmarried at the time of the apparition."

"If a spark of fire is upon a man's arm or breast, it is a presage of a death to be seen in the arms of those persons, of which there are several fresh instances."

"If a sea, empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after." — *Martin's Description of the Western Islands* 1746, 8vo, p. 300, et seq.

To these particulars, innumerable examples might be added, illustrated by grave and credible authors. But in despite of evidence which, in the hands of the vulgar, is not always available to resist the *catch*, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of *Isaac* will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

132. *Here for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic tower*

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually in the most retired part of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which as circumstances would permit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

133. *My wife's tall form might grace the part
Of Perengas or Aschurt*

These two sons of Anah flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Anah by the name of Perengas. He was an antagonist of Conan, and was at length slain by him in single combat.

Aschurt or Aschurt makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigy may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself.

134. *Though all unask'd his birth and name*

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a point our excesses are said to have considered it as criminal to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Few were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have proved the discovery of some circumstance which might have excited the guest of the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

142. *Merr's great influence
Sits grey*

To a late period Highlanders continued in their service the hardy and

143. — *de Gram*

The ancient and powerful which for political reasons, the Scottish government had preserved as the property of the crown. Few families in the Scottish realm had a higher name so remarkable in the annals of the British Empire, undated part of the late warfare of William the Conqueror of Falkirk in 1298. The case of Montrose, in which the Royal abstract idea of the heroes of the second of these worthies, winning the severity of his anger with which he executed the dates of the prince whom he hesitated to name as a third. Claverhouse's account of his death in the arms of a Scotsman, the memory of his exploits, during the reign of James II.

143. *This harp, which ever
Sounded*

I am not prepared to show that was a performer in the harp, in which it was used, in the same manner as it did play a part which retaining a was the sanctity attached to it, and announced future events by sound.

143. *For Douglas's to me
Were exiled from the*

The downfall of the Douglas of Angus, the result of an event alluded to in the text.

144. *In Holy Rood a knight*

This was by no means no reference to the knight of the sword, the famous and inveterate the perpetual source of the Scottish nobility. The name of Stuart of the tree, called the white tree, was the name of the knight among many. See *John Kerr's Britannia* ab anno 1678. Amsterdam, 1678.

144. *The Douglas like a
Disowned by every nation*

The exiled state of this poet exaggerated in this and subsequent. The hatred of James against the was so inveterate that even

were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise.

144. ——— *Maronnan's cell.*

The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronock, or Marnock, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish; but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

145. ——— *Bracklinn's thundering wave.*

This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Calder in Menteith.

145. *For Tine-man forged by fairy love.*

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of TINE MAN, because he *lost*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought.

145. *Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.*

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time.

146. *Those thrilling sounds that call the
might
Of Old Clan Alpine to the fight.*

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover, in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight."

146. *Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! icree!*

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called MacCallum More, or the son of Colin the Great.

152. *And while the Fiery Cross glanced,
like a meteor, round.*

When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light

wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

153. *That monk, of savage form and face.*

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck.

153. *Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.*

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and pitched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the records which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maidens on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Doir-Magrevollich.

"There is but two miles from Inverloghie, the church of Kilmalee, in Loehye. In ancient times there was a church builded upon ane hill which was above this church, which church now stand in this toone, and ane can then say that there was a battell fought on ane hill not the tenth part of a mile from this church, be certane men which they did not know what they were. An long tyme thereafter certane herds of that toone and of the next toone called Unatoun wenches and youthes, did on a tyme goe with others on that hill and the day being somewhat coole, did gather the bones of the dead men that were sayue long tyme before on that place and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did remove from the fire except the mane or wench which was verie cold, and she did remane there for a space. She being quyetie her done, without ane ther companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby to warm her, and did come and kisse the ashes upon her, and she was cured of ane man chyld. Several tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heroff, which the wench could not wee answer which way to satisfye them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle the chyld being borne his name was called *Gildair Mighre-tollach* that is to say the *Black Chyd, Son to the Bones*. So called, his grandfather sent him to school and so he was a good scholar and goudie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Loehye, called Kilmalee." — *Macfarlane, ut supra*, ii. 188

153. *Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin mood did Alie wear*

The sword or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical significance and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch, bair,* or *kerchief*, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron she was neither permitted to use the sword, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch. In old Scottish songs there occur many allusions to such misfortune as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the muir among the heather."

"Dow an ane the broom, the broom,
Dow an ane the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her siken hood
That gae her greet till she was wearie."

154. *The fatal Ben-Shie's boding dream.*

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelary or rather a domestic spirit attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity and intimated, by its warnings, any approaching disaster. A superstition

of the same kind is, I believe, received by the inferior ranks.

154. *Sounds the kilt, the kilt,
Of charging streamers
Along Ben-Shie's side
Where mortal dangers ride*

A presage of the kind a tale is still believed to announce among ancient Highland families. (Macbry.) The spirit of an ancestor is heard to gallop along a stream to ride the stream and the family his fairy bridle, and thus approaching calamity.

155. *On faster foot was worn
The dragoon's boot*

The present dragoon's boot is made of half-dressed leather, and let out the water. For a dry shoe is a matter of great importance. The ancient boote was made of undressed deer's hide, outwards a circumstance which Highlanders the well known to shanks.

156. *The dismal coronach*

The *Coronach* of the Highlanders is the Roman *ulalatus* and the Irish was a wild expression poured forth by the mourners of a departed friend. When the articulate, they expressed their dejection and the loss the chief by his death.

158. *Not faster did they beat
Bannquhiller's spears than*

It may be necessary to inform reader that the heath in the Highlands is often set fire to, that it have the advantage of the vegetation, in room of the burnt. This custom is execrated by some, occasionally the most beautiful appearances, such as must be the volcanic. This custom is not. The charge of a warrior, in the Hardyknute, is said to be like set.

159. *By many a hardy heart
Has Coir-na-Criskin*

This is a very steep and mountain in the mountain of Benvenne, on the eastern extremity of Loch is surrounded with steep cliffs, shadowed with birch trees, and the spontaneous production of even where its cliffs appear.

161. *The Tacknarm castle
Our sire's fortress the*

The Highlanders like all the various superstitious modes of

e of the most noted was the *Tag*-
oned in the text. A person was
in the skin of a newly-slain bul-
posited beside a waterfall, or at
f a precipice, or in some other
and unusual situation, where the
d him suggested nothing but ob-
r. In this situation, he revolved
he question proposed; and what-
ressed upon him by his exalted
passed for the inspiration of the
spirits, who haunt the desolate re-

*hat huge cliff, whose ample verge
tion calls the Hero's Targe.*

rock so named in the Forest of
y which a tumultuary cataract
rse. This wild place is said in
o have afforded refuge to an out-
s supplied with provisions by a
owered them down from the brink
e above. His water he procured
y letting down a flagon tied to a
e black pool beneath the fall.

*spills the foremost foeman's life,
arty conquers in the strife.*

be in the text described as a re-
Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide,
an augury frequently attended to.
e battle was often anticipated in
n of the combatants, by observing
irst shed blood. It is said that
rs under Montrose were so deeply
his notion, that, on the morning
of Tippermoor, they murdered a
rdsman, whom they found in the
to secure an advantage of so
ence to their party.

*runds yon stroke on beech and oak,
moonlight circle's screen?
comes here to chase the deer,
ved of our Elfin Queen?*

ot positively malevolent, are ca-
sily offended. Like other pro-
sts, they are peculiarly jealous of
vert and venison. This jealousy
tribute of the northern *Duergar*,
many of whose distinctions the
have succeeded, if, indeed, they
ne class of beings.

*to may dare on wold to wear
iries' fatal green?*

in: *Shi'* or Men of Peace, wore
hey were supposed to take offence
tals ventured to assume their fa-

Indeed, from some reason which
aps, originally a general supersti-
ield in Scotland to be unlucky to
s and counties. The Caithness
this belief, allege as a reason, that
ore that colour when they were
battle of Flodden; and for the
hey avoid crossing the Ord on a

Monday, being the day of the week on which
their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also
disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but
more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan
of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gen-
tleman of that name, that when his horse fell
in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by
observing, that the whipcord attached to his
lash was of this unlucky colour.

164. *For thou wert christen'd man.*

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the
privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and
they gave to those mortals who had fallen into
their power a certain precedence, founded upon
this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the
old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy
procession:—

“For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town;
Because I was a christen'd knight,
They gave me that renown.”

169. *Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?*

St. John actually used this illustration when
engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed
for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: “It was
true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because
they are beasts of chase; but it was never ac-
counted either cruelty or foul play to knock
foxes or wolves on the head as they can be
found, because they are beasts of prey. In a
word, the law and humanity were alike; the
one being more fallacious, and the other more
barbarous, than in any age had been vented in
such an authority.”—*Clarendon's History of
the Rebellion*. Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. p. 183.

170. ———— *his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain-deer.*

The Scottish Highlanders in former times
had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or
rather of dispensing with cooking it, which ap-
pears greatly to have surprised the French whom
chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame
of Charters, when a hostage in England, during
the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to
travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to
the remote Highlands (*au fin fond des Sau-
vages*). After a great hunting party, at which
a most wonderful quantity of game was de-
stroyed, he saw these *Scottish Savages* devour
a part of their venison raw, without any farther
preparation than compressing it between two
batons of wood, so as to force out the blood,
and render it extremely hard. This they rec-
koned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame
partook of it, his compliance with their taste
rendered him extremely popular.

172. *Not then claim'd sovereignty his due
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd to uncheon of command.*

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in
Scottish history than that which succeeded the
battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of

2. *Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
(Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band.*

he jongleurs, or jugglers, used to call in the of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The -maiden was a necessary attendant. Her was tumbling and darning; and therefore Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel es Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled re King Herod.

35. *That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
Strike it!*

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear them on their death-bed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the late Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Landling of the Bairns," for which a certain Ulster laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's March, while under sentence of death, and sang it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited songs have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his death-bed the air called *Dafydd's Garreg Wen*.

185. *Battle of Beal' an Duine.*

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It is greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

189. *And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King.*

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *Il Bon-docani*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V. of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "the Gaberlunzie man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

190. — *Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims.*

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdown. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papingo:—

"Adieu, fair Snawdown, with thy towers high,
Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round;
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to hear the birdis sound,
Whilk doth againe thy royal rock rebound."

NOTES TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

95. *And Cattraeth's glens with voice of
triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-
hair'd Llywarch sung!*

This locality may startle those readers who do not recollect that much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the north-west of England, and south-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattraeth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick Forest. It is known to the English reader by the paraphrase of Gray, beginning,

"Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright," &c.

196. — *Minchmore's haunted spring.*

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation; and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

196. — *the rude villager, his labour done,
In verse spontaneous chants some
favour'd name.*

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvisation, which is found

away!
 And are his hours in such dull
 penance past
 For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms
 to pay.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors, Caba or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors.

201. *The Tecbir war-cry and the Lelie's yell.*

The Tecbir (derived from the words *Alla acbar*, God is most mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:

"We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call
 Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal
 They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."

The *Lelie*, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of *Alla illa Alla*, the Mahomedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr. W.

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ere defeated after taking possible advantage of arms, they were not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, were internal treason, and incident to a temporary government, should have been uniform, and prolonged after myriads of those who run the world—that some, like Galicia, after being overrun by their enemies, and overrun by their enemies; that others, like Spain, by the treason which was, and the force which was, not only have continued to have attained over their superiority, which is even to besiege and retake the city had been wrested from them to untold in the revolution—that such a people cannot have a presumption similar to that of Spain could not have a year, or Portugal for resistance which has been giving a space, when the short-lived Austrian enemies on the Continent were successful, when reborn the reputation of Spain when they are likely (in desperation) to seek occult prophecies as improbable.

*not Zaragoza, but her
her bloody tomb.*

ount of Mr. Vaughan has acquainted with the first. The last and fatal siege of the city is detailed with precision in the "Edinburgh" for 1809—a work in Spain have been treated responding to their deep peculiar sources of information. The following facts from this splendid his-

n made in the mud walls, former siege, the war was sets and houses; but the light by experience, that in the Zaragozaans derived the feeling and principle and the cause for which only means of conquering by it house by house, and upon this system of de-

f the Siege of Zaragoza, Vaughan, Esq. 1809. The R. C. Vaughan is now at Washington.

struction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried on this subterranean war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last 48 hours,' said Palafox in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6,000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "Scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

"When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozaans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th, about sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence,

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—"Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours'); upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of these two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country,

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and the moon shall be dark, and the
 I withdraw their shining."

such also, which announced the re-
 sult of the northern army, described in such
 terms, into a "land barren and de-
 solate the desolation with which God
 punishes for having "magnified themselves
 at things," there are particulars not
 to the retreat of Maumna — Divine
 having, in all ages, attached di-
 vine natural punishment of cruelty and
 sin.

• *redoubt untold, in Britain born,
 With horror poised to view the latest
 doom,
 As his poor crust to feed some wretch
 forlorn.*

unsampled gallantry of the British
 in campaign of 1810-11, although
 fought but to conquer, will do them
 no injury than their humanity, at-
 tached to the utmost of their power
 which was in its mildest aspect,
 to inflict upon the defenceless inha-
 bitants of the country in which it was waged, and
 his occasion, were tenfold augmented
 various cruelties of the French. Scep-
 ters established by subscription among
 wherever the troops were quartered
 of time. The commissioners con-
 sider heads, feet, &c. of the cattle
 for the soldiers' rice, vegetables,
 where it could be had, were given
 the officers. Fifty or sixty starving
 were daily fed at one of these regi-
 ment hospitals, and carried home the
 air-famished households. The em-
 ployers, who could not crawl from
 were speedily employed in pruning
 &c. While pursuing Maumna, the
 found the same spirit of humanity
 do to know such facts without feeling
 confidence that those who so well de-
 serve are most likely to attain it? — It
 heart of Lord Wellington's military
 at the slightest disposition towards
 meets immediate punishment. In-
 stead of all moral obligation, the army
 out orderly in a friendly country, has
 owed most formidable to an armed

in-glorious fugitives!

such conducted this memorable re-
 treat, by which they attempt to impose
 on, and perhaps on themselves, a hu-
 mility are triumphing in the very mo-
 ment of their defeat. On the 24th of
 18, their rear guard was overtaken
 by the British cavalry. Being well
 conceiving themselves safe from en-
 emy were indeed many miles in the
 from artillery, they indulged them-
 selves in their bands of music, and

actually performed "God save the King."
 Their minstrelsy was, however, deranged by
 the unexpected accompaniment of the British
 horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert
 they had not calculated. The surprise was
 sudden, and the rout complete for the artillery
 and cavalry did execution upon them for about
 four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as
 they got beyond the range of the guns.

• *Vainly thy squadrons hide Aumma's
 plain
 And front the flying thunders as they
 roar,
 With frantic charge and tenfold odds,
 in vain!*

In the severe action of Fuentes d' Honoro,
 upon 5th May 1811 the grand mass of the
 French cavalry attacked the right of the British
 position, covered by two guns of the horse-
 artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After
 suffering considerably from the fire of the guns,
 which annoyed them in every attempt at for-
 mation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely
 towards them, distributed brandy among their
 troopers, and advanced to carry the field pieces
 with the desperation of drunken fury. They
 were in no way checked by the heavy loss which
 they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed,
 and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to
 whom they bore the proportion of ten to one.
 Captain Ramsay (let me be permitted to name
 a gallant countryman, who commanded the
 two guns, dismounted them at the gallop, and
 putting himself at the head of the mounted
 artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the
 French, sabre in hand. This very unexpected
 conversion of artillerymen into dragoons con-
 tributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy,
 already disconcerted by the reception they had
 met from the two British squadrons and the
 appearance of some small reinforcements, not-
 withstanding the immense disproportion of force,
 put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major
 of their cavalry and many prisoners almost
 all mortally wounded remained in our possession.
 Those who consider for a moment the differ-
 ence of the services, and how much an arti-
 lleryman is necessarily and naturally led to
 identify his own safety and utility with abiding
 by the tremendous implement of war to the
 exercise of which he is chiefly if not exclusively
 trained, will know how to estimate the presence
 of mind which commanded so bold a manoeuvre,
 and the steadiness and confidence with which it
 was executed.

• *And what avails thee that, for Cameron
 slain,
 Wild from his plumed ranks the yell
 was given*

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded
 mortally during the desperate contest in the
 streets of the village called Fuentes d' Honoro.
 He fell at the hand of his native Highlanders,
 the 7th and 94th, who raised a dreadful shriek
 of grief and rage. They charged, with unre-
 strained fury, upon the British position, and

while fury the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonaparte's select guard. The officer who led the French a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of a rank, take him it to be Cameron was thus violently pierced with a thousand wounds and almost cut in pieces by the French Highlanders who under the command of General Godefrin, were the enemy and the conquerors of the point of the bayonet. Macdonald says that the attack and defence of this place in which he says the British lost many officers and Scotch

opinion of officers of an extensive possession of information. The report has succeeded in the particulars of our intention, it is evident not only in which they have borne but from the fact that a number in which these are attracted. The success of important cause and a fatigable exertion of the

214 ——— a fine scene
if these were to
swell

—— the conquerors

This stanza shades the merits of the warlike Godefrin. They are said to descend from the Scotch command has certainly been by the former. Severus, P. 140, and the fragments of the bard, who is the hardy warrior of the friends of Almer, K. 140, and the victors of the hero. The pass of K. 140, the action between King the Highlanders in 1400.

"Where glad Dandee in

It is seldom that one line is as good as yet more than the glory of a living day is a rich one.

The allusion in the preface of General Godefrin, by referring to the eloquence of Mr. Sheridan upon the Victors of Barossa.

215 O who shall grudge him Albuera's
blessing
Who brought a race regenerate to the
field
Rouse them to emulate their father's
prize
Temper'd their headlong rage, their
courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen
shield.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems to reflect more on the character of the British Marshal Beresford, he was intended to impart to all the hazards of the war which might have been feared upon any mismanagement in the light, important experience of training the Portuguese to a more improved state of discipline, and to a reputation to the sure of the process from the most moderate, and I imagine, of all the people of the world, a great deal of the military and civil life, and the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to the success of the war, and the adequate motive to the great chance of misfortune was supposed may be estimated from the general

NOTES TO ROKEBY.

222 On Burnard's towers, and Leek's
stronghold.

"Burnard Castle" says Old Leland, "stands upon Leek." It is founded upon a very high bank and its ruins extend over the entire summit, which the area of the castle is a series of steps. This once noble and fortress serves its name for its former lord, Bernard Balue, the ancestor of the Stuart and Stuart dynasty of that name who succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I, and Edward III. The tower afterwards mentioned in the poem is a round tower of great size situated at the western extremity of the building. It

bears marks of great antiquity, and is the only one of which has remained by the persons whom the tower has been of many, and the top of Balue's tower of magnificent view of the Leek.

223 The mountain plain
And the buff
Mantle of the storm

The tower of complete fallen in the storm

they were still worn by leaders of rank and importance. "In the reign of King James I." says our military antiquary, "no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin, which was originally worn under the cuirass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city trained-bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals, or leather."—*Grose's Military Antiquities*. Lond. 1801, 4to, vol. ii. p. 323.

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corselets, several are yet preserved; and Captain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Balbrough Hall, Derbyshire.

223. *On his dark face a scorching clime,
And toil, had done the work of time.*

*Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow.*

In this character I have attempted to sketch one of those West India adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Buccaneers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valour, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity.

224. ——— on Marston heath,
Met, front to front, the ranks of death.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the Prince, who had now

united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitelocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and three regiments of the Scots horse; the left wing was commanded by the Earl of Manchester and Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot was commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted of his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot in reserve; and the main body of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army was commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the left wing by the Prince himself; and the main body by General Goring, Sir Charles Lucas, and Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into battalia.

"July 3d, 1644.—In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, hasted out of the field, and many of the soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax having rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince's right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle was, and routed them: and the rest of their companions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring, and totally dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7,000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3,000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3,000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seven colours, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carabines and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all the bag and baggage."—*Whitelocke's Memoirs*, fol. p. 89. Lond. 1682.

227. *Monckton and Mitton told the news,
How troops of Roundheads choked the
Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward, past
Cursing the day when zeal or need
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed*

Monckton and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time.

- 227 *With his hard'd horse, fresh tidings
say,
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day*

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor, which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-aching to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish.

- 227 *Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy's Rode the tragic song,
Treason's fire led to his bloody fall,
By Arrowfield that traitorous Hall?*

In a poem entitled 'The Lay of the Reed-water Minstrel' (Newcastle 1809), this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed is commemorated. "The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Arrowfield the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percy Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reeddale, was betrayed by the Halls hence denominated the (the hearted Halls) to a band of rouse-troopers of the name of Arrier, who slew him at Arrowfield, near the source of the Reed.

The Halls were, after the murder of Percy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reeddale for the cowardly and traitorous behaviour that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage, we are informed that the ghost of the murdered Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a creek called the Pringle. These Reeds of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be ascertained from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An exception on one of their tombstones affords that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of one hundred years.

- 227 *And near the spot that gave me name,
The moor's mount of Rivingham,
Where Reed upon his margin sits
Some little adorning cottages and trees,
Some one said a night's rest has shown
An outlaw's ramage on the stone*

Rivingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called *Habitaculum*. Camden says, that at his time the popular account bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant called *Magon*, and appeals in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Rivingham, or *Risenham*, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants: two Roman statues taken out of the river, inscribed *DEO MAGONIS CAESARIS*, &c. About half a mile distant from Rivingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in alto relievo, a remarkable figure called Robin of Rivingham, or Robin of

Reedside. It is even said to be raised by the hand and in the to be a hare. There is a quarry the figure, and he is supposed to have been brought down to the coast with a grudge against Horsey, who saw all round with his own eyes, and not a Roman archer, and rather of the ancient sort, it was so formidable in the hands of the archers of the middle ages, of the whole figure preserved strongly upon more ancient. The popular tradition is that a giant whose brother married he himself at Rivingham, was slain by him, and finding the game became too them, possessed his company memory the monument was strange and tragic circumstances, concealed under this legend, utterly apocryphal, it is to discover.

- 227 *Do thou
The statutes of the Bay*

The "statutes of the Bay" really more suitable than expected from the state of the they had been former. They as may really be conjectured, and the inheritance of the.

When the expedition was fund of prize-money acquired, each party taking his retained or concealed his part stock. If any one transgressed particular the punishment being set ashore on some day to shift for himself as he could the vessel, had then then should expenses of the outfit. The old pirates, settled at Frob-Domingo, or some other settlement. The cargo's salaries with the price of provisions were also defrayed, compensation due to the main rated according to the damage sustained, as six hundred pieces slaves, for the loss of an arm, proportion.

"After this act of justice the remainder of the booty was many shares as there were, commander could only lay a share, as the rest, but they with two or three in proportion, given hence to their satisfaction. The vessel was not the property of any person who had furnished it with necessary ammunition, was entitled to a third. Favour had never any influence

of the booty, for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends or relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to Churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman but necessary piratical plunderers."—*Raynal's History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond.* Lond. 1776, 8vo, iii. p. 41.

231. *The course of Tees.*

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge-rows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Morritt of Rokeby.

231. *Egliston's gray ruins.*

The ruins of this abbey, or priory (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter), are beautifully situated upon the angle formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees.

232. ————— *the mound,*
Raised by that Legion long renown'd,
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned.

232. *Rokeby's turrets high.*

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, *tempore* Henry IV. The Rokeby, or Rokesby family, continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I. they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor.

232. *A stern and lone, yet lovely road*
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trod

What follows is an attempt to describe a romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortham; the former situated upon the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Tees.

233. *What gales are sold on Lapland's shore*
How whistle rash bids tempests roar
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light

"Also I shall shew very briefly what conjurers and witches have in constrained elements enchanted by them or other means; they may exceed or fall short of their order: premising this, that the extreme North Finland and Lapland was so much given to witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, that they had learned this cursed art from the Persians; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise a devilish art, of all the arts of the world, the most wonderful; and in this, or other such like, they commonly agree. The Finns were wont formerly, amongst their other superstitions, to sell winds to merchants; and when they had their price, they knotted magical knots, not like to the laws of the East, bound up with a thong, and they gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, when they unloosed the first they should have a good gale of wind; when the second a stronger wind; but when they untied the third they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the fort to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ships; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who denied that there was an extraordinary power in these knots.

"Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time held second to none in the magical art; he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which were exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently follow that way."—*Olaus Magnus's History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals.* London, 1658, pp. 45 and 47.

233. *The Demon Frigate.*

This is an allusion to a well-known notion of superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, known by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from other vessels by bearing a press of sail when all other vessels are unable, from stress of weather, to stretch an inch of canvas. The cause of her wandering is not altogether certain; but the general account is, that she was originally a vessel of great wealth, on board of which

deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party.

239. *In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,
When Rookin-edge, and Redswair
 high,
To bugle rung and bloodhound's cry.*

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotch man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skillful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head."—*Camden's Britannia*.

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so inordinately addicted to these depredations, that, in 1564, the incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lewde and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, *saving a little shifting for their living, God help them!*"—a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides.

239. *Hiding his face, lest foemen spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.*

After one of the recent battles in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance.

241. *Of my marauding on the clowns
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.*

The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances. But as the circumstances of Charles became less favourable, and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits of military licence prevailed among them in greater excess. Lacy the player, who served his master during the Civil War, brought out, after the Restoration, a piece called *The Old Troop*, in which he seems to have commemorated some real incidents which occurred in his military career. The names of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits. We have Flea-flint Plunder-Master-General, Captain Ferretfarm, and Quarter-Master Burdrop. The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive at their plundering the country for a suitable share of the booty. All this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which Lacy had an opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehended in a rebuke given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no means void of farcical humour.

242. — *Brignall's woods, and Scargill
 wave,
E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.*

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

244. *When Spain waged warfare with
 land.*

There was a short war with Spain in 1625, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem. But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish *guarda-costas* were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French; and, by their own severities, gave room for the system of buccannery, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in for habit and thirst of plunder.

245. ——— *our comrades' strife.*

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they

frequently arose out of mere frolic or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach O'Connell Blackbeard shows that their habitual intolerance for human life extended to their companions as well as their enemies and captives.

"One night, drinking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and crossing his hat on, discharged them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee and laid for afe; the other pistol did no execution."—*Johnson's History of Pirates*. Lond. 1724, 8vo, vol. i. p. 38.

246 *Song* *Adieu for evermore*

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of *Rokeby* was published. Mr Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family—

"It was a' for our rightful king
That we left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king
That we ever saw Irish land,
My dear,
That we ever saw Irish land

"Now as is done that man can do,
And as is done now a day
My love say not ye and adieu
For I must cross the main,
My dear,
For I must cross the main

"He turned him round and right about
All on the Irish shore.
He gave his brilliant reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear
Adieu for evermore

"The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main.
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again

"When day is gone and night is come
And a' are bound to sleep,
I think on them that's far awa
The lee lang night, and weep,
My dear
The lee lang night, and weep."

247 *Reveries on Stanmore*

This is a fragment of an old cross called *Reveries* or *Reveries* with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, upon the very summit of

the waste ridge of Stanmore, the site of an entertainment called the *Reveries* of the cross, and the ground, seem to indicate that it was a land mark of importance.

247 *When Denmark's sons
Triumphed through
sky
Till hovering near the
Bade Reged's Brothers*

About the year of God 860, their celebrated leaders Iriga, Agnar, and Hubba, sons of a more celebrated Rega, Lord North, and bringing with them a standard, so often mentioned in *Reveries* or *Reveries* from as being a raven. The Danes received their incursions, and began to lashing a kind of capital at York, they spread their conquests over every tree in the Stanmore of mountains of Westmoreland, and was probably the boundary of the domain in that direction.

247 *Beneath the shade the
Dix'd on each side a R*

The heathen Danes have left of the religion of the apostles, the Bader garth, which derives its name from a son of Odin, is a tree on the very ridge of Stanmore, which falls into the Lee, near it is named after the same deity, the banks of the Tees is also Croft, from the supreme deity.

249 *If he has not heard him
In English heart and hand*

The O'Neale here meant — succeeded to the chieftainship of Elizabeth was Hugh the O'Neale called Con Baile, son of father, Matthew O'Keefe, was being the son of a nobleman, called Matthew the O'Keefe, nevertheless, destined his son, and he was created by King Dungannon. Upon the death of this Matthew was slain by his narrowly escaped the same fate, effected by the English. His uncle called Shane O'Neale, of Turlough Lynagh O'Neale, of Hugh, having assumed the name came nearly as soon as he to any by whom it had been possessed repeatedly, and as often as, which it was usually he should not any longer as O'Neale in 1601 which he of Tyrone. But this notice served longer than until the force was withdrawn. He

ex in the field, and overreaching him was the induction to that nobleman's Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally ; O'Neale ; but it was not till the of James, to whom he made personal , and was received with civility at

*chief arose his victor pride,
then that brave Marshal fought and died.*

f victory which Tyrone obtained over was in a battle fought near Black-le he besieged a fort garrisoned by , which commanded the passes into

s said to have entertained a personal against the knight-marshal, Sir Henry hom he accused of detaining the ch he sent to Queen Elizabeth, ex- of his conduct, and offering terms of . The river, called by the English , is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, the same signification. Both names ned by Spenser in his "Marriage of s and the Medway." But I under- his verses relate not to the Black- lster, but to a river of the same name h of Ireland:—

on-Duff, which of the Englishmen Blackwater."

Tanist he to great O'Neale.

. What is that which you call Tanist try? These be names and terms d of nor known to us.

It is a custom amongst all the Irish, ntly after the death of one of their ls or captaines, they doe presently themselves to a place generally ap- lknowne unto them, to choose another l, where they do nominate and elect, t part not the eldest sonne, nor any dren of the lord deceased, but the n in blood,—that is, the eldest and as commonly the next brother unto have any, or the next cousin, or so y is elder in that kindred or sept; ext to them doe they choose the next d to be Tanist, who shall next suc- the said captainry, if he live there- *Spenser's View of the State of Ire- l Works*, Lond. 1805, 8vo, vol. viii.

nist, therefore, of O'Neale was the ent of his power. This kind of suc- ears also to have regulated, in very es, the succession to the crown of

It would have been imprudent, if ble, to have asserted a minor's right on in those stormy days, when the of policy were summed up in my Wordsworth's lines:—

"the good old rule
th them; the simple plan,
y should take who have the power,
ey should keep who can."

249. *With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.*

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty.

251. *Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.*

Neal Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages.

251. *Shane-Dymas Wild.*

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address, his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4,000 foot, 1,000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof."—*Camden's Britannia*, by Gough. Lond. 1806, fol. vol. iv. p. 442.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of Mac-Donell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broad-swords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

251. ————— *Geraldine.*

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family, for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald, Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco.—See *Walker's Irish Bards*, p. 140.

251. ——— *his page—the next degree,
In that old time, to chivalry.*

Originally the order of chivalry embraced three ranks:—1. The Page; 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight;—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of freemasonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring anything degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction.

256. *Seem'd half abandon'd to decay.*

The ancient Castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

258. *The Filea of O'Neale was he.*

The Filea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. There were itinerant bards of less elevated

rank, but all were held in the highest estimation.

259. *Ah, Clondeboy! thy friend
Slieve-Donard's oak shall
more.*

Clondeboy is a district of Ulster possessed by the sept of the O'Slieve-Donard, a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was roused by Tyrone's great rebellion, and the abode laid desolate. The ancient manners are uncultivated in other respects, and even to their descendants in prison the most free and extended hospitality.

259. *Marwood-chase and Toller*

Marwood-chase is the old park along the Durham side of the Tees, near Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding a superb view of the ruins.

260. *The ancient English minstrel*

Among the entertainments presented at Kenilworth Castle, was the performance of a person designed to represent a minstrel, who entertained her with a story out of the Acts of King Arthur. The person's dress and appearance Mr. Hall has given us a very accurate account of, as referred by Bishop Percy to the preface of his dissertation on Minstrels, prefixed to the first volume of *Ancient Poetry*, vol. 1.

NOTES TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

284. *Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.*

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull—a name given to the deep arm of the sea which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire.

It is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of the Isles.

284. *Rude Heiskar's seal, thro' the
dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel.*

The seal displays a taste for music which could scarcely be expected from his local predilections. They will load the boat in which any musical instrument is taken, and even a tune simply whistled has charms for them. The Dean of the Isles is a small uninhabited rock, a few (Scottish) miles from the Isle of Mull, where the infinite slaughter of seals takes place.

285. ——— *a turret's air,
Slender and steep, and bat-
tled, dark Mull!
Sound.*

The Sound of Mull, which divides the island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides present to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Tobermory, through a narrow channel deep enough to bear vessels of burden, he has on his left the bold

tainous shores of Mull; on the right, those of that district of Argyleshire called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the south-eastward arise a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan-Ben is pre-eminent. And to the north-east is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Adnamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs, overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene.

285. *The heir of mighty Somerled.*

Somerled was Thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince, about the year 1157. In 1164 he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large but probably tumultuary army, collected in the isles in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew.

285. *Lord of the Isles.*

The representative of this independent principality—for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the pre-eminence of the Scottish crown—was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name has been, *euphonia gratia*, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received in his Castle of Dunaverty, during the time of his greatest distress.

286. — *The House of Lorn.*

The House of Lorn was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages.

288. *Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave.*

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of

the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness.

291. *That keen knight, De Argentine.*

Sir Egidius, or Giles De Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxembourg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxembourg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement:—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs.

291. *"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled."*

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland.

292. — *the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief?*

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "a summer king, but not a winter one."

292. *The Broach of Lorn.*

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougal was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot had not two of Lorn's

*Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To break my curse upon thy head.*

As the notice of Comyn's slaughter of him, Bruce and his adherents were related. It was published first by the king of York, and renewed at different intervals by Lambyrton, Bishop of Glasgow, in 1308; but it does not appear to have had the purpose which the English expected. Indeed, for reasons which are difficult to trace, the thunders of war raged upon the Scottish mountains more effect than in more fertile countries. The comparative poverty of the benighted land, and the fact that fewer foreign clergy settled there; and the interests of the native nobles, who were linked with that of their king, many of the Scottish prelates, Lamington particularly, declared for him, as he was yet under the ban of the pope, though he afterwards again changed

*Wanted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled.*

is not metaphorical. The echoes of the past are actually

—“ring
The hounds that bayed for her fuging.”

ious and romantic tale is told by John Barbour on this subject, which may be summarized as follows:—

Bruce had again got footing in Scotland in the spring of 1306, he continued to be in a weak and precarious condition, gaining only occasional advantages, but obliged to retreat before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon one occasion, while he was with a small party in the wilds of Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Gloucester, with his inveterate foe John of Lorn, attacked him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large body of English. They brought with them a black and white bloodhound, which, some say, was a favourite with the Bruce himself, and therefore was least likely to lose the

his force was under four hundred men, he tried to make head against the attack of the men of Lorn, but nearly cut off. Perceiving the danger of his position, he acted as the celebrated and ill-fated king of France is said to have done in similar circumstances. He divided his force into three parties, and sent them to retreat by different routes. John of Lorn arrived at the spot where the king was divided, he caused the hound to be set on the trace, which immediately directed the pursuit of that party which Bruce was with, his, therefore, Lorn pursued with his whole force, paying no attention to the other two. The king again subdivided his small force into three parts, and with the same result,

for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. “What aid wilt thou make?” said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. “The best I can,” replied his foster-brother. “Then,” said Bruce, “here I make my stand.” The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him; but observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and despatched one of his assailants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy which in the whole of his work marks Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. “It likes you to say so,” answered his follower; “but you yourself slew four of the five.”—“True,” said the king, “but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to return equally unexpectedly upon my own opponents.”

In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near that his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. “I have heard,” answered the king, “that whosoever will wade a bowshot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent. Let us try the experiment; for were you devilish hound silenced, I should care little for the rest.”

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his moan, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished the pursuit.

“Others,” says Barbour, “affirm, that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who, perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the bloodhound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow. In which way,” adds the metrical biographer, “this escape happened, I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers.”

309. "Alas! dear youth the unhappy time"
*Answer'd the Brave, 'must bear the
 crime
 Since gut tier far than you,
 Even I' he panted, for Falkirk's
 woes
 Upon his conscious soul arose.*

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands —

"Fast'ng he was, and had been in great need,
 Blooded were in his weapons and his weed
 Southron lords scorn'd him in terms rude,
 And said, Be and yon Scott eat his own blood

"Then rued he sore for reason had he know,
 That blood and and alike should be his own
 With the healing was, ere he got away,
 But contrair Scots he fought not from that day "

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron river, is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side nor present at the battle of Falkirk, nay that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Balol, and in opposition to the English.

310. *These are the savage wilds that lie
 North of Strathnaird and Dunkye*

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland at least in any where I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Lord of MacLeods country, which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr MacAlister of Strathnaird, called Strathnaird by the Dean of the Isles.

305. *And mermaid's alabaster grot,
 If he bathes her limbs in sunless well
 Deep in Strathnaird's enchanted cell*

Imagination can hardly conceive anything more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto as it were, not many years since upon the estate of Alexander MacAlister, Esq. of Strathnaird. It has since been purchased and deservedly celebrated and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr MacLeay of Glasgow. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal which was written under the feelings of the moment is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received. The first entrance to this celebrated cave is made and approached by the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as

if they were sheeted with marble, partly rough with frost-work ornaments and partly seeming of a stony nature. The floor rises and descends and might be like a white sheet of water, which white it is and foaming down a deep and deeply arched and narrow passage, an enchantment. Upon ascending this ascent, the cave opens a gallery adorned with the most tall statues and finally descending to the brink of a pool of the most about four or five yards broad, beyond this pool a portal arch, columns of white spar, with upon the sides, which project from the cave. One of our guides for there is no other mode of forming us, as indeed we partly he can say that the enchantment. Alister's cave terminates with the beyond which there was only speedily choked with stones at the pool, on the brink of which rounded by the most beautiful substance resembling white marble tinged by the light and part might have seen the bathing grot. The groups of conical figures embossed, by which the pool is exquisitely elegant and fanciful might catch beautiful fancies from romantic disposition of the scene is scarcely a form, a group, a fancy may not trace figures or elements, which have been gradually cavern by the dropping of the hardening into petrified and fine groups have been in a red range of appropriate of recent the grotto has lost its original the smoke of torches, something silver out which was originally distinctness. But enough of the comparison for all that may be known. A better of Strathnaird has which built up the exterior entrance in order that strangers may not be tempted by a guide to prevent the want of and so fish inquiry which scene has already sustained.

307. *I set to no use of my hand
 Bear witness unto me, O
 My joy or I am dead*

The generosity which does character of an enemy. It is sent to its use, and by the fact. He said, "I mention a taken of prisoning such good qualities as he shall may take me instance. Prince married in Carrick, 1713. Bel the English, a version of the weathy woman, the last of the tower of Bruce to under the the sinning him. The king learned

is said to have done other secrets of the
 ay, by means of a female with whom he
 was intrusted. Shortly after he was possessed
 of information, Bruce, resorting to a small
 hut at a distance from his men, with only a
 boy to attend him, met the traitor, ac-
 companied by two of his sons. They approached
 with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce,
 by his page's bow and arrow, commanded
 him to keep at a distance. As they still
 came forward with professions of zeal for his
 good service, he, after a second warning,
 shot the father with the arrow and being as-
 sailed successively by the two sons, despatched
 them, who were armed with an axe. Then an
 other charged him with a spear, avoided
 thrust, struck the hand from the spear, and
 with the skull of the assassin with a blow of his
 shielded sword.

And Robin's mountain darts have sent
 Their hunters to the shore.

min (popularly called Rùm, a name which
 it may be pardoned for avoiding if possible)
 very rough and mountainous island ad-
 jacent to those of Egg and Lannoy. There is
 no arable ground upon it, so that, except a
 plenty of the deer, which of course are
 nearly exterminated, it still deserves the de-
 scription bestowed by the Archdeacon of the
 7—"Rùm, western isle north west from
 to of Coll, lies one do callit Ruman the, of
 an isle long, and in breadth in the
 summit, one forest of heigh mountains, and
 durance of little deer in it, quialk deer will
 o be slain downwith, but the principal
 o man be in the height of the hill, because
 they will be callit upwart ay be the tanchell,
 without tynchel they will pass upwart per
 b. In this isle will be gotten about Britons
 many wild nests upon the plane more an
 phanes to gadder and yet by reason the
 o have few to start them except deer. This
 run from the west to the east in length, and
 sits to St Kenneth of Colla. Many isles
 o are in this isle."—*Macdonald's Description of
 Western Isles*, p. 18.

On Scourge next a morning light
 Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
 A numerous race, o'er stern MacLeod
 O'er their black shores in vengeance
 strode.

then, and the following lines of the stanza,
 r to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance of
 the unfortunately there are relics that still
 of the truth. Scow Egg is a high peak in
 centre of the small Isle of Egg, or Egg,
 of the caverns in which was the scene of a
 red feudal vengeance. This noted cave has
 a narrow opening through which one can
 fly creep on his knees and hands. It runs
 p and lofty within, and runs into the bowels
 be such to the depth of 255 measured feet.

the height at the entrance may be about three
 feet, but soon widens to eighteen or twenty, and
 the breadth may vary in the same proportion.
 The rude and many human of this cave is
 strewed with the bones of men, women, and
 children, the sad relics of the ancient inhabi-
 tants of the island, too in number, who were
 slain on the following occasion. The Mac-
 Donalds of the Isle of Egg a people dependent
 on Clan-Rannald, had done some injury to the
 laird of MacLeod. The tradition of the isle
 says, that it was by a personal attack on the
 chieftain in which his back was broken. But
 that of the other isles bears, more probably,
 that the injury was offered to two or three of
 the MacLeods, who, landing upon Egg and
 using some freedom with the young women,
 were seized by the islanders, bound hand and
 foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the
 winds and waves safely conducted to Skye.
 To avenge the offence given, MacLeod sailed
 with such a body of men as rendered resistance
 hopeless. The natives fearing his vengeance,
 concealed themselves in their caverns, and after
 a strict search, the MacLeods went on board
 their galleys, after doing what mischief they
 could, concluding the inhabitants had left the
 isle, and betaken themselves to the Lang Island,
 or some of Clan-Rannald's other possessions.
 But next morning they espied from the vessels
 a man upon the island, and immediately land-
 ing again, they traced his retreat by the marks
 of his footsteps, a light snow being whirled
 on the ground. MacLeod then surrounded the
 cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison,
 and demanded that the individuals who had of-
 fended him should be delivered up to him. This
 was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then
 caused his people to divert the course of a rill
 of water, which, falling over the entrance of the
 cave, would have prevented his purposed ven-
 geance. He then kindled at the entrance of
 the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and
 fern, and maintained it with unrelenting in-
 dustry until all within were destroyed by suf-
 focation. The date of this dreadful deed must
 have been recent if one may judge from the
 fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off,
 in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull
 from among the numerous specimens of mor-
 tality which the cavern afforded. Before re-
 embarking we visited another cave opening to
 the sea, but of a character entirely different,
 having a large open vault as high as that of a
 cathedral, and running back a great way into
 the rock at the same height. The height and
 width of the opening gives ample light to the
 whole. Here, after 1705 when the Catholic
 priests were scarcely tolerated the priest of
 Egg used to perform the Roman Catholic
 service, most of the islanders being of that per-
 suasion. A huge ledge of rock rising about
 half-way up one side of the vault, served for
 altar and pulpit and the appearance of a proud
 and Highland congregation in such an extraor-
 dinary place of worship, might have engaged
 the pen of Salvator.

310. *Scenes sung by him who sings no more.*

The ballad entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin" [see *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv. p. 285], was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made farther progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his zeal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces, near Batavia, in August 1811.

310. *Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
And dragg'd their bark the isthmus
o'er.*

The peninsula of Cantyre is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two saltwater lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

310. *The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of the
Wind,"
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.*

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant:—"The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low far projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage: but within has three fathom of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above."—*Pennant's Tour to the Western Isles*, pp. 191-2. Ben-Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical, name of Goatfield.

312. *Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was winded by the King!*

The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognised by Douglas, and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting.—The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row-boats. He interrogated a female if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country. "Surely, sir," she replied, "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance." The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas

and his followers, who had lately try their fortune in Arran, desired to conduct him to the wood. She

"The king then blew his horn
And gert his men that were his
Hold them still, and all privy;
And syne again his horn blew
James of Dowglas heard him
And at the last alone gan know
And said, 'Soothly yon is the
I know long while since his blo
The third time therewithall he
And then Sir Robert Boid it ki
And said, 'Yon is the king, bu
Go we forth till him, better sp
Then went they till the king in
And him inclined courteously.
And blithly welcomed them th
And was joyful of their meetin
And kissed them; and speared
How they had fared in hunting
And they him told all, but less
Synne laud they God of their m
Synne with the king till his harl
Went both joyfu' and jolly."

Barbour's Bruce, Book v. 1

312. ———— *His brother b.
But shared the weak
ashamed,
With haughty laugh his he:
And dash'd away the tear.*

The kind, and yet fiery character of Bruce, is well painted by Barbour, count of his behaviour after the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the few Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, so dearly beloved by Edward, the king, the victory had been lost, so Ross

314. *Thou heardst a wretched f
In agony of travail-pain,
And thou didst bid thy litt
Upon the instant turn and
And dare the worst the see
Rather than, like a knight
Leave to pursuers merciless.
A woman in her last distre*

This incident, which illustrates the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and naturally recorded by Barbour. It occurred on an expedition which Bruce made to support the pretensions of his brother to the throne of that kingdom.

317. *O'er chasms he pass'd, whe
wide
Craved wary eye and ampli*

The interior of the Island of Arran with beautiful Highland scenery, being very rocky and precipitous, with cataracts of great height, though of small breadth. There is one pass over the Machrai, renowned for the dilemma

* Asked.

† Without.

ing tempted by the narrowness
step across, succeeded in mak-
ement. But took fright when it
ry to move the other foot, and
posture equally ludicrous and
some chance passenger assisted
herself. It is said she remained

*but its gothic towers were seen ;
kings, late their English lord,
had won them by the sword.*

rathwick Castle, in the Isle of
tent fortress near an open road
wick Bay, and not far distant
harbour, closed in by the island
his important place had been
time before Bruce's arrival in
ies, Lord Douglas, who accom-
his retreat in Rachrine, seems,
1366, to have tired of his abode
Accordingly in the phrase of
e what adventure God would
Robert Boyd accompanied him,
dge of the localities of Arran
directed his course thither
he island privately, and appear
unlucky for Sir John Hastings,
veneror of Brackick, and sur-
table supply of arms and provi-
took the castle itself. Indeed,
ry did so has been generally
onians, although it does not
narrative of Barbour. The
ch modernized, but has a digni-
being surrounded by flourish-

*with unaccustom'd ears,
age much unmet he hears*

great simplicity, gives an anec-
it would seem that the vic-
ring, afterwards too general
tish nation, was, at this time,
tary men. As Douglas, after
Scotland, was roving about
country of Tweeddale near
he chanced to hear some
house say "*the devil*." Con-
is hardly expression, that the
warlike guests, he immediately
had the good fortune to make
as Randolph, afterwards the
furray, and Alexander Stuart,
both were then in the English
I come into that country with
driving out Douglas. They
ed among Bruce's most zealous

*t you whence that wondrous
At,
irry glow beguiled their sight!—
was known.*

are the words of an ingenious
to whom I am obliged for much

information respecting Turnberry and its neigh-
bourhood — "The only tradition now remem-
bered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in
Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the
Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported,
and religiously believed by many, that this fire
was really the work of supernatural power,
unassisted by the hand of any mortal being,
and it is said, that, for several centuries, the
flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same
night of the year on which the king first saw it
from the turrets of Brackick Castle and some
go so far as to say, that if the exact time were
known, it would be still seen. That this super-
stitious notion is very ancient is evident from
the place where the fire is said to have appeared
being called the Bogles' Brae beyond the re-
membrance of man. In support of this curious
belief it is said that the practice of burning
beath for the improvement of land was then
unknown, that a spunkie (Jack o'lanthorn)
could not have been seen across the breadth of
the Forth of Clyde between Ayrshire and
Arran, and that the courier of Bruce was his
kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."—
Letter from Mr Joseph Train, of Newton-
Stewart.

324. *The Bruce hath won his father's hall!*

I have followed the flattering and pleasing
tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon
the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained posses-
sion of his maternal castle. But the tradition
is not accurate. The fact is, that he was only
strong enough to alarm and drive in the out-
posts of the English garrison then commanded,
not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by
Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this
occasion, though he had several skirmishes with
Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of
Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle
of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the
garrison, who were quartered without the walls
of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous
part of Carrick, and there made himself so
strong, that the English were obliged to eva-
cuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of
Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts
attest his attachment to the hereditary followers
of his house, in this part of the country.

325. *When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale.*

The first important advantage gained by
Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over
Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, the
same by whom he had been defeated near
Methven. They met as has been said by ap-
pointment, at Loudonhill, in the west of Scot-
land. Pembroke sustained a defeat, and from
that time Bruce was at the head of a consid-
erable flying army. Yet he was subsequently
obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was
there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, de-

might pour'd from waste and
 drest tribes, whose scepter rule
 & Eth O'Connor may'd.

a Flanders an invitation to Earl
 of the Irish of Connaught,
 at the king was about to move
 Irish rebels, and therefore re-
 sistance of all the force he could
 command by himself in person,
 even of his race. These auxili-
 ary commanded by Richard de
 Ulster

were sent along the coast.

vanguard, commanded by the
 earl and Hereford, came in sight
 army upon the evening of the
 Bruce was then riding upon a
 front of his foremost line, put-
 order. It was then that the
 or took place between him and
 down, a gallant English knight,
 it had a great effect upon the
 mind.

or from the Scottish host,
 of and begin sound more loud.

tradition, that the well-known
 'Hey ruri, tauri,' was Bruce's
 title of Rannoch-burn. The late
 greater of propensities, doubts
 to had any martial music and
 account of each soldier in the
 to burn, on which, at the onset,
 such a horrible noise, as if all
 had been among them. He
 one horn are the only music
 arbiter, and concludes, that it
 most point whether Bruce's
 led by the sound even of a
 —*Historical Essay prefaced
 and Songs*. It may be observed
 his Scottish of this period cer-
 tain musical cadence, even in
 rui, since Bruce was at once
 a follower from his mode of
 a tradition, true or false, has
 of securing to Scotland one of
 the language, the celebrated
 &—"Scots, who has wi' Wal-

you have foot Albat stands,
 or them with lifted hands.

at of Inchaffray placing him-
 tee, celebrated man in sight
 rui. He then passed along
 end, and bearing a crucifix in
 hooting the Scots, in low and
 combat for their rights and
 a Scots knotted down. 'They
 toward. 'see, they implore
 do,' answered legation do

Untraville, 'but not ours. On that field they
 will be victorious, or die.'—*Annals of Scot-
 land*, vol. ii. p. 47.

331. Forth, Marshal, on the instant for!
 We'll leave the terrors of their bow,
 And cut the bow-string low!

The English archers commenced the attack
 with their usual bravery and dexterity. But
 against a force whose importance he had
 learned by fatal experience, Bruce was pre-
 pared. A small but select body of cavalry
 were detached from the right, under command
 of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I con-
 ceive, the marsh called Milton bog, and, keep-
 ing the firm ground, charged the left flank and
 rear of the English archers. As the bowmen
 had no spears nor long weapons fit to defend
 themselves against horse, they were instantly
 thrown into disorder, and spread through the
 whole English army a confusion from which
 they never fairly recovered.

Although the success of this manœuvre was
 evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish
 generals do not appear to have profited by the
 lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which
 they lost against England was decided by the
 archers, to whom the close and compact array
 of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed
 and unvarying mark. The bloody battle of
 Halidon hill, fought scarce twenty years after-
 wards, was so completely gained by the archers,
 that the English are said to have lost only one
 knight, one esquire, and a few foot soldiers.
 At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where
 David II was defeated and made prisoner,
 John de Graham, observing the loss which the
 Scots sustained from the English bowmen, of-
 fered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred
 men at arms were put under his command.
 "But, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he
 could not procure a single horseman for the
 service proposed." Of such little use is expe-
 rience in war, where its results are opposed by
 habit or prejudice.

332. Each braggart-churl could boast before,
 Twelve Scottish lives his baldrick bore!

Roger Aucham quotes a similar Scottish
 proverb, "whereby they give the whole point
 of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying
 thus, 'that every English archer beareth under
 his girdle twenty-four Scotmen.' Indeed Toun-
 shales says before, and truly of the Scottish
 nation, 'The Scotmen surely be good men of
 warre in theyre own feates as can be' but as
 for shooting, they can neither use it to any
 purpose, nor yet challenge it for any praise."
 —*Works of Aucham*, edited by Brewster, 4to,
 p. 110.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient
 English historian, that the "good Lord James
 of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the
 English archers so much, that when he made
 any of them a prisoner, he gave him the option

erise of seats of chivalry, and the
it around for the convenience of the

*Mayburgh's mound and stones of
power.*

p the river Eamont than Arthur's
le, is a prodigious enclosure of great
rmed by a collection of stones upon
a gently sloping hill, called May-
the plain which it encloses there
an unhewn stone of twelve feet in
vo similar masses are said to have
oyed during the memory of man.

appears to be a monument of
mes.

surface of that sable tarn.

ll lake called Scales-tarn lies so
osomed in the recesses of the huge
alled Saddleback, more poetically
is of such great depth, and so com-
en from the sun, that it is said its
reach it, and that the reflection of
y be seen at mid-day.

Caliburn's resistless brand.

the name of King Arthur's well-
d, sometimes also called Excalibar.

terrors of Tintadgel's spear.

Castle, in Cornwall, is reported
the birthplace of King Arthur.

burn'd and blighted where it fell.

or has an indistinct recollection of
e, somewhat similar to that which
bed to King Arthur, having befallen
ancient kings of Denmark. The
h the burning liquor was presented
urch is said still to be preserved in
luseum at Copenhagen.

Saxons to subjection brought.

said to have defeated the Saxons
ched battles, and to have achieved
its alluded to in the text.

re Morolt of the iron mace.

acters named in the stanza are all
ore or less distinguished in the
rich treat of King Arthur and his
e, and their names are strung to-
ding to the established custom of
on such occasions; for example, in
the Marriage of Sir Gawaine:—

ancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
y rode with them that daye,
foremost of the companye,
re rode the stewarde Kaye.

id Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
like Sir Garratte keen,
ristrem too, that gentle knight,
the forest fresh and greene."

348. *Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.*

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur:—"But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willeth not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeede unto me a controversie, and that greate."—*Assertion of King Arthure. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.*

349. *There were two who loved their neigh-
bours' wives,
And one who loved his own.*

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savyng certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, *La Morte d'Arthure*; the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawd-rye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at: yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and *La Morte d'Arthure* received into the Prince's chamber."—*ASCHAM'S Schoolmaster.*

349. *Who won the cup of Gold.*

See the comic tale of the Boy and the Mantle, in the third volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his Tale of the Enchanted Cup.

353. *Horse-milliner of modern days.*

"The trammels of the palfraye pleased his
sight,
And the horse-millanere his head with roses
dight."

ROWLEY'S *Ballads of Charitie.*

353. *Whose Logic is from Single-speech.*

See "Parliamentary Logic, &c., by the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton," (1808,) commonly called "Single-Speech Hamilton."

NOTES TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

369. *Thy wood, dark Soignes, holds us now.*

The wood of Soignes is identified by some writers with Shakespeare's Ardenne. It is as Ardenne that Byron speaks of the forest in "Childe Harold," choosing, as he says, "a name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter." Tacitus mentions the spot.

369. *The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Pues the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe*

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep, with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

370. *Pale Brussels! then what thoughts
were thine?*

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

371. *"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim.*

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action—

"It was near seven o'clock. Bonaparte who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill when he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties, and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops and to give orders to march forward to charge with the bayonet to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed from different points that the day went against him and that the troops seemed to be disordered, to which he only replied, *En avant! En avant!*"

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery and requested to know at the same time in what way he should protect his vision from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who

brought the message."—*Rélatif de la bataille de Mont St Jean*. Fayard, Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 51.

371. *The fate their leader shew'd.*

It has been reported that Bonaparte was at the head of his guards at the time of the great conflict. This, however, is inaccurate. He came down a short part of the high road, leading within less than a quarter of a mile of La Haye Sainte, one of the fiercely disputed. Here he inspected his guards, and informed them that the operations had destroyed the British and cavalry, and that they had of the fire of the artillery, which he attacked with the bayonet. This was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*. The words were heard over all the line and that Napoleon was charging to the guards were led on by Ney. The party approach nearer the scene of the spot already mentioned, where barks on each side rendered such tasks as did not come in a place. He witnessed the earlier part of the places yet more remote particular observatory which had been a room of the King of the Netherlands, and for the purpose of surveying, he is not at all far from the scene. Napoleon showed in that moment the least deficiency in personal courage; the contrary he evinced the great and presence of mind during the action. But it is not less true that reports ascribing to him any experience for recovery of the battle and that during the whole carnage, suits were either killed or wounded scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's attendants escaped unhurt.

371. *England shall feel the blow.*

In riding up to a regiment of pressed, the Duke cried to the commander, "we must never be beat—what will England?" It is needless to say that the answer was answered.

371. *As plies the smith his clow.*

A private soldier of the 95th compared the sound which it was as if

* The mistakes concerning the have been mutual. The English created for the use of Bonaparte's writer affirms it was constructed of Wellington.

British cavalry mingling with those of to "a thousand tinkers at work
is and kettles."

nd of honour as of woes,
it bright careers 'twas thine to
close!

as Picton, Sir William Ponsonby,
Sir William de Lancey, were on
1 were killed during the battle. Of
med, Wellington in his despatch
eutenant-General Sir T. Picton, his
sustained the loss of an officer who
ly distinguished himself in his ser-
l gloriously leading his division to
th bayonets, by which one of the
s attacks made by the enemy on
was repulsed." The commander-
alluded to Sir W. Ponsonby as an
his profession. It was in endeavour-
the too rapid and reckless advance
e that Ponsonby, being intercepted
ch lancers, in a ploughed field, was
William de Lancey had been mar-
rently as the April preceding the
s is the meaning of the lines—

cey change Love's bridal wreath,
els from the hand of death."

ler, of the Guards, was son of Sir
ller, Lord Glenlee. It is told of
his desire, when on the point of
colours of his regiment were waved
l. Colonel Cameron, of Fassiefern,
e Bras, while heading a charge of
Gordon Highlanders. "Generous

Gordon" was Colonel the Honourable Sir
Alexander Gordon, brother of the Earl of Aber-
deen. He fell by the side of his chief, and a
monument erected by his brother now marks
the spot.

374. — the towers of Hougomont.

"Hougomont—a sort of château, with a garden
and wood attached to it, which was powerfully
and effectually maintained by the Guards dur-
ing the action. This place was particularly
interesting. It was a quiet-looking gentleman's
house, which had been burnt by the French
shells. The defenders, burnt out of the house
itself, betook themselves to the little garden,
where, breaking loop-holes through the brick
walls, they kept up a most destructive fire on
the assailants, who had possessed themselves of
a little wood which surrounds the villa on one
side."—*Scott to the Duke of Buccleuch, Aug.*
1815.

374. And Field of Waterloo.

"I went," says Byron, "twice over the field,
comparing it with my recollection of similar
scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked
out for the scene of some great action, though
this may be mere imagination. I have viewed
with attention those of Plataea, Troy, Mantinea,
Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the
field around Mount St. Jean and Hougomont
appears to want little but a better cause, and
that indefinable but impressive halo which the
lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot,
to vie in interest with any or all of these, except,
perhaps, the last mentioned."

NOTES TO HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

re might I share my Surtees'
happier lot.

urtees of Mainsforth, Esq., F.S.A.,
The History of Antiquities of the
tine of Durham."

step of Bel's false priest.

reference to "The History of Bel
gon," in the Apocryphal Books.

397. Matthew and Morton we as such may
own—

And such (if same speak truth) the
honour'd Barrington.

Bishop Matthew, Bishop Morton, and Bishop
Barrington successively held the See of
Durham.

NOTES TO BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN.

Switzer priest has ta'en the field.
wiss clergy who were able to bear
in this patriotic war.

ire-castle, thou heart of hare!
ginal, Haasenstein, or Hare-stone.

beaks they hew'd from their boot-
points
it well-nigh load a wain.

is to allude to the preposterous
ing the Middle Ages, of wearing
e points or peaks turned upwards,

and so long, that in some cases they were
fastened to the knees of the wearer with small
chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot,
the Austrian gentlemen could not move about
freely until they had cut off these peaks, that
they might move with the necessary activity.

429. The Austrian Lion 'gan to growl.

A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

429. The Mountain Bull he bent his brows.

A pun on the URUS, or wild-bull, which gives
name to the Canton of Uri.

NOTES TO BALLADS.

436. *How blazed Lord Ronald's bellman-tree*

The trees lighted by the Highlanders in the first of May, and called with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed *the fire-tree*. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

437. *The seer's prophetic spirit found*

I cannot very describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune, and that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it, and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

437. *Will good St Oran's rule prevail?*

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried at Lismaketh. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he inserted to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain demons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed, when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state. He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shoveled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, were called *Ruig Oran*, and, in memory of his rigid cenobity, a female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

439. *And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer.*

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Liberarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife, in which situation he retired, and died a martyr in the wilds of Galloway, A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was so served to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote, a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kishorn, in Renfrew, and St Philanus, or Forgerd, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us that Robert the Bruce, was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the Battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of

little faith, abstracted the relic, and hid it in a place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, as Robert was addressing his prayers to the casket, it was observed to open, and suddenly a bright apparition the king saw to have himself possessed! His arm, as he was an assurance of victory. St Fillan is the Lesley. But through the force of the arm of St Fillan, should I deem the devoted hero, in gratitude, a prayer upon the day.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1780, is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 17th July, 1474, when James III. of Scotland gave an estate of 1000 acres in Fife, to the prior and convent of St Andrew, in return for a relic of St Fillan, the head of a pastor of that diocese, the Queen's which he and his predecessors are said to possess. Since the days of Robert first the Queensbury was used to cure diseases. The document is probably the most ancient ever granted for a such medicine. The curious correspondence, by whom it is further observed, that additional papers concerning St Fillan are to be found in LINDSAY'S *Scots* Book 4. folio 100. and PENNANT'S *Tour in Scotland*, 1772, p. 100.

440. *The catastrophe of the tale is found upon a well-known Irish tradition.*

There is an old and well known tradition, that the bodies of certain spirits are scorchingly hot, so that they leave anything they touch an impress as if of iron. It is related of one of Melancthon's, that a devil seized hold of her which bore the mark of a burn to her day. The incident in the poem is of a nature, the ghost's hands "scorched like brand," leaving a burning impress on the lady's wrist. Another class of fire is reported to be icy cold, and to freeze of any one with whom they come in contact.

440. *He came not from where Ancren Ran red with English blood.*

Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latimer during year 1544 committed the most dreadful upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling the inhabitants, and especially the people of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the of England. Upon the 18th November, 1544, year, the sum total of their depredations, in the bloody lodges of Earl Evers.

Towns, towers, barnkynes, parish churches, houses, burned and destroyed
Scots slain,
Prisoners taken
Noble cattle

and gillings 12,400
 1,000
 of corn 800
 a gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable
 quantity
Annals & State Papers, vol. i. p. 31.

and services for Ralph Evers was made
 of Parliament.

King of England had promised to them
 as a feudal grant of the country, which
 I thus reduced to a desert upon hearing
 Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of
 a son to have sworn to wren the dead
 ture upon their slains, with sharp point
 dy ink, in remembrance for those having
 the torments of his encounter at Melrose —
 OFT — In 1545 Lord Evers and Latoun
 vaded Scotland, with an army consist-
 1,000 mercenaries, 1,500 English Bur-
 and 200 armed Scottish men, chiefly
 men, Tumbrels, and other broken clans.
 second invasion, the English generals
 xceeded their former cruelty. Evers
 the tower of Brechinhouse with an lady
 and aged woman, says Lesley and her
 study. The English penetrated as far
 on, which they had destroyed last year,
 ick they now again pillaged. As they
 I towards Jedburgh, they were followed
 at the head of 1,000 horse, who was
 after joined by the famous Norman
 with a body of 500 men. The English,
 edibly unwilling to cross the Teviot
 he Scots being upon their rear, halted
 across Moort, above the village of that
 and the Scottish general was deliberat-
 ether to advance or retire, when Sir
 Scott,* of Buccleuch, came up at full
 in a small but chosen body of his re-
 the rest of whom were near at hand.
 advice of this experienced warrior his
 chiefest Panente and Buchanan ascribe
 one of the engagement, Angus with-
 on the height which he occupied, and
 he horse behind it, upon a piece of
 ground, called Panter hough, or Panti-
 The spare horse being sent to an out-

The Edour has found no instance upon
 of this family having taken assurance
 England. Hence, they usually suffered
 ily from the English forays. In August
 15 years preceding the battle, the whole
 clung to Buccleuch, in West Tover-
 ore harried by Evers, the networks, or
 n, of the tower of Brechinhouse burned
 own slain, thirty made prisoners, and on
 a prey of horses, cattle, and sheep.
 off. The lands upon Kade Water, be-
 to the same chieftain, were also plun-
 and much spoil obtained. 30 Scots slain,
 1000 taken (a fortress near Richmond)
 every year. Thus Buccleuch had a long
 to settle at Ancrum Moor."—*Montrose's*
History, pp. 41, 42.

scots in their rear, appeared to the English to
 be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight.
 Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hur-
 ried forward, and having ascended the hill,
 which their feet had abandoned, were no less
 dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx
 of Scottish spearmen drawn up in firm array
 upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their
 turn became the assailants. A horse rushed
 from the marshes by the tumult, moved away
 beyond the encountering arms. O "ca-
 chanted Angus, "that I had but my white
 gun-hawk that we might all yoke as men!" —
 CATHART. The English, breathless and fa-
 tigued, having the setting sun and wind full to
 their faces, were unable to withstand the rush-
 ing and desperate charge of the Scottish lancers.
 No tower had they larger to wave than their
 own allies, the accused Borderers, who had been
 waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses,
 and, joining their countrymen, made a most
 murderous slaughter among the English fugitives,
 the pursuers calling upon each other to "re-
 member Brechinhouse." — *Lesley, p. 478.*

In the battle fell Lord Evers and his son,
 together with Sir Brian Latoun and 800 English-
 men, many of whom were persons of rank. A
 thousand prisoners were taken. Among these
 was a patriotic alderman of London, named by
 name, who, having contumaciously refused to
 pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded
 from the city by Henry VIII. was sent by
 royal authority to serve against the Scots.
 Thence, at setting his ransom, he found still
 more exorbitant in their exactions than the
 monarch. — *Rees's History, p. 315.*

Evers was much regretted by King Henry,
 who swore to avenge his death upon Angus,
 against whom he conceived himself to have
 particular grounds of resentment on account of
 favours received by the earl at his hands. The
 answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: "Is
 our brother in law offended?" said he, "that I,
 as a good Scotsman, have avenged my revenged
 enemy, and the devoted tomb of my ancestors,
 upon Ralph Evers? They were better men
 than he, and I was bound to do so too—and
 will he take my life for that? Little knows
 King Henry the share of Kilmahilly & I can
 keep myself there against all his English host."
 — *Good story.*

Such was the noted battle of Ancrum Moor.
 The spot on which it was fought is called
 Lilyard's Edge from an Amazonian Scottish
 woman of that name who is reported, by tra-
 dition, to have distinguished herself in the same
 manner at Square Wetherington. The old
 people point out her monument, now broken
 and defaced. The inscription is said to have
 been legible within this century, and to have
 run thus:

* Angus had married the widow of James IV.,
 sister to King Henry VIII.

† Kilmahilly, now called Cathcart, is a
 mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.
 ‡ See Chevy Chase.

London:
R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers,
Bread Street Hill.

445. Sound, merry huntsman! sound the pryse!

Pryse—The note blown at the death of the same.—*In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc vero ravior, qui, colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quæcunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu perflaverint, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstinerunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furemter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum laceratus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ac ungulis peterit; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Ejus carnes cartilaginosa, sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illum vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivlingii, Cumbernaldie, et Kincarnie.*—*LESLEUS, Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13.*

445. Stern Claud replied, with darkening face.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

445. Few suns have set since Woodhouselee.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

446. Drives to the leap his jaded steed.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wa had failed him, drew forth his dagger, and strocke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [*i.e.* ditch] by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—*BIRREL'S Diary, p. 18.*

446. From the wild Border's humbled side.

Murray's death took place shortly after expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy:—

"So having stablisht all things in this sort,
To Liddisdail agane he did resort:

Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the da
rode he,

And also lay three nights in Cannabie,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris befo
Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa sain
And, that thay suld na mair thair thift alleg
Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame

pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest ke
ordour:

Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on t
Border."

Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 2

446. With hackbut bent, my secret stand

Hackbut bent—Gun cocked. The carbine with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of middling length, very small in the bore, and what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

446. Dark Merton, girl with many a spee

Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

446. The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan

This clan of Lennox Highlanders was attached to the Regent Murray. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "this batayle the vallancie of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunt of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friendes and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes of the Queen's people, that he was a great cause of the disordering them. This Macfarlane had been lately before, as I have heard, condemned to die, for some outrage by him committed, and obtaining pardon through sayte of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemencie by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, and Thomas White. The dates are: 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. The list is followed by a section of text that is also written in cursive. This text appears to be a description of the events that took place during the period covered by the list. It mentions the names of the individuals listed and describes their actions and the circumstances surrounding them. The text is written in a clear, legible hand, and it is organized into paragraphs. The first paragraph describes the events of 1812, the second paragraph describes the events of 1813, and the third paragraph describes the events of 1814 and 1815. The text is followed by a final section of text that appears to be a summary or conclusion of the document. This text is also written in cursive and is organized into a single paragraph. The document is a historical record, and it provides a detailed account of the events that took place during the period covered by the list. The names and dates are written in a cursive script, and the text is in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, and Thomas White. The dates are: 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815. The list is followed by a section of text that is also written in cursive. This text appears to be a description of the events that took place during the period covered by the list. It mentions the names of the individuals listed and describes their actions and the circumstances surrounding them. The text is written in a clear, legible hand, and it is organized into paragraphs. The first paragraph describes the events of 1812, the second paragraph describes the events of 1813, and the third paragraph describes the events of 1814 and 1815. The text is followed by a final section of text that appears to be a summary or conclusion of the document. This text is also written in cursive and is organized into a single paragraph. The document is a historical record, and it provides a detailed account of the events that took place during the period covered by the list.







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